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THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE EXECUTIVE.¹

I.

I HAVE felt a little uncomfortable when I have read in the catalogue of your university² and in the newspapers that I was to give you lectures. I am sure I shall do nothing that deserves that name. You have lectures enough to satisfy your craving. Besides, I have never intentionally delivered a lecture in my life. I am with you on the other side of the question, for I doubt if any man was ever more belabored than I have been for the last seventeen years with lectures. This mild term does not suffice, for sometimes it has seemed to me that a large section of the American people regard high public office as a sort of pillory of honor where it is worth their while to put a man for the sake of enjoying the abuse of him afterwards. A larger part of our people, more decently disposed, are benevolently willing to put at the service of a public officer all their knowledge of statecraft and to advise him in any real or imaginary emergency. It is only after their advice is disregarded that they set about the task of demonstrating that the popular choice has been a sad mistake, and that an abundance of excellent material for public place has been overlooked. It is safe to say that after every presidential election the fact is developed that in our newspaper establishments alone there are thousands who have been thus neglected.

I shall hope to fulfill my engagements with you by a brief comment upon the office of President of the United States, and by recalling some incidents of a public nature made familiar to me by my incumbency of that office.

When our original thirteen States, actuated by "a decent respect for the opinions of mankind," presented to the world the causes which impelled them to separate from the mother country, and to cast off all allegiance to the Crown of England, they gave prominence to the declaration that "the history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these States." This was followed by an indictment containing not less than eighteen counts or accusations, all leveled at the King and the King alone. These were closed or clinched by this asseveration: "A Prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant is unfit to be the ruler of a free people." In this arraignment the English Parliament was barely mentioned, and then only as "others," with whom the King had conspired by "giving his assent to their act of pretended legislation," thus lending operative force to some of the outrages which had been put upon them.

It is thus apparent that in the indictment presented by the thirteen colonies, they charged the King, who in

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² This address was delivered at Princeton University, April 9, 1900.

this case may properly be considered as the Chief Executive of Great Britain, with the crimes and offenses which were their justification for the solemn and impressive decree:—

"We, therefore, the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the World for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good People of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that as free and independent States they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and do all other acts and things which independent States may of right do. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

To this irrevocable predicament had the thirteen States or colonies been brought by the outrageous and oppressive exercise of executive power.

In these circumstances it should not surprise us to find that when, on the footing of the Declaration of Independence, the first scheme of government was adopted for the revolted States, it contained no provision for an executive officer to whom should be intrusted administrative power and duty. Those who had suffered and rebelled on account of the tyranny of an English King were evidently chary of subjecting themselves to the chance of a repetition of their woes through an abuse of the power that might necessarily devolve upon an American President.

Thus, under the Articles of Confederation, "The United States of Amer-

ica," without an executive head as we understand the term, came to the light with the expressed guaranty of its charter existence, that "the articles of this Confederation shall be inviolably observed by every State, and the Union shall be perpetual."

Let us not harbor too low an opinion of the Confederation. Under its guidance and direction the war of the Revolution was fought to a successful result, and the people of the States which were parties to it became in fact free and independent; but the Articles of Confederation lacked the power to enforce the decree they contained of inviolable observance by every State; and the union, which under their sanction it was declared should be perpetual, early developed symptoms of inevitable decay.

It thus happened that within ten years after the date of the Articles of Confederation their deficiencies had become so manifest that representatives of the people were again assembled in convention to consider the situation and to devise a plan of government that would form "a more perfect union" in place of the crumbling structure which it had so lately declared should be perpetual.

The pressing necessity for such action cannot be more forcibly portrayed than was done by Mr. Madison when in a letter written a short time before the convention he declared: "Our situation is becoming every day more and more critical. No money comes into the Federal treasury; no respect is paid to the Federal authority; and people of reflection unanimously agree that the existing Confederacy is tottering to its foundation. Many individuals of weight, particularly in the Eastern district, are suspected of leaning towards monarchy. Other individuals predict a partition of the States into two or more confederacies."

It was at this time universally conceded that if success was to follow

the experiment of popular government among the new States, the creation of an Executive branch invested with power and responsibility would be an absolutely essential factor. Madison, in referring to the prospective work of the convention, said: "A national executive will also be necessary. I have scarcely ventured to form my own opinion yet, either of the manner in which it ought to be constituted, or of the authorities with which it ought to be clothed." We know that every plan of government proposed or presented to the convention embodied in some form as a prominent feature the establishment of an effective Executive; and I think it can be safely said that no subject was submitted which proved more perplexing and troublesome. We ought not to consider this as unnatural, when we remember that the members of the convention, while obliged to confess that the fears and prejudices that refused executive power to the Confederacy had led to the most unfortunate results, were still confronted with a remnant of those fears and prejudices, which discovered the spectre of monarchy behind every suggestion of executive force. I think another cause of embarrassment may be found in a lack of definite and clear conviction in the minds of members as to the manner of dealing with the subject. Still another difficulty, which seems to have been all-pervading and chronic in the convention, was the jealousy and suspicion existing between the large and small States. I am afraid, also, that an unwillingness to trust too much to the people had its influence in preventing an easy solution of the executive problem. The first proposal made in the convention that the President should be elected by the people was accompanied by an apologetic statement by the member making the suggestion that he was almost unwilling to declare the mode of selection he preferred, "being apprehensive that it might appear chimerical." Another

avored the idea of popular election, but thought it "impracticable;" another was not clear that the people ought to act directly even in the choice of electors, being, as alleged, "too little informed of personal characters in large districts, and liable to deception;" and again, it was declared that "it would be as unnatural to refer the choice of a proper character for Chief Magistrate to the people as it would to refer a trial of colors to a blind man."

The plan first adopted by the convention provided for the selection of the President by the Congress, or, as it was then called, by the national legislature. Various other plans were proposed, but only to be summarily rejected in favor of that which the convention had apparently irrevocably determined upon. There were, however, among the members, some who lost no opportunity to advocate, with energy and sound reasons, the substitution of a mode of electing the President more in keeping with the character of the office and the genius of a popular government. This fortunate persistence resulted in the reopening of the subject and its reference, very late in the sessions of the convention, to a committee who reported in favor of a procedure for the choice of the Executive substantially identical with that now in force; and this was adopted by the convention almost unanimously.

This imperfect review of the incidents that led up to the establishment of the office of President, and its rescue from dangers which surrounded its beginning, if not otherwise useful, ought certainly to suggest congratulatory and grateful reflections. The proposition that the selection of a President should rest entirely with the Congress, which came so near adoption, must, I think, appear to us as something absolutely startling; and we may well be surprised that it was ever favorably considered by the convention.

In the scheme of our national Gov-

ernment the presidency is preëminently the people's office. Of course, all offices created by the Constitution, and all governmental agencies existing under its sanction, must be recognized, in a sense, as the offices and agencies of the people — considered either as an aggregation constituting the national body politic, or some of its divisions. When, however, I now speak of the presidency as being preëminently the people's office, I mean that it is especially the office of the people as individuals, and in no general, local, or other combination, but each standing on the firm footing of manhood and American citizenship. The laws passed by Congress are inert and vain without executive impulse; and the Federal courts pass upon the right of the citizen only when their aid is occasionally invoked; but under the constitutional mandate that the President "shall take care that the laws be faithfully executed," every citizen, in the day or in the night, at home or abroad, is constantly within the protection and restraint of the executive power — none so lowly as to be beneath its scrupulous care, and none so great and powerful as to be beyond its restraining force.

In view of this constant touch and the relationship thus existing between the citizen and the Executive, it would seem that these considerations alone supplied sufficient reason why his selection should rest upon the direct and independent expression of the people's choice. This reason is reinforced by the fact that inasmuch as Senators are elected by the State legislatures, Representatives in Congress by the votes of districts or States, and Judges are appointed by the President, it is only in the selection of the President that the body of the American people can by any possibility act together and directly in the equipment of their national Government. Without at least this much of participation in that equipment, we could hardly expect that a

ruinous discontent and revolt could be long suppressed among a people who had been promised a popular and representative government.

I do not mean to be understood as conceding that the selection of a President through electors chosen by the people of the several States, according to our present plan, perfectly meets the case as I have stated it. On the contrary, it has always seemed to me that this plan is weakened by an unfortunate infirmity. Though the people in each State are permitted to vote directly for electors, who shall give voice to the popular preference of the State in the choice of President, the voters throughout the nation may be so disturbed and the majorities given for electors in the different States may be such that a minority of all the voters in the land can determine, and in some cases actually have determined, who the President should be. I believe a way should be devised to prevent such a result.

It seems almost ungracious, however, to find fault with our present method of electing a President when we recall the alternative from which we escaped, through the final action of the convention which framed the Constitution.

The plan at first adopted, vesting in Congress the presidential election, was determined on in the face of the universal opinion of those who were prominent in the convention, as well as of all thoughtful and patriotic Americans who watched for a happy result from its deliberations, that the corner-stone of the new Government should be a distinct division of powers and functions among the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial branches, with the independence of each amply secured. Whatever may have been the real reasons for giving the choice of the President to Congress, I am sure those which were announced in the convention do not satisfy us in this day and generation that such an arrangement would have

secured either the separateness or independence of the Executive department. I am glad to believe this to be so palpable as to make it unnecessary for me to suggest other objections, which might subject me to the suspicion of questioning the infallibility of Congress in this relation. It is much more agreeable to acknowledge gratefully that a danger was avoided, and a method adopted for the selection of the executive head of the Government which was undoubtedly the best within the reach of the convention.

The Constitution formed by this convention has been justly extolled by informed and liberty-loving men throughout the world. The statesman who, above all his contemporaries of the century, was best able to pass judgment on its merits has formulated an unchallenged verdict, in which it is declared that "the American Constitution is the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man."

We dwell with becoming pride upon the intellectual greatness of the men who composed the convention. They were indeed great; but the happy result of their labor would not have been saved to us and to humanity except for their patriotism, their patience, and last, but by no means least, their forbearing tact. To these are we especially indebted for the creation of an executive department, limited against any possible danger of usurpation or tyranny, but, at the same time, strong and independent within its limitations.

The Constitution declared: "The executive power shall be vested in a President of the United States of America," and this is followed by a recital of specific and distinctly declared duties with which he was charged, and the powers with which he was invested. The members of the convention were not willing, however, that the executive power which they had vested in the President should be cramped and embarrassed by

any implication that a specific statement of certain granted powers and duties excluded all other presidential functions; nor were they apparently willing that the denial of such a claim as this should find its strongest support in the meaning which should be given to the words "executive power," or in the authority involved in the absolute investiture of that power. Therefore we find that the Constitution supplements a recital of the specific powers and duties of the President with this impressive and conclusive additional requirement: "He shall take care that the laws be faithfully executed." This I conceive to be equivalent to a grant of all the power necessary to the performance of his duty in the execution of the laws.

The form of Constitution first proposed to the convention provided that the President elect, before entering upon the duties of his office, should take an oath, simply declaring: "I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States." To this brief and very general obligation there were added by the convention the following words: "and will to the best of my judgment and power preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States." Finally, the "Committee on Style," appointed by the convention, apparently to arrange the order of the provisions agreed upon, and to suggest the language in which they would be best expressed, reported in favor of the oath: "I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will to the best of my ability preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States;" and this form was adopted by the convention without discussion.

It is therefore apparent that as the Constitution, in addition to its specification of especial duties and powers devolving upon the President, provides that "he shall take care that the laws be faithfully executed;" and as this

was evidently intended as general devolution of power and imposition of obligation in respect to any condition that might arise relating to the execution of the laws, so it is likewise apparent that the convention was not content to rest the sworn obligation of the President solely upon his covenant to "faithfully execute the office of President of the United States," but added thereto the mandate that he should preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution, to the best of his judgment and power, or, as it was afterwards expressed, to the best of his ability. Thus, in one case he was to exercise every power attached to his office, to the end that the laws might be faithfully executed, and in the other his oath required of him not merely obedience to the Constitution, and not merely the performance of executive duty, but the exertion of all his official strength and authority for the preservation, protection, and defense of the Constitution.

Among the specifically mentioned constitutional duties of the President, we find the following: "And he shall nominate, and by and with the advice of the Senate shall appoint ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls, judges of the Supreme Court, and all other officers of the United States whose appointments are not herein otherwise provided for, and which shall be established by law."

The above quotations from the Constitution and the comments I have made thereon are presented as introductory to a brief mention of a debate in Congress which occurred in the year 1789 and during the first session of that body assembled under the Constitution.

The question discussed involved distinctly and solely the power of the President under the Constitution to remove an officer appointed by him by and with the advice of the Senate. The discussion arose upon a bill then before the Congress, providing for the organization of

the State Department. This bill contained a provision that the head of the department to be created should be removable from office by the President. This was opposed on the ground that as the Senate cooperated in the appointment, it should also be consulted in the matter of removal; it was urged by some that the power of removal in such cases was already vested in the President by the Constitution, and that the provision was therefore unnecessary; and it was also contended that the question whether the Constitution permitted such removal or not should be left untouched by legislative action, and be determined by the courts. Those insisting upon retaining in the bill the clause permitting removal by the President alone claimed that such legislation would remove all doubt on the subject, though they asserted that the absolute investiture of all executive power in the President, reinforced by the constitutional command that he should take care that the laws be faithfully executed, justified their position that the power already existed, especially in the absence of any adverse expression in the Constitution; that the removal of subordinate officers was an act so executive in its character and so intimately related to the faithful execution of the laws, that it was clearly among the President's constitutional prerogatives; and if it was not sufficiently declared in the Constitution, the omission should be supplied by the legislation proposed. In support of these positions it was said that the participation of the Senate in the removal of executive officers would be a dangerous step toward breaking down the partitions between the different departments of the Government which had been carefully erected, and were regarded by every statesman of that time as absolutely essential to our national existence, and stress was laid upon the unhappy condition that would arise in case a removal desired by the President should be refused by the Senate, and he

thus should be left, still charged with the responsibility of the faithful execution of the laws, while deprived of the loyalty and constancy of his subordinates and assistants, who, resentful of his efforts for their removal, would lack devotion to his work, and who, having learned to rely upon another branch of the Government for their retention, would be invited to defiant insubordination.

At the time of this discussion the proceedings of the Senate took place behind closed doors, and its debates were not published, but its determinations upon such questions as came before it were made public.

The proceedings of the other branch of the Congress, however, were open, and we are permitted through their publication to follow the very interesting discussion of the question referred to in the House of Representatives.

The membership of that body included a number of those who had been members of the Constitutional Convention, and who, fresh from its deliberations, were necessarily somewhat familiar with its purposes and intent. Mr. Madison was there, who had as much to do as any other man with the inauguration of the convention and its successful conclusion. He was not especially prominent in its deliberations, but increased his familiarity with its pervading spirit and disposition by keeping a careful record of its proceedings. In speaking of his reasons for keeping this record he says: "The curiosity I had felt during my researches into the history of the most distinguished confederacies, particularly those of antiquity, and the deficiency I found in the means of satisfying it, more especially in what related to the process, the principles, the reasons and the anticipations which prevailed in the formation of them, determined me to preserve as far as I could an exact account of what might pass in the convention while executing its trust, with the magnitude of which I was duly impressed, as I was by

the gratification promised to future curiosity, by an authentic exhibition of the objects, the opinions and the reasonings from which a new system of government was to receive its peculiar structure and organization. Nor was I unaware of the value of such a contribution to the fund of materials for the history of a Constitution on which would be staked the happiness of a people great in its infancy, and possibly the cause of liberty throughout the world." This important debate also gains great significance from the fact that it occurred within two years after the completion of the Constitution, and before political rancor or the temptations of partisan zeal had intervened to vex our congressional counsels.

It must be conceded, I think, that all the accompanying circumstances gave tremendous weight and authority to this first legislative construction of the Constitution in the first session of the first House of Representatives, and that these circumstances fully warranted Mr. Madison's declaration: "I feel the importance of the question, and know that our decision will involve the decision of all similar cases. The decision that is at this time made will become the permanent exposition of the Constitution, and on a permanent exposition of the Constitution will depend the genius and character of the whole Government."

The discussion was extended, thorough, and earnest, and from the first a decided majority were of the opinion that the Executive should have power of removal, whether derived from the Constitution or conferred by law. It will be recalled that the debate arose upon the clause in a pending bill, providing that the officer therein named should "be removable by the President," and that some of the members of the House, holding that such power of removal was plainly to be implied from the language of the Constitution, insisted that it would be useless and improper to assume to confer the power by legislative enact-

ment. Though a motion to strike from the bill the clause objected to had been negatived by a large majority, it was afterwards proposed, in deference to the opinions of those who suggested that the House should go no further than to give a legislative construction to the Constitution in favor of executive removal, that in lieu of the words already adopted, indicating a grant of the power, there should be inserted in another part of the bill a provision regarding the filling of vacancies, containing the following clause : "Whenever the said principal officer shall be removed from office by the President of the United States, or in any other case of vacancy." This was universally acknowledged to be a distinct and unequivocal declaration that, under the Constitution, the right of removal was conferred upon the President ; and those supporting that proposition voted in favor of the change, which was adopted by a decisive majority. The bill thus completed was sent to the Senate, where, if there was opposition to it on the ground that it contained a provision in derogation of senatorial right, it did not avail ; for the bill was passed by that body, though grudgingly, and, as has been disclosed, only by the vote of the Vice President, upon an equal division of the Senate. It may not be amiss to mention, as adding significance to the concurrence of the House and Senate in the meaning and effect of the clause pertaining to removal as embodied in this bill, that during that same session two other bills creating the Treasury Department and the War Department, containing precisely the same provision, were passed by both Houses.

I trust I have not been wearisome in stating the circumstances that led up to a legislative construction of the Constitution, as authoritative as any surroundings could possibly make it, to the effect that, as a constitutional right, the President had the power of removal without

the participation or interference of the Senate.

This was in 1789. In 1886, ninety-seven years afterwards, this question was again raised in a sharp contention between the Senate and the President. In the meantime, as was quite natural, perhaps, partisanship had grown more pronounced and bitter, and it was at that particular time by no means softened by the fact that the party that had become habituated to power by twenty-four years of substantial control of the Government was obliged, on the 4th of March, 1885, to make way in the executive office for a President elected by the opposite party. He came into office fully pledged to the letter of Civil Service reform ; and passing beyond the letter of the law on that subject, he had said : "There is a class of government positions which are not within the letter of the Civil Service statute, but which are so disconnected with the policy of an administration, that the removal therefrom of present incumbents, in my opinion, should not be made during the terms for which they were appointed, solely on partisan grounds, and for the purpose of putting in their places those who are in political accord with the appointing power."

The meaning of this statement is, that while, among the officers not affected by the Civil Service law, there are those whose duties are so related to the enforcement of the political policy of an administration that they should be in full accord with it, there are others of such officers whose duties are not so related, and who simply perform executive work ; and these should not be removed merely for the purpose of rewarding the party friends of the President, by putting them in the positions thus made vacant. An adherence to this rule I believe established a precedent, which has since operated to check wholesale removals solely for political reasons.

The declaration which I have quoted

was, however, immediately followed by an important qualification, in these terms: "But many men holding such positions have forfeited all just claim to retention, because they have used their places for party purposes, in disregard of their duty to the people; and because, instead of being decent public servants, they have proved themselves offensive partisans and unscrupulous manipulators of local party management."

These pledges were not made without a full appreciation of the difficulties and perplexities that would follow in their train. It was anticipated that party associates would expect, notwithstanding executive pledges made in advance, that there would be a speedy and liberal distribution among them of the offices from which they had been inexorably excluded for nearly a quarter of a century. It was plainly seen that many party friends would be disappointed, that personal friends would be alienated, and that the charge of ingratitude, the most distressing and painful of all accusations, would find abundant voice. Nor were the difficulties overlooked that would sometimes accompany a consistent and just attempt to determine the cases in which incumbents in office had forfeited their claim to retention. That such cases were numerous no one, with the slightest claim to sincerity, could for a moment deny.

With all these things in full view, and with an alternative of escape in sight through an evasion of pledges, it was stubbornly determined that the practical enforcement of the principles involved was worth all the sacrifices which were anticipated. And while it was not expected that the Senate, which was the only stronghold left to the party politically opposed to the President, was to contribute an ugly dispute to a situation already sufficiently troublesome, I was in a position to say that even such a contingency, if then made manifest, would be contemplated with all possible fortitude.

The Tenure of Office act, it will be remembered, was passed in 1867 for the express purpose of preventing removals from office by President Johnson, between whom and the Congress a quarrel at that time raged so bitter that it was regarded by sober and thoughtful men as a national affliction, if not a scandal.

An amusing story is told of a legislator who, endeavoring to persuade a friend and colleague to aid him in the passage of a certain measure in which he was personally interested, met the remark that his bill was unconstitutional with the exclamation, "What does the Constitution amount to between friends?" It would be unseemly to suggest that in the heat of strife the majority in Congress had deliberately determined to pass an unconstitutional law, but they evidently had reached the point where they considered that what seemed to them the public interest and safety justified them, whatever the risk might be, in setting aside the congressional construction given to the Constitution seventy-eight years before.

The law passed in 1867 was exceedingly radical; and in effect distinctly purported to confer upon the Senate the power of preventing the removal of officers without the consent of that body. It was provided that during a recess of the Senate an officer might be suspended only in case it was shown by evidence satisfactory to the President that the incumbent was guilty of misconduct in office or crime, or when for any reason he should become incapable or legally disqualified to perform his duties; and that within twenty days after the beginning of the next session of the Senate, the President should report to that body such suspension with the evidence and reasons for his action in the case, and the name of the person designated by the President to perform temporarily the duties of the office. Then follows this provision: "And if the Senate shall concur in such suspension and ad-

wise and consent to the removal of such officer, they shall so certify to the President, who may thereupon remove said officer, and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate appoint another person to such office. But if the Senate shall refuse to concur in such suspension, such officer so suspended shall forthwith resume the functions of his office."

On the 5th of April, 1869, a month and a day after President Johnson was succeeded in the presidency by General Grant, that part of the act of 1867 above referred to, having answered the purpose for which it was passed, was repealed, and other legislation was enacted in its place. It was provided in the new statute that the President might "in his discretion," during the recess of that body, suspend officials until the end of the next session of the Senate, and designate suitable persons to perform the duties of such suspended officer in the meantime; and that such designated persons should be subject to removal in the discretion of the President by the designation of others. The following, in regard to the effect of such suspension, was inserted in lieu of the provision on that subject in the law of 1867 which I have quoted: "And it shall be the duty of the President within thirty days after the commencement of each session of the Senate, except for any office which in his opinion ought not to be filled, to nominate persons to fill all vacancies in office which existed at the meeting of the Senate, whether temporarily filled or not, and also in the place of all officers suspended; and if the Senate, during such session, shall refuse to advise and consent to an appointment in the place of any suspended officer, then, and not otherwise, the President shall nominate another person as soon as practicable to said session of the Senate for said office."

This was the condition of the so-called tenure of office legislation when a Demo-

cratic President was inaugurated and placed in expected coöperation with a Republican majority in the Senate—well drilled, well organized, with partisanship enough at least to insure against indifference to party advantage, and perhaps with here and there a trace of post-election irritation.

Whatever may be said as to the constitutionality of the Tenure of Office laws of 1867 and 1869, certainly the latter statute did not seem, in outside appearance, to be charged with explosive material that endangered executive prerogative. It grew out of a bill which absolutely and unconditionally repealed the law of 1867 relating to removals and suspensions. This repealing act originated in the House of Representatives, and passed that body so nearly unanimously that only sixteen votes were recorded against it. In the Senate, however, amendments were proposed, which being rejected by the House, a committee of conference was appointed to propose a compromise of the disagreement between the two bodies. This resulted in an agreement by the committee, upon the provisions of the law of 1869, as a settlement of the controversy. In the debate in the House of Representatives on the report of the committee, great uncertainty and differences of opinion were developed as to its meaning and effect. Even the House conferees differed in their explanation of it. Members were assured that the proposed modifications of the law of 1867, if adopted, would amount to its repeal; and it was also asserted with equal confidence that some of its objectionable limitations upon executive authority would still remain in force. In this state of confusion and doubt the House of Representatives, which a few days before had passed a measure for unconditional repeal, with only sixteen votes against it, adopted the report of the conference committee with sixty-seven votes in the negative.

So far as removals following suspensions are concerned, the language of the law of 1869 certainly seems to justify the understanding that in this particular it virtually repealed the existing statute.

The provision permitting the President to suspend only on certain specified grounds was so changed as to allow him to make such suspensions "in his discretion." The requirements that the President should report to the Senate "the evidence and reasons for his action in the case," and making the advice and consent of the Senate necessary to the removal of a suspended officer, were entirely eliminated; and in lieu of the provision in the law of 1867 that "if the Senate shall refuse to concur in such suspension, such officer so suspended shall resume the functions of his office," the law of 1869, after requiring the President to send to the Senate nominations to fill the place of officers who had been "in his discretion" suspended, declared "that if the Senate during such session shall refuse to advise and consent to an appointment in the place of any suspended officer," not that "such officer so suspended shall resume the functions of his office," but that "then and not otherwise the President shall nominate another person as soon as practicable to said session of the Senate for said office."

It seems to me that the gist of the whole matter is contained in a comparison of these two provisions. Under the law of 1867 the incumbent is only conditionally suspended, still having the right to resume his office in case the Senate refuses to concur in the suspension; but under the law of 1869 the Senate had no concern with the suspension of the incumbent, nor with the discretion vested in the President in reference thereto by the express language of the statute; and the suspended incumbent certainly would appear to be beyond resuscitation. Instead of the least

intimation that in any event he might "resume the functions of his office," as provided in the law of 1867, it is especially declared that in case the Senate shall refuse to advise and consent to the appointment of the particular person nominated by the President in place of the suspended official, he shall nominate another person to the Senate for such office. Thus the party suspended seems to be eliminated from consideration, the Senate is relegated to its constitutional rights of confirming or rejecting nominations as it sees fit, and the President is reinstated in his undoubted constitutional power of removal, through suspension, during the recess of the Senate.

In addition to what is apparent from a comparison of these two statutes, it may not be improper to glance at certain phases of executive and senatorial action since the passage of the law of 1869 as bearing upon the reasonableness of the belief that, so far as it dealt with suspensions and their effect, if it did not amount to a repeal of the law of 1867, it at least extinguished all its harmful vitality as a limitation of executive prerogative. It has been stated apparently authoritatively that President Grant within seven weeks after his inauguration on the 4th of March, 1869, sent to the Senate 680 cases of removals or suspensions, all of which I assume were entirely proper and justifiable. I cannot tell how many of the cases thus submitted to the Senate were suspensions, nor how many of them purported to be removals; nor do I know how many nominations of new officers accompanying them were confirmed. It appears that ninety-seven of them were withdrawn before they were acted upon by the Senate; and inasmuch as the law of 1867 was in force during four of the seven weeks within which these removals and suspensions were submitted, it is barely possible that these withdrawals were made to await a more convenient season under the law of 1869. Atten-

tion should be here called, however, to the dissatisfaction of President Grant, early in his incumbency, with the complexion of the situation, even under the repealing and amendatory law of 1869. In his first annual message to the Congress in December, 1869, he complained of that statute as "being inconsistent with a faithful and efficient administration of the Government," and recommended its repeal. Perhaps he was led to apprehend that the Senate would claim under its provisions the power to prevent the President from putting out of office an undesirable official by suspension. This is indicated by the following sentence in his message: "What faith can an Executive put in officials forced upon him, and those, too, whom he has suspended for reason?" Or is it possible that he did not then appreciate how accommodatingly the law might be construed or enforced when the President and Senate were in political accord? However these things may be, it is important to observe, in considering the light in which the law of 1869 came to be regarded by both the Executive and the Senate, that President Grant did not deem it necessary afterwards to renew his recommendation for its repeal, and that at no time since its enactment has its existence been permitted to embarrass executive action prior to

the inauguration of a Democratic President politically opposed to the majority in control of the Senate.

The review which I have thus attempted to make of the creation of our national Executive office, and of certain events and incidents connected with its operation, has consumed all the time which I ought to claim from you this evening. If in continuation I am to recount other events and incidents relating to the subject, in which I have been personally concerned, it must be done on another occasion. But before I now conclude, I desire to say that any allusion I may have made recognizing the existence of partisanship in certain quarters has not been made in a spirit of complaint or condemnation. I have intended to do no more by such allusions than to explain and illustrate the matters with which I have had to deal by surrounding conditions and circumstances. I fully appreciate the fact that partisanship follows party organization, that it is apt to be unduly developed in all parties, and that it often hampers the best aspirations and purposes of public life; but I hope I have reached a condition when I can recall such adverse partisanship as may have entered into past conflicts and perplexities without misleading irritation or prejudice, especially on such an occasion as this.

Grover Cleveland.

(To be concluded in the July number.)

TUPPENNY TRAVELS IN LONDON.

If one really wants to know London, one must live there for years and years.

This sounds like a reasonable and sensible statement, yet the moment it is made I retract it, as quite misleading and altogether too general.

We have a charming English friend

who has not been to the Tower since he was a small boy, and begs us to conduct him there on the very next Saturday. Another has not seen Westminster Abbey for fifteen years, because he attends church at St. Dunstan's-in-the-East. Another says that he should like to have

us "read up" London in the red-covered Baedeker, and then show it to him, properly and systematically. Another, a flower of nobility, confesses that he never mounted the top of an omnibus in the evening for the sake of seeing London after dark, but that he thinks it would be rather jolly, and that he will join us in such a democratic journey at any time we like.

We think we get a kind of vague apprehension of what London means from the top of a 'bus better than anywhere else, and this vague apprehension is as much as the thoughtful or imaginative observer will ever arrive at in a lifetime. It is too stupendous to be comprehended. The mind is dazed by its distances, confused by its contrasts; tossed from the spectacle of its wealth to the contemplation of its poverty, the brilliancy of its extravagances to the stolidity of its miseries, the luxuries that blossom in Mayfair to the brutalities that lurk in Whitechapel.

We often set out on a fine morning, Salemina and I, and travel twenty miles in the day, though we have to double our twopenny fee several times to accomplish that distance.

We never know whither we are going, and indeed it is not a matter of great moment (I mean to a woman) where everything is new and strange, and where the driver, if one is fortunate enough to be on a front seat, tells one everything of interest along the way, and instructs one regarding a different route back into town.

We have our favorite 'buses, of course; but when one appears, and we jump on while it is still in motion, as the conductor seems to prefer, and pull ourselves up the corkscrew stairway, — not a simple matter in the garments of sophistication, — we have little time to observe more than the color of the lumbering vehicle.

We like the Cadbury's Cocoa 'bus very much; it takes you by St. Mary-le-

Strand, Bow-Bells, the Temple, Mansion House, St. Paul's, and the Bank.

If you want to go and lunch, or dine frugally, at the Cheshire Cheese, eat black pudding and drink pale ale, sit in Dr. Johnson's old seat, and put your head against the exact spot on the wall where his rested; — although the traces of this form of worship are all too apparent, — then you jump on a Lipton's Tea 'bus, and are deposited at the very door. All is novel, and all is interesting, whether it be the crowded streets of the East End traversed by the Davies' Pea-Fed Bacon 'buses, or whether you ride to the very outskirts of London, through green fields and hedgerows, by the Ridge's Food or Nestlé's Milk route.

There are trams, too, which take one to delightful places, though the seats on top extend lengthwise, after the old "knifeboard pattern," and one does not get so good a view of the country as from the "garden seats" on the roof of the omnibus; still there is nothing we like better on a warm morning than a good outing on the Vinolia tram that we pick up in Shaftesbury Avenue. There is a street running from Shaftesbury Avenue into Oxford Street, which was once the village of St. Giles, one of the dozens of hamlets swallowed up by the great maw of London, and it still looks like a hamlet, although it has been absorbed for many years. We constantly happen on these absorbed villages from which, not a century ago, people drove up to town in their coaches.

If you wish to see another phase of life, go out on a Saturday evening, from nine o'clock on to eleven, starting on a Beecham's Pill 'bus, and keep to the poorer districts, alighting occasionally to stand with the crowd in the narrower thoroughfares.

It is a market night, and the streets will be a moving mass of men and women buying at the hucksters' stalls. Everything that can be sold at a stall is there: fruit, vegetables, meat, fish,

crockery, tinware, children's clothing, cheap toys, boots, shoes, and sunbonnets, all in reckless confusion. The venders cry their wares in stentorian tones, vying with one another to produce excitement and induce patronage, while gas jets are streaming into the air from the roofs and flaring from the sides of the stalls; children crying, children dancing to the strains of an accordion, children quarrelling, children scrambling for the refuse fruit. In the midst of this spectacle, this din and uproar, the women are chaffering and bargaining quite calmly, watching the scales to see that they get their full pennyworth or sixpennyworth of this or that. To the student of faces, of manners, of voices, of gestures; to the person who sees unwritten and unwriteable stories in all these groups of men, women, and children, the scene reveals many things: some comedies, many tragedies, a few plain narratives (thank God!), and now and then — only now and then — a romance. As to the dark alleys and tenements on the fringe of this glare and brilliant confusion, this Babel of sound and ant-bed of moving life, one can only surmise and pity and shudder; close one's eyes and ears to it a little, or one could never sleep for thinking of it, yet not too tightly lest one sleep too soundly, and forget altogether the seamy side of things. One can hardly believe that there is a seamy side when one descends from his traveling observatory a little later, and stands on Westminster Bridge, or walks along the Thames Embankment. The lights of Parliament House gleam from a hundred windows, and in the dark shadows by the banks thousands of colored disks of light twinkle and dance and glow like fairy lamps, and are reflected in the silver surface of the river. That river, as full of mystery and contrast in its course as London itself, — where is such another? It has ever been a river of pageants, a river of sighs; a river into whose placid depths kings and queens, princes and cardinals,

have whispered state secrets, and poets have breathed immortal lines; a stream of pleasure, bearing daily on its bosom such a freight of youth and mirth and color and music as no other river in the world can boast.

Sometimes we sally forth in search of adventures in the thick of a "London particular," Mr. Guppy's phrase for a fog. When you are once ensconced in your garden seat by the driver, you go lumbering through a world of bobbing shadows, where all is weird, vague, gray, dense; and where great objects loom up suddenly in the mist and then disappear; where the sky, heavy and leaden, seems to descend bodily upon your head, and the air is full of a kind of luminous yellow smoke.

A Lipton's Tea 'bus is the only one we can see plainly in this sort of weather, and so we always take it. I do not wish, however, to be followed literally in these modest suggestions for omnibus rides, because I am well aware that they are not sufficiently specific for the ordinary tourist who wishes to see London systematically and without any loss of time. If you care to go to any particular place, or reach that place by any particular time, you must not, of course, look at the most conspicuous signs on the tops and ends of the chariots as we do; you must stand quietly at one of the regular points of departure and try to decipher, in a narrow horizontal space along the side, certain little words that show the route and destination of the vehicle. They say that it can be done, and I do not feel like denying it on my own responsibility. Old Londoners assert that they are not blinded or confused by Pears' Soap in letters two feet high, scarlet on a gold ground, but can see below in fine print, and with the naked eye, such legends as Tottenham Court Road, Westbourne Grove, St. Pancras, Paddington, or Victoria. It is certainly reasonable that the omnibuses should be decorated to suit the inhabitants of

the place rather than foreigners, and it is perhaps better to carry a few hundred stupid souls to the wrong station daily than to allow them to cleanse their hands with the wrong soap, or quench their thirst with the wrong (which is to say the unadvertised) beverage.

The conductors do all in their power to mitigate the lot of unhappy strangers, and it is only now and again that you hear an absent-minded or logical one call out, "Castoria! All the w'y for a penny!"

We claim for our method of traveling, not that it is authoritative, but that it is simple, — suitable to persons whose desires are flexible and whose plans are not fixed. It has its disadvantages, which may indeed be said of almost anything. For instance, we had gone for two successive mornings on a Cadbury's Cocoa 'bus to Francesca's dressmaker in Kensington. On the third morning, deceived by the ambitious and unscrupulous Cadbury, we mounted it and journeyed along comfortably three miles to the east of Kensington before we discovered our mistake. It was a pleasant and attractive neighborhood where we found ourselves, but unfortunately Francesca's dressmaker did not reside there.

If you have determined to make a certain train from a certain station, and do not care for any other, no matter if it should turn out to be just as interesting, then never take a Lipton's Tea 'bus, for it is the most unreliable of all. If it did not sound so learned, and if I did not feel that it must have been said before, it is so apt, I should quote Horæe and say, "Omnibus hoc vitium est." There is no 'bus unseized by the Napoleonic Lipton. Do not ascend one of them supposing for a moment that by paying fourpence and going to the very end of the route you will come to a neat tea station, where you will be served with the cheering cup. Never; nor with a draught of Cadbury's cocoa nor Nestlé's milk, although you have jostled along for nine

weary miles in company with their blattant recommendations to drink nothing else, and though you may have passed other 'buses with the same highly colored names glaring at you until they are burned into the gray matter of your brain, to remain there as long as the copy-book maxims you penned when you were a child.

These pictorial methods doubtless prove a source of great financial gain; of course it must be so, or they would never be prosecuted; but although they may allure millions of customers, they will lose two in our modest persons. When Salemina and I go into a café for tea we ask the young women if they serve Lipton's, and if they say yes, we take coffee. This is self-punishment indeed (in London!), yet we feel that it may have a moral effect; perhaps not commensurate with the physical effect of the coffee upon us, but these delicate matters can never be adjusted with absolute exactitude.

Sometimes when we are to travel on a Pears' Soap 'bus we buy beforehand a bit of pure white Castile, cut from a shrinking, reserved, exclusive bar with no name upon it, and present it to some poor woman when we arrive at our journey's end. We do not suppose that so insignificant a protest does much good, but at least it preserves one's individuality and self-respect.

On one of our excursions our English friend Hilda Mellifica accompanied us, and we alighted to see the place where the Smithfield martyrs were executed, and to visit some of the very old churches in that vicinity. We found hanging in the vestibule of one of them something quite familiar to Hilda, but very strange to our eyes: "A Table of Kindred and Affinity, wherein whosoever are related are forbidden in Scripture and our Laws to Marry Together."

Salemina was very quiet that afternoon, and we accused her afterward of being depressed because she had discovered that, added to the battalions of men

in England who had not thus far urged her to marry them, there were thirty persons whom she could not legally espouse even if they did ask her!

I cannot explain it, but it really seemed in some way that our chances of a "sweet, safe corner of the household fire" had materially decreased when we had read the table.

"It only goes to prove what Salemina remarked yesterday," I said: "that we can go on doing a thing quite properly until we have seen the rule for it printed in black and white. The moment we read the formula we fail to see how we could ever have followed it; we are confused by its complexities, and we do not feel the slightest confidence in our ability to do consciously the thing we have done all our lives unconsciously."

"Like the centipede," quoted Salemina.

"The centipede was happy quite
Until the toad, for fun,
Said, 'Pray which leg goes after which?'
Which wrought his mind to such a pitch,
He lay distracted in a ditch
Considering how to run!'"

"The Table of Kindred and Affinity is all too familiar to me," sighed Hilda, "because we had a governess who made us learn it as a punishment. I suppose I could recite it now, although I have n't looked at it for ten years. We used to chant it in the nursery schoolroom on wet afternoons. I well remember that the vicar called one day to see us, and the governess, hearing our voices uplifted in a pious measure, drew him under the window to listen. This is what he heard, — you will see how admirably it goes! And do not imagine it is wicked: it is merely the Law, not the Gospel, and we framed our own musical settings, so that we had no associations with the Prayer Book."

Here Hilda chanted softly, there being no one in the old churchyard: —

"A woman may not marry with her
Grandfather | Grandmother's Husband,

Husband's Grandfather || Father's Brother | Mother's Brother | Father's Sister's Husband || Mother's Sister's Husband | Husband's Father's Brother | Husband's Mother's Brother || Father | Step-Father | Husband's Father || Son | Husband's Son | Daughter's Husband || Brother | Husband's Brother | Sister's Husband || Son's Son | Daughter's Son | Son's Daughter's Husband || Daughter's Daughter's Husband | Husband's Son's Son | Husband's Daughter's Son || Brother's Son | Sister's Son | Brother's Daughter's Husband || Sister's Daughter's Husband | Husband's Brother's Son | Husband's Sister's Son."

"It seems as if there were nobody left," I said disconsolately, "save perhaps your Second Cousin's Uncle, or your Enemy's Dearest Friend."

"That's just the effect it has on one," answered Hilda. "We always used to conclude our chant with the advice: —

"And if there is anybody, after this, in the universe | left to | marry || marry him as expeditiously | as you | possibly | can || Because there are very few husbands omitted from this table of | Kindred and | Affinity || And it behooveth a maiden to snap them up without any delay | willing or unwilling | whenever and | wherever found.

"We were also required to learn by heart the form of Prayer with Thanksgiving to be used Yearly upon the Fifth Day of November for the happy deliverance of King James I. and the Three Estates of England from the most traitorous and bloody-intended Massacre by Gunpowder; also the prayers for Charles the Martyr and the Thanksgiving for having put an end to the Great Rebellion by the Restitution of the King and Royal Family after many Years' interruption which unspeakable Mercies were wonderfully completed upon the 29th of May in the year 1660."

"1660! We had been forty years in America then," soliloquized Francesca; "and is n't it odd that the long thanks-

givings in our country must all have been for having successfully run away from the Gunpowder Treason, King Charles the Martyr, and the Restituted Royal Family; yet here we are, you and I, the best of friends, talking it all over."

As we jog along, or walk, by turns, we come to Buckingham Street, and looking up at Alfred Jingle's lodgings say a grateful word of Mr. Pickwick. We tell each other that much of what we know of London and England seems to have been learned from Dickens.

Deny him the right to sit among the elect, if you will; talk of his tendency to farce and caricature; call his humor low comedy, and his pathos bathos, — although you shall say none of these things in my presence unchallenged; but the fact remains that every child, in America at least, knows more of England, — its almshouses, debtors' prisons, and law courts, its villages and villagers, its beards and cheap-jacks and hostlers and coachmen and boots, its streets and lanes, its lodgings and inns and landladies and roast beef and plum pudding, its ways, manners, and customs, — knows more of these things and a thousand others from Dickens's novels than from all the histories, geographies, biographies, and essays in the language. Where is there another novelist who has

so peopled a great city with his imaginary characters that there is hardly room for the living population, as one walks along the ways?

Oh, these streets of London! There are other more splendid shades in them, — shades that have been there for centuries, and will walk beside us so long as the streets exist. One can never see these shades, save as one goes on foot, or takes that chariot of the humble, the omnibus. I should like to make a map of literary London somewhat after Leigh Hunt's plan, as projected in his essay on the World of Books; for to the book-lover "the poet's hand is always on the place, blessing it." One can no more separate the association from the particular spot than one can take away from it any other beauty.

"Fleet Street is always Johnson's Fleet Street" (so Leigh Hunt says); "the Tower belongs to Julius Cæsar, and Blackfriars to Suckling, Vandyke, and the Dunciad. . . . I can no more pass through Westminster without thinking of Milton, or the Borough without thinking of Chaucer and Shakespeare, or Gray's Inn without calling Bacon to mind, or Bloomsbury Square without Steele and Akenside, than I can prefer brick and mortar to wit and poetry, or not see a beauty upon it beyond architecture in the splendor of the recollection."

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

RECENT ECONOMIC TENDENCIES.

THE events of the last decade, and particularly of the last few years, have required a readjustment by economic thinkers of many preconceived points of view upon important subjects relating to industry and capital. It is not so much that the maxims of classical political economy have been proved false, as that those upon which stress has been laid

during the effort to emancipate industry from mediæval fetters have become of subordinate importance because their operation has come to be modified by new conditions. The last few years have witnessed a remarkable expansion in trade and industry in nearly every civilized country, which is causing a larger volume of production in proportion to

population, and employing a larger capital than any previous development of the kind. The rate for the rental of capital has risen upon every European money market higher than for many years. The great increase in the gold supply, which has added \$700,000,000, or nearly twenty-five per cent, to the gold currency of the world since 1892, seems to have been ineffective in arresting the scarcity of money. Prices of commodities have risen in a surprising degree, and mills and factories have orders which cannot be filled for many months.

While this revival of industry, following upon the panic of 1893, bears much resemblance to the revivals that have followed earlier periods of depression, an important new element has gradually become a controlling factor in the situation. This is the widening of the field of competition. This widening of the field has proceeded with accelerating pace during the last two centuries as the result of labor-saving machinery, swift and cheap methods of communication, and the great accumulations of saved capital resulting from the use of these improved instruments of production and exchange. The widening of the field of effective competitors first brought the producer into competition with his near neighbors, then with the producers of the whole nation, and finally with foreign competitors on a limited scale on his own soil. The condition which now confronts him is the necessity of seeking new outlets, whether for finished goods or saved capital, in foreign markets where he must compete with other producers from without who have entered the field under the same stimulus as himself. This stimulus is the persistent human motive of the struggle for existence, and in this struggle no effective formula has yet been found to supersede that of "the survival of the fittest."

These new conditions of world competition do not permit effective aid to

the producer by favoring legislation at home, except such as carefully removes restrictions upon the economy and efficiency of production. The home market is more than supplied by the existing equipment of machinery and capital. The new market opening in the undeveloped countries will be won by the people showing the greatest efficiency in every department of production,—not merely in machinery and labor, but in the organization of their banking and carrying systems and their distribution of the burdens of taxation. Local markets have been merged into a world market, where the operator in goods, money, or securities can place orders or make sales at his will, in London, Paris, Vienna, or New York, according as the news brought by telegraph, telephone, or cable indicates that he can buy cheaper or sell dearer at any given moment.

It is in this world market that the manufacturers and capitalists of the United States, as well as those of England and Continental Europe, must hereafter compete with one another. Powerful influences have swept away the natural barriers to competition by making it possible to transfer goods at small cost from the place of production to the remote corners of the world. The reduction of railway charges and ocean freights has followed the multiplication of lines of transportation and economies in railway management and steamship construction. Cars of steel are replacing those of wood, and cars carrying fifty tons are hauled almost as cheaply as were those carrying twenty tons a few years ago. One of the most serious problems of railway competition to-day is the adjustment of rates that shall be fair between communities which at widely varying distances claim the right to lay down their products upon equal terms in the same market. The difference of a few cents per box may determine whether California, or Florida, or Jamaica, shall control the market for oranges in New York.

A similar difference on freight from the West, as between New York or Newport News, may determine which city shall be the commercial emporium of the western world. The breadth of the Atlantic is made "a negligible quantity" by "export rates" which impose the same charges upon freight from the Mississippi to Europe that are made from the Mississippi to New York.

The railway may thus, in a more emphatic sense than ever before, annihilate distances which exist; it also has the power to lengthen distances for all competitive purposes by hostile rates. These mighty engines of competition, hitherto restricted in the main to Europe and America, are putting "a girdle round about the earth." They are traversing the steppes whose sombre silence has been broken for centuries only by the horses' hoofs of Tartar robbers, or by the march of the armed servants of Russian despotism; they are marking China into a checkerboard by bands of steel; they are preparing to link Northern and Southern Africa together "from Cairo to the Cape," and across the Desert of Sahara; and their victorious march from Asia Minor across the valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates to the confines of India promises a more enduring conquest for civilization than that of Alexander's armies. Under their competition the possibility of finding an exclusive market and retaining it against rivals by the barriers of distance and difficulty of approach is becoming as vain as the search of the alchemist for the source of gold, or the quest of Ponce de Leon for the fountain of perpetual youth.

One of the facts that has contributed to the merging of local markets into a world market, and has changed the bearings of some of the propositions of classical political economy toward the modern world, is the great accumulation of

saved capital.¹ This fact has resulted in a permanent decline of the rate of interest on capital, in spite of the fluctuations of the discount rate which have for the moment carried the rental price of currency to a high figure. Saving now finds little outlet, except in duplicating needlessly the existing machinery of production and transportation, or extending it in directions where an immediate return in the form of dividends is not assured. The most hopeful field for such investments in the future, although one that involves serious risks, is the equipment of new countries.

The reduction in the rate of profit from savings should have the effect, according to the play of classical economic laws, to diminish saving on the one hand, and by the lower rental value of capital make many enterprises practicable which were not so when the rental of capital was high. It is doubtful if the first of these supposed effects of low interest — the diminution of saving — will be felt to any serious extent in modern society. The instinct of saving is to a considerable degree independent of the earning of dividends. Hoards of gold and silver are common among the people of India and other half-civilized countries, where the capital lies buried in some hiding place without yielding a penny of return. The expectation of dividends from investment is a modern phenomenon, which is only one phase of the passion for saving instilled by the evolution of civilized society. Even if the tendency to saving might be somewhat impaired by diminished returns, there is a counter influence in the necessity for larger savings than before to obtain a given return, and there is a constant addition to the number of those making savings under the tendency of growing social wealth to swell the numbers of the well-to-do classes, and diminish the proportion of those in the lower economic strata.

¹ See article by the present writer on The Economic Basis of Imperialism, North Ameri-

can Review (September, 1898), vol. clxvii. p. 326.

The diversion of capital to enterprises which would never have been executed under high rates for money is undoubtedly an important factor in absorbing the surplus of savings in modern society. Enterprises which would not have been thought possible a generation or two ago are now boldly taken up and carried through by private individuals and the state. Where such enterprises, however, supplant hand labor by the economy of machine production, the saving power of society is again increased, and the absorption of capital in these new directions is offset by the new capital created and the labor released for other productive employments. Upon the whole, therefore, the opportunity for the absorption of the saving now going on in civilized society, in such a manner as to yield dividends upon investments, must evidently be found in countries that lack the equipment of western civilization. There are great risks involved in such investments, because of the necessarily speculative character of enterprises which strike out in new paths. Mistakes must almost inevitably be made in regard to supply and demand in adapting to new peoples the mechanism which has met the needs of older civilizations. Great Britain, the first of the modern capitalistic states to make loans abroad, discovered these dangers when millions were swallowed up in the panic of 1825 by bad investments in Latin America, and again in 1857 by the overcapitalization of American railways; but neither these experiences, nor the reckless advances of the Barings in Argentina which culminated in the crisis of 1890, nor the locking up of Scottish funds in Australia in 1893, have diverted English capital permanently from the hopeful channels opened for its investment in undeveloped countries.

The surplus of saved capital in modern society threatens to impair the force of the classical theories regarding expenditures by the state. Economists

have for many years protested against the astonishing growth in public expenditure and the negotiation of loans to meet it. They have denounced in the strongest terms the doctrines that a public loan was only the transfer of the people's money from one pocket to the other, and left the state no poorer than before. The classical theories are indisputably correct when applied to the relative poverty of society two or three generations ago, or when directed against a policy which handicaps competing power by taxing industry unduly to maintain an overgrown military establishment. From a philosophical point of view, however, the increase in state expenditure appears to be a normal development resulting from the evolution of modern society. The primary cause is the great increase in wealth, which permits the citizen to give up to the state, without feeling the burden, many times the amount that drove the subjects of Charles I. to rebellion, or impoverished France before the Revolution. Growing out of this increase of wealth are the double influences of a greater subdivision of labor, which throws upon the state many new functions, without at all implying direct progress toward socialism, and the birth of enterprises looking too far into the future to attract individual capital by the promise of an early return.

The growth of social wealth permits additions to the professional and office-holding classes of the community in a constantly accelerating ratio. If the producing power of the community is barely sufficient to supply food, clothing, and shelter, the amount of the annual earnings that can be set aside for the employment of physicians, lawyers, theatrical performers, singers, and authors is extremely small. If these classes exist, they will live the precarious livelihood of the hack writers and strolling performers of a century or two ago. When, however, the rate of production in a community is such as to afford a surplus of capital

over the amount required for the necessities of life, the professional and office-holding classes will receive a large proportion of this surplus. The better care of health will afford employment for physicians, the management of property will give rise to litigation and afford incomes to lawyers and bankers, amusements will be more largely patronized to the benefit of actors and singers, more books will be bought to the profit of publishers and authors, and the payment of generous prices for works of art will make possible a prosperous class of sculptors and painters. Under such conditions the people will look without impatience upon expenditures by the state for libraries, works of art, and the many branches of scientific investigation which are now pursued by civilized governments. The rise of the standard of living, moreover, will be accompanied by higher salaries in official places, and will swell the budget of the state far beyond its proportional cost in earlier and poorer times.

The subdivision of labor imposes new functions upon a state, largely because the individual citizen, absorbed in his own special work by the exacting conditions of the new competition, is debarred from that general knowledge of markets, qualities of goods, and prices which was possible for his ancestors. The state is called upon to interfere with the play of individual action, by pure food laws, meat inspection, and especially in the great cities by provision for sewage, water, lighting, sanitary inspection, and many other functions. Whatever may be the ultimate tendency of such legislation in paving the way toward socialism, it cannot be treated in its essence as socialistic nor as abridging the freedom of the citizen. The citizen simply delegates to his servants, intelligent specialists in official employ, the functions which in a more primitive state he exercised for himself, but with much less expert knowledge and efficiency. It is not necessary to carry the illustration of these functions

into great detail, in order to indicate how largely responsible they are for the increase of official budgets so much bewailed by some of the classical economists. Many of these expenditures by the state, such as those for food inspection, street cleaning, and garbage collecting, are nothing more than the delegation of small items of individual expenditure to public officials, who by means of the concentration of the work, and in spite of the admitted inefficiency of officialdom, render services at small cost which would otherwise wastefully absorb the time, thought, and money of individuals.

Coming to the broader problem of state expenditures for important public works, it is obvious that there are many such works which are not attractive to private capital, because of the delay in reaping the profits from them, but which will afford a substantial net gain to the community within a reasonable period. The works of this class are those requiring a good many years of preparation before the results are realized, — what the French call works *de longue haleine*. For such works the state is undoubtedly justified in negotiating loans, if the benefits of the undertaking are plainly shown. There are also classes of works whose benefits to the community as a whole are plain, and may even involve the question of its supremacy in commercial competition with other communities, but whose benefits are so minutely subdivided that they cannot well be made the subject of definite charges. Among the first of these classes of works are canals and railways in countries capable of development, but not promising immediate returns to private investors at the rates which a railway would be permitted to charge. Such enterprises are not economically justifiable if they do not afford an economy over pre-existing methods; but railways are compelled to make their charges upon a basis fixed by custom rather than just within the limits of the old charges for

wagon or water service. In the second class may be found river and harbor improvements, which may be of great value to the community, but whose benefits might be neutralized if heavy tolls were levied either by a private corporation or by the state.

Undoubtedly state action offers greater danger than private action of the misdirection of capital and energy, and proposals for state works of this character should receive the most careful scrutiny. The ultimate test of the wisdom of any work intended purely for utility should be its dividend-paying capacity, if the dividend can be collected from all who benefit by it; but where a community possesses sufficient surplus wealth to accomplish important improvements, it may be simpler and more economical to distribute the benefits by taxation over the whole community than to attempt to divide them into specific tolls of infinitesimal amount and inquisitorial character. While these considerations appear to justify some relaxation of the rigid enforcement of the doctrines of *laissez faire*, there is no doubt that state expenditures and state intervention in private affairs are liable to grave abuses. The most severe scrutiny both as to objects and as to methods of state expenditure should not be relaxed, because the principle is admitted that state action may be justified. In other words, the burden of proof should continue to rest upon those who ask for state interference or state expenditure in any given case, but the case should not be closed to argument upon the theory that the action of the state could not under any conditions be defended, even if substantial benefits to the community by its action could be clearly shown.

The reduction of the return upon investments raises a serious question, as has been suggested by the present writer in another article,¹ whether a system of old-age insurance will not soon supersede direct savings for old age by the work-

ing classes. There is some danger in applying to the earnings of the people a system of taxation which may make production more costly than that of competing nations, but Germany has already taken some long steps toward old-age insurance, and Great Britain is seriously considering the subject. There is an economic advantage in this measure, in relieving the congestion of capital, because the amount required to support a laborer in old age is taken from current production rather than from the dividends on saved capital. The substitution of the direct method of taxation for the indirect method of saving can hardly diminish in any case the net funds left to the laborer for the purchase of goods for consumption, and is likely materially to increase his capacity for such purchases. The system of saving for investment, with the purpose of applying only the income to maintenance during old age, locks up a much greater amount of capital than would be the case if the active laborers of to-day contributed their share from their current earnings to sustain the retired laborers, and relied upon similar assessments upon the active laborers of the future to sustain them in their old age.

It is probable that the removal of the mass of laborers from the field of those saving for investment would diminish considerably the amount of capital seeking investment on the money market. It would, on the other hand, materially increase the demand for consumption goods. Two or three generations ago such an adjustment of the relations between saving and expenditure would have been a calamity to western civilization. The character of the problem has been changed by the increase in the amount of saved capital offered annually for investment. These offerings have swelled the supply of such capital be-

¹ Can New Openings be found for Capital? The Atlantic Monthly (November, 1899), vol. lxxxv. p. 600.

yond the amount that can be profitably invested, and have caused a permanent decline in the rate of interest. The withdrawal of the purchasing power of this savings fund, moreover, from the field of demand for consumption goods has added to the difficulty by diminishing the demand for such goods, while the facilities for producing them were being increased from the savings fund by the duplication of manufacturing plants and lines of transportation. The natural equilibrium between production and consumption, which is one of the theories of political economy, is based substantially upon the proposition that all that one man produces shall constitute a demand for what others produce. If a portion of one man's purchasing power is withdrawn from the market by being put in the form of a banking credit which is not immediately employed as a demand for other goods, the supply of goods exceeds the effective demand, and this condition is carried in successive waves through every industry, causing overproduction, stagnation, and commercial convulsions. The essential difficulty is that production is diverted by unremunerative investments into wrong channels, and those who have thus employed their savings are deprived at once of the dividends which they expected, and of the comforts they might have enjoyed if they had eschewed saving for the increase of the comforts of life.

The dividing line which shall maintain a really healthy equilibrium between supply and demand is found in an amount of saving sufficient to restore the wear and tear of the existing equipment of production and exchange, provide new equipment for the increase of population and business, and afford a fund of free capital for investment in really profitable new devices for saving labor and increasing production. When the amount of saved capital passes this point, the result is disastrous to individ-

uals, if not to the whole community. The theory of the classical economy is well founded, that sooner or later the community will profit by the reduction of the interest rate, because this reduction will permit the employment of capital in directions where it could not be employed when the rental of capital was high, and will thus increase the sum of comforts placed at the command of the community. Experience has shown, however, that when saved capital accumulates rapidly, the groping after new uses for it, especially within the limits of a well-developed industrial community, causes waste and disaster. The process works with so much friction, and inflicts such severe injury by destroying commercial confidence, arresting production, and thereby throwing laborers out of employment, that checks to the process of capitalization or new outlets for capital must be found to maintain healthy conditions. The establishment of old-age insurance, upon a scale broad enough to divest the system of any aspect of almsgiving and make it a part of the established economic order, would tend to restore the equilibrium between production and consumption by diminishing the amount of new savings seeking investment in fields already occupied.

The appearance of all the great industrial nations in the field of competition for foreign markets imposes upon each the duty of organizing its machinery of competition upon the most economical basis. This requires not merely the adoption of every labor-saving and money-saving device in mechanics and transportation, but the adjustment of the financial and fiscal systems so as to impose the lightest fetters upon industry. Consolidation of small plants is one of the natural results of this new order. This form of organization cannot be carried beyond certain limits without neutralizing its benefits, but within those limits, where combination

permits production at diminished cost and economy in distribution, the industrial combination can be stamped out only at the cost of crippling national competing power. It is the widening of markets which is responsible in a large measure for combinations among producers. The trust — where it is a natural economic growth, and not merely a gambling venture by speculators who live by their wits — is simply the combination of several small establishments, in order to secure greater economy and efficiency in the machinery of production. Such economy and efficiency become of the highest importance where more goods are produced at home than can be sold for a profit, and the surplus has to be sold in foreign markets.

The necessity of seeking foreign markets for surplus products operates to some extent to check the power to fix prices far above the point determined by cost of production and legitimate profit. The immunity from competition at home which is secured by the trust, whether under the shelter of special favors by law or not, is lost when its products meet the similar products of other nations in the foreign field. While an international combination in restraint of trade is conceivable, it is not easy to perfect in the case of manufactured goods, in view of differences in language, raw materials, styles, cost of transportation, methods of banking and credit, and the other conditions of production. The price then has to be brought down to the actual competitive price. A surplus may sometimes be unloaded at a lower price abroad than that for which the product is sold at home, but domestic prices must in the long run bear some reasonable relation to foreign prices charged by the same producer for the same goods. In the foreign market, therefore, under modern conditions, the trust combination must prove its right to live by its ability to undersell its rivals. Whatever modifi-

cation may be required by circumstances in the application of the old doctrines of political economy, there is nothing more true in the long run than the maxim that "speculation succeeds only if it renders a service, — when it has foreseen a future need and satisfied it."

The power of industrial combinations may require regulation by the state for political reasons, but all such regulations should be kept within the narrowest limits which public policy will permit. Taxation should be so adjusted that its burden should not be felt upon the free movement of capital from one industry to another. From this point of view, taxes should be laid upon wealth after it is earned rather than in process of employment as a part of the machinery of production. An income tax, however oppressive its rate, could not essentially change the direction of industry in a given community, because it would fall only upon net profits. If it had any influence in diverting capital from one industry to another, it would have only the legitimate economic influence of reducing the net income of those engaged in the less profitable industries to the point which drove them into the more profitable, and therefore into those to which the natural producing capacity of the country was best adapted. Any tax falling directly upon industry, or upon capital in active use in manufacturing or transportation, even though the net amount exacted from a given individual or corporation were not greater than under the income tax, might give a harmful tendency to the natural direction of capital and industry by falling too lightly on some and too heavily on others.

In the field of finance, the necessity of unfettered movement for the money market and the people who expect to compete successfully with powerful rivals suggests that the fewest possible restrictions should be imposed upon the movement of capital. Taxes upon cor-

porations should be levied upon their net profits rather than upon the transfer of their securities, and the laws regulating the money market should impose no more than a nominal tax upon its transactions. The wisdom of this rule has been demonstrated within three or four years by the experience of several European money markets. Germany, under the influence of agrarian prejudice against the kings of finance, attempted to crush dealings in futures on the stock exchange and the transfer of securities upon margins. France, under the influence of the official agents of exchange who have for a century had the nominal monopoly of stock exchange operations, imposed restrictions upon the traffic of the unofficial brokers. The result in both cases has been to send a great volume of business to Brussels, where freedom of economic movement is unhampered by restrictive laws. The great Parisian banks have enlarged their branches in Belgium or established new ones, the National Bank of Belgium has become one of the greatest custodians in Europe of private holdings of securities, and the railway systems which are equipping Russia and China have been financed by Belgian stock companies.

The organization of credit is also a part of the mechanism of competition in which economy combined with the highest efficiency are important elements. The nation which maintains a currency that is needlessly expensive hampers every part of the machinery of production and exchange. A high rental for currency and for the use of capital imposes needless charges upon the conduct of all enterprises. Enterprises which might have paid a reasonable profit under a lower money rate cease to pay such a profit, and may be driven to the wall by foreign competitors. This stifling of production, by the lack of the tools of exchange or an excessive price for them, may throw its pall over whole communities, as is the case in the South

to-day, from the absence of an elastic banking currency. It is obvious that the absence of any such thing as money would greatly hamper the exchange of products, cripple production, diminish the means for employing labor and the demand for it, and hopelessly handicap the nation in such a position. It should be equally obvious, with a little thought, that an insufficiency of the tools of exchange would cause the same embarrassments in somewhat less degree. It is not additional quantities of "primary money" that are needed in industrial communities, but simply such an organization of the system of credit as shall afford an adequate equipment of credit money at the times when it is needed for special purposes, without any other restrictions than such as are necessary to insure uniformity and safety. From this point of view, greater freedom of banking issues, within the limits of safety, may be as vital for keeping labor employed to its maximum capacity as for affording an indispensable tool to the capitalist.

One of the remarkable phases of modern capitalism is the development of nations whose preëminent functions seem to be those of lenders, bankers, and carriers. The position which they occupy in the scheme of international trade has become so radically different from that of the borrowing nations that the entire theory of "the balance of trade," as once understood, has been upset. Great Britain, the most conspicuous of the lending nations, shows annually an excess of imports of merchandise over exports, approaching a thousand millions of dollars, and this balance is far from rectified by the movement of the precious metals. This condition, according to the old mercantile theories, should have denuded England of her gold and driven her people into bankruptcy. That nothing of the kind has occurred is not an impeachment of these theories under all conditions, but simply a proof

that conditions have arisen to which they are no longer applicable. Great Britain for many years sent her surplus products abroad, without receiving payment in anything but printed pieces of paper representing government bonds and corporate securities. The loan which she then made, trusting to the future for its repayment, is coming back in a shower of the world's riches, in payment of the interest upon the capital she advanced to her colonies, and other struggling young peoples. To-day, while some of her writers bemoan her agricultural and manufacturing decline, she continues to grow rich by her three functions of lender, banker, and carrier.

Whether a nation can safely substitute these intermediary functions for independent production may be a subject for reasonable debate. The process may be carried too far, and may produce a stationary condition of industry and invention which will finally relegate the capitalistic nations to the rear in the competition with the poorer industrial nations, just as the great capitalist may cease to exercise the energy and thought which were necessary to his earlier achievements, and enabled him finally to distance his older rivals. But for many years, at least, the capitalistic nations, with a large fund of surplus capital loaned abroad, will occupy a commanding position in the world's finance. It is by a natural evolution of events that they have become bankers, brokers, merchants, and carriers for other peoples. The nation, like the individual, as already pointed out, first provides for its most pressing needs, and in marketing its raw materials and surplus products avails itself of the capital and carrying resources of other peoples. It is only when capital becomes redundant that competition can be carried on upon equal terms with those who are content with a low return upon it. Under this disadvantage of scarcity of capital and high rates for it, the United States long

labored in its effort to build up a carrying and banking trade outside its own limits in competition with nations content with a low return upon their saved capital. Whether great political and economic ends will be served by levying taxes upon the community to create a merchant marine may be a subject for debate, but even the demand for such action is not likely to be seriously made until the surplus of capital and low rates for money are upon the eve of bringing the natural equipment of the country up to the point where such investments might profitably be made out of private savings.

The average judgment of the unlearned, directed by the instinct of self-interest, is sometimes wiser than the reasoning that clings to abstract dogmas without regard to changes in conditions. It has been the fashion for many years to rail at the supporters of the mercantile theory as though they were the most unreasoning and foolish of men. The mercantilists did, in fact, put the cart before the horse, to a large degree, by treating as a cause of prosperity what was in reality only its symbol. They saw that the communities that accumulated gold were those which were the most prosperous. Instead of reasoning, therefore, that prosperity should be invoked in order to attract gold, they sometimes appeared to reason as though every effort should be made to obtain gold, upon the theory that prosperity would be dragged at the chariot wheels of the yellow metal. It is doubtful if the more intelligent supporters of the theory took so crude a view, even if they failed to grasp all the bearings of the problem. The element of soundness in their position, which is generally ignored by modern economists, lies in the fact that the precious metals are the most exchangeable of commodities. It is this that has led to their selection by a process of evolution, and not by mere convention, as the material for money. Under the modern system, with the laws

extending over nearly every land the protection of the sanctity of contracts and permitting a steady current of industry and wealth through the various forms of raw material, labor, and finished product, gold seems to have become almost the least important thing in the complicated mechanism of economic life. But at a time when contracts could be violated with impunity, when production was arrested by wars and by the interference of official tyranny, when persecution drove the Jew, the Protestant, or the Catholic in turn into exile, there was a preëminent quality in the possession of gold which justified the preference for it shown by individuals and communities. It was the one form of wealth that could be readily transported, that could be securely hidden in small compass without injury by rust or time, and never lost the characteristic of the highest form of value, in spite of fluctuations in its purchasing power. The holder of gold saw his wealth appreciating when other things were depreciating, and if it depreciated when other things were rising in price, the fact was concealed by the feeling of abounding prosperity which reigned in industry.

The lesson that changed conditions give a new aspect to economic problems, even though they do not falsify old laws, cannot be ignored in the wonderful period of economic revolution through which the world is passing. The doctrines of *laissez faire*, consecrated as they are by their association with the emancipation of industry from mediæval fetters, must be adapted to modern conditions. They will never lose their value as the fundamental principles of political economy, but the time has passed when the functions of the state can be limited to those which were thought sufficient in the infancy of industry.

The real problem for every modern state that hopes to compete for supremacy in the world's markets is the old one of so adjusting every part of the mechan-

ism of its industrial and moral life as to obtain the greatest results from the smallest expenditure of labor. The classical political economy declared that this result was best attained by leaving free play to every individual will and genius in the struggle for existence. Within certain limits this great principle can never be impeached. It is the underlying principle of all economic life. But the principle of association and coöperation also has a place in political economy, and a place which has grown larger as the family has been absorbed into the tribe, the tribe into the nation, and the nation into the empire.

This principle of association declares that there are some things, many things, which can be better done by union among men than by the man acting alone. The modern tendency is toward the specialization of talent, — the assignment to one man of the work for which he is best fitted. The community in which this specialization is most perfect will produce the largest results with the least effort. Consolidation in politics and industry contributes to this end by concentrating work enough of a special class for one man or group of men to do, instead of leaving each to perform indifferently a variety of functions. In the most primitive community, if distribution and credit could be organized, better results would be obtained if one set of men devoted all their time to fishing, others to hunting, and others to boatbuilding, than if each worked indifferently at all these vocations. If this is true under primitive conditions, it is infinitely more important under the severe conditions of modern competition.

This necessity for specialization and consolidation, in order to equip a people for successful competition in the markets of the world, is the explanation of many of the tendencies of the last few years. The importance of reducing competing production to its most efficient basis is the reason for the consoli-

dation of industries, the growth of trusts, the abolition of middlemen, and for appeals to the state to clear the path of production and exchange of every needless obstacle. Larger freight cars, heavier locomotives, freight tariffs which discriminate neither against individuals, classes of goods, nor communities; public docks and harbors deep enough for the largest and most economical transports, with adequate lighting and safeguarding of the coasts, reducing losses and the cost of marine insurance; the adoption of a single monetary standard and the proper organization of credit; innumerable measures to protect and make definite business contracts,

—all these are only steps in this process of complete industrial equipment. Even those expenditures by the state which seem to have the character of luxuries serve the same controlling purpose, when they do not impose undue burdens upon production. Technical schools, works of art which serve as the constant model for skill and beauty in industrial work, and even the higher education which gives breadth of view, keenness of insight, and accuracy of judgment, may all contribute toward the creation and perpetuation of a producing and industrial state whose competition will be irresistible in the struggle for commercial supremacy.

Charles A. Conant.

ON THE NIGHT TRAIN.

THE Chicago express had been delayed by a freight wreck down the road, and was three hours late when it drew into North Pass. Even the long-houred summer sun, which was usually hanging above the western hills when the train went through, had grown tired of waiting, and had left in its place an ineffectual moon, whose light was all swallowed by the velvety dusk of earth and sky. Staring sharply out of the dusk were the open windows of the station and the flitting lanterns of the employees. Rough, businesslike voices gave orders or called back and forth with a heartiness that echoed against the surrounding silence, and heavily laden trucks rumbled across the platform. As they were unloaded the air became sweet with a scent of strawberries, that seemed like a part of the outlying night, it so vividly recalled dim, shadowy fields, with the dew softly distilling upon leaves and berries still warm from the sun.

Frazer leaned out of his window and looked around him. Familiar figures

crossed and recrossed in front of the flaring station windows, or revealed themselves by a turn of the lantern light, but his own face was dark against the bright interior of the car, and no one noticed him. He was about to call out a greeting to the busy station agent, when a girl with a bunch of vouchers in her hand came across the platform among the lights and the moving figures, passed so close beneath his window that he could have reached out and touched her, and joined a little group of men who were standing near the car steps, talking. They turned toward her as she came up, and he heard her give some brief message or word of instruction. Then she came back under his window, and he caught a glimpse of her face. It was like the fragrance in the air, seeming to belong to the hushed vitality of the twilight.

"Hello!"

A hand clapped him on the shoulder, and he turned from the window to find a man he knew smiling down at him.

Commercial travelers are not easily surprised at meeting men they know. They shift in and out of one another's lives like the colored fragments in a kaleidoscope, and if for a moment one helps another in completing a design, at the next turning of the glass they fall apart. Frazee stretched up his hand cordially.

"Hello, Tarleton," he said; and then, ignoring the fact that they had not met before for a year, asked quickly: "Was that Selma Shepherd that crossed the platform just now? What's she doing around the station?"

Tarleton dropped into the seat beside Frazee and settled himself comfortably, as the conductor's "All aboard!" sounded through the car, and the station lights began to move slowly back along its windows. "She's helping her father, — what do you think of that?" he said.

"Has the old man lost his money?" Frazee was watching the lights blink out behind them, while the train plunged into the flitting mystery through which travelers approach the future in the night, only to find themselves arriving at the present in the morning.

"Not much," Tarleton answered; "but it's a little like that story of the man that got rich and sent his daughter to school, and when he asked how she was getting on, and they told him she was doing well, only she lacked capacity, he said she should have one if it cost a million dollars. Selma wanted the old man to use a conscience in his business, and as he could n't get hold of one any other way, she's gone into the office to supply it. A queer outcome for a girl like that, is n't it?"

"How did she find out he did n't have one?" Frazee asked. "She used to think" — He let his sentence drop and stared at the frail, tired young moon, sinking low above the hills, but keeping faithfully abreast of the car windows.

Tarleton glanced at him sideways and smiled a little. "Yes," he agreed, "she

used to think that 'papa' was the blooming Bayard among business men, and when she heard of any other fellow's playing a sharp trick she pointed to her father as an example of how men could succeed without overreaching other people. It was pretty hard to listen to when we all knew what an old sharper he was."

"I never thought him a sharper exactly," Frazee said. "I believe Ans Shepherd always meant to be an honest man; if he had been offered an out-and-out steal, that he knew for a steal, there would have been somebody knocked over then and there. The trouble was with his standards. I'm not an idealist, but I should have wanted to wear gloves if I'd been working with his standards, and it seems to me a high-class conscience like Selma's would be a mighty unhandy thing for him in his business. How did it all come about?"

"It's only just happened," Tarleton answered. "The pitiful look has n't gone out of her face yet, — or else I imagine it, remembering that day. Sometimes I wish I did n't have such a faculty for being in at the death."

"That's a queer thing," Frazee commented. "I believe you are always on hand when anything happens, and I'm always round the corner, like that fellow Barrie tells about. What happened, anyway? I used to know her pretty well once, years ago."

"It came about through the two shipping associations," Tarleton began. "You know how they manage things in North Pass, — the fruit growers club together and form a shipping association so as to get carload freight rates instead of having to pay by the hundred pounds" —

"Oh, go along," said Frazee; "did n't I work this region for six years?"

"Well, in your day there was only one association, and Ans Shepherd always loaded the cars; but this year some of the people grew dissatisfied, thought

he charged too much for loading, and formed a new association with Henry Barnum to load at a lower rate. You remember Barnum, don't you?"

"Rather," said Frazee, with a grimace. "I had the pleasure of seeing him through an attack of jim-jams once. On the whole, I think he was the toughest, lowest little devil I ever came across on the road. I had him to thank — Well, it's no use talking of that now."

"What was it?" Tarleton asked curiously.

"Oh, nothing," Frazee answered, smiling a little at the corners of a compressed mouth. "I was younger than I am now and more of a fool, and I did n't feel as free as I do now to speak out my mind. I was sitting in the railroad hotel dining room in Middleville when the Cairo train pulled in for dinner, and who should come and drop down at the table with me but Barnum, — it was after I'd seen him through his little snake dance. He seemed to think he'd found a long-lost brother, and began telling me all he'd been up to since. It was n't a pretty story, and it was n't a prudent place to be telling how he managed to 'creep' extras into his expense account and systematically gouge his firm; and the story of how he spent the extras, barely missing another attack, was n't much more edifying. It disgusted me, and though I don't usually count myself better than the next man, I must say I wanted to take that little beast and fling him out of the window; the sight of him turned me against my dinner the way a fly would in my coffee; but you know how it is when you've been good to a fellow and he's grateful to you; it seems to bind you to be easy on him; so I just sat and listened, laughing once in a while and putting in a word, instead of telling him to shut his mouth. I did suggest once that he'd better talk lower, or somebody would overhear, — and looking back afterward that warning seemed to put me

on more of a level with him than anything else."

"Somebody was overhearing him?" Tarleton asked.

Frazee nodded. "Selma Shepherd was sitting at the table just behind us. She had come on the same train with him, though on a different car, but I did n't see her until we all got up. In fact, Barnum spoke to her before I noticed her. She'd brought a little hand bag out of the train with her, and was carrying it back when he stepped up smirking and asked to take it on board for her. She held on to it, and the look she gave us was enough to freeze a crop; I knew she'd heard every word and classed me with him. That was all, only we'd been friends before. Bah — how it feels to be despised!"

Tarleton looked away from his companion and through one of the windows at the soft pure phantom of a world that hurried past. It looked like a place for peace, for mystery, even for great weird tragedies, but not for all this squalor which the hurrying trains bear to and fro, and which some men call life. "You never explained?" he said.

"Explained!" answered Frazee cynically; "there was nothing to explain. She asked me no questions; I told her no lies. I could n't go to her and say I was n't as rotten as she thought when she expressed no interest in my state of preservation, — at least I was fool enough to think I could n't. That was a long time ago. For a year or two I wanted to kill Barnum, and then I stopped caring and realized that he was too low to kill, anyway. I don't see why the North Pass people ever put up that sort of vermin in opposition to old Ans Shepherd. At his meanest, Ans was a man."

"Oh, but Barnum reformed; had n't you heard? He went to one of those 'cures,' and came home to North Pass, where he was born, and married a poor

foolish girl that had kept some sort of faith in him all that time. He started in at farming, and was having pretty hard luck at it when the shipping association split in two, somebody came forward with the idea that Henry deserved encouragement, and he got the job of loading for the opposition company. Old Ans nearly frothed at the mouth. He could n't forget what Barnum had been, and he thought it was a reflection on his own honor and the honor of North Pass to have him in a position of trust,—particularly a position of trust that would deduct something from his own little harvest of shekels. You see, old Ans was great on talking about honor,—caught it from Selma after she came home from college. Well, the short of it was, he decided to run Barnum and the opposition out of the business. He simply sank money in the work, doing the loading for next to nothing and making the rates so low that after a week every darned kicker gave in, and transferred his shipments to the old company. Barnum was left swinging his heels on the station platform, sending out one half-filled car, perhaps, while the old man sent ten overloaded ones. Of course it could n't go on, and presently Henry resigned, and the opposition went to pieces. I tell you, Ans just strutted round North Pass like a turkey gobbler that's got his tail spread and is scraping his wings on the ground to mark off a road for other people to travel in."

Frazee laughed. "I can see him," he said.

Tarleton pointed out of the window. "We're coming to the old quarry. Do you remember the place?"

"No, not specially," answered Frazee.

"Well, just look. You'll see why later," Tarleton said. "Notice the way that side track goes out to the edge of the bluff."

The train had been rushing hoarsely

up grade through a bit of forest. Now, at the summit of the grade, a clearing blurred past, and Frazee half saw and half remembered a spot where the foreground broke off abruptly and a group of derricks rose like evil omens against the dimly lighted distance and the breadth of pale sky where the moon was going down.

"Did you see?" asked Tarleton, as the forest jumped forward and hid the view as if hiding a secret. "The side track goes out to the edge of the bluff so that the stones from the quarry below can be hoisted and laid right on the flats. They only work there in winter when there's nothing else going on. When it's deserted it's a creepy looking place even by daylight, and if the wind had been the right way you'd have smelled twenty carloads of strawberries fermenting at the bottom of the bluff."

"Twenty carloads of strawberries! How did they get there?" Frazee cried, involuntarily glancing out of the window again, as if the quarry were not already far behind.

"Everybody knows and nobody can bring any proof. Barnum did it, of course, to get even with old Ans."

"But how?" Frazee asked again.

"There was only one way it could be done. One night, a few days after Barnum resigned, the fruit train was pulling up that grade when she was boarded by a masked gang that bound all the train men, hands and feet, and put them off at the top of the hill, switched the train on to the siding, set her to backing toward the bluff, and skipped out into the woods. There was n't a thing about one of them that the train men recognized, and so far nobody has found a clue. It must have been a strange thing to see that train backing off through the dark to the edge of the bluff and crashing over,—like somebody committing suicide. Her boiler burst and the cars took fire, and there was complete wreck and ruin down

there. Naturally it was n't long before the station at Elkdale got nervous because the train was so late, and wired to find out about her. Then there was excitement. A hand car set out at once to find what had happened to her after she left North Pass, and they wired to Middleville to get a wrecking train ready, but it was never called out, for the track was as clean as a whistle, and there was n't much worth picking up at the bottom of the bluff, — just the biggest mess of half-cooked strawberry jam that mortal eyes ever looked at, mixed with battered iron and charred wood. I happened to be at Elkdale with nothing better to do, so I volunteered to come out on the hand car, and if you'll believe me I smelled that wreck half a mile away. The night was perfectly still and black as tar, and we were working those handle bars in silence, all of us feeling a sort of suspense, when sniff! every man caught the smell of strawberries. We straightened up and the car ran itself for a minute, while we all smelled again to make sure. Then the boss said, 'Boys, she's smashed!' and we fell to, harder than before. You can't tell the surprise it gave us when we found the train men lying up safe and sound at the side of the track, and the track clear, — only that warm, rich smell all through the dark, and the men's story, and the smouldering mess at the foot of the bluff. At first it was a relief to think that no lives were lost, and then the dastardly meanness of destroying so much property for nothing came over us. Why, it was n't North Pass alone that suffered; there were ten carloads from stations down the line."

"That's the strangest story I ever heard," Frazee said slowly. "Are you sure there was nothing else to account for it, — nothing but Barnum's spite?"

"Nothing else in the world. There was such an absence of any other possibility that no one can imagine who helped

him, and that makes it all the harder to get hold of the plot. The company has detectives down there and has offered a reward, and Ans has offered a reward himself. I suppose somebody will turn state's evidence in time, but for the present there's not a straw in the wind to tell tales. It's puzzling where the men come from to do work like that, — and objectless, too, — but they seem to be always on hand when they're needed."

"I can hardly believe it was Barnum," said Frazee. "I think it must have been some sort of anarchist plot. Barnum would n't have had the nerve."

"If you'd seen him the next few days you would have believed it," Tarleton declared. "He paraded the village as large as life, and everybody noticed the look in his eyes, and his talk. Why, he as good as told people, 'I'm even with you all, now, and you can't prove it on me,' — only he was careful not to say it in words that could be turned against him. He was drinking, too, not enough to tangle his wits, but just enough to make him assertive. That was why he dared speak out to Selma."

"Speak — out — to Selma?"

"Yes, it was two days after the wreck. She had come down to the station on some errand, all dressed in white, — too white to touch, just as she always looked, — and Barnum swaggered up into her face and pulled off his hat and bowed. She stared straight through him, her face getting stiff, and tried to walk by, but he stepped in front of her again. I saw it all across the platform. I was in the old man's office; I often did my writing there" —

"Never mind where you were," Frazee interrupted; "tell what happened."

"That's what I'm coming to," Tarleton answered, settling himself as a man will if he likes to talk and has no intention of doing injustice to his story. Frazee leaned forward, one hand tapping lightly on the window ledge to make

his impatience seem more trivial, but with a stress of attention and urgency in his face.

"He stepped right in front of her again," Tarleton went on, "and she was too proud to try a second time to pass him, so she stood still and waited, the way a person that loathes snakes but is n't afraid of 'em stands back to let one crawl across the path. I suppose it was that look of holding her skirts aside that maddened him, for after a minute he burst out telling her she'd cut him before and she'd not cut him again, and she need n't think it would stain her to touch him, nor dishonor her to throw him a word like she would to the dirtiest dog on the street. 'If I'm low, it's your father made me so,' he told her, 'and I can't be as low as you are, for there's none of his damned blood in my veins.' She drew back quick, as if he'd struck her, and a lot of men rushed up and got hold of him and tried to pull him away while she came over toward the office. The old man had been up the street, and was just coming on to the platform. He did n't hear, but he saw her face and hurried to meet her, and they were just coming into the office where I was writing away for dear life, just as if I'd heard nothing, when Barnum broke away from the men and came up behind them, pouring out a stream of abuse, and taunting the old man with every shady transaction he'd ever been connected with. Old Shepherd pushed Selma into the office and turned round to order him off, but Barnum would n't move. He stood his ground, daring Ans to deny a single dishonorable act he'd charged him with; and Ans saw a troop of men who knew the truth looking on and listening, so there was n't a word he could say. He tried to treat it as a joke and face it down with pompousness, but it all flat-tered, and he came to a dead stop. For a minute you could almost hear the sun beating down on the platform, it was so

still. Barnum stirred once or twice, trying to leer past the old man and catch Selma's eye, but she stood inside the doorway, watching her father. I was watching her, and the way the light faded out of her face made me think of the quick way a cloud fades sometimes after sunset. All at once the telegraph began ticking over in the depot, clear across the platform. Ans gathered himself together as if somebody had spoken to him, and turned round to Selma and me, trying to laugh. She drew back a little from him, and begged him to say it was n't true.

"Her face upset him. I don't believe he'd ever realized that anybody could take a question of business dealings in that way, and you could see how sorry he was for her, as if she was a little child that had to be disappointed. He told her to hush, that every man had his enemies, and there was nothing to feel badly about at all. She put out her hand, like a child pleading, — she was n't used to having him refuse her things, — and asked him again to tell them all that it was n't so. He shut the office door then, and I was shut inside with them. 'Selma,' he said, 'I can't say it's not true. These things are what every business man does. Tarleton, here, will tell you so. They're part of the game.' She did n't turn to me, and I thanked the Lord for it. I'd have gone out if I could, but the old man stood right in front of the door and would n't move. I don't know if he thought Barnum would try to come in, or if he only wanted to keep me to help him out with her; but there he planted himself, and she drew back from him a little more, and stood with her bosom rising and falling, and her hands clenched. Great God! I wished she'd have screamed, instead of keeping so still. The old man kept looking at her face as if he could n't look away, and a death-like ash color settled over him. After a while he went closer to her and

stretched his hand out as if he was half afraid, and touched her on the shoulder.

"'What's the matter, Selma?' he asked, and his voice was so shaky and scared it did n't sound like his.

"She gave a little cry and shrank away, sobbing out that she'd always thought her father was an honest man. He just opened his mouth and shut it again, and began to shake all over; even his hard old face was broken and twitching as if he was going to cry, and, with every minute that he watched her huddled into a glimmery white heap on a bench, a year of vitality seemed to go out of him. If she'd been looking at him she'd have seen him grow ten years older before her eyes."

Tarleton paused, drawing a long breath.

"Well?" questioned Frazee sharply.

Tarleton pointed out of the window into the dark. "The little moon's gone down," he said irrelevantly. "It kept up with us as long as it could, but now it's tired out."

Frazee gave a glance at the hovering, mysterious world shadow through which the train was rushing with its flaring lights. The windows of a distant house gleamed for a moment as if answering the signal of the gleaming train.

Tarleton did not notice his companion's impatience. "When you were quite a kid and first came on the road, did you ever fancy that every unknown lighted house you passed in the night might be the home of the girl you would love and marry some day?" he asked.

"Save that for a moonlight ride with the girl," Frazee advised, with a shrug. "I want to know how Selma and the old man settled it."

"After we pass Elkdale," said Tarleton, unmoved.

The train whistled its long, forlorn warning. One by one the lights of a straggling village flashed into the car windows and went out like matches in the wind; the train slowed up beside an-

other group of station buildings wrapped round by darkness more closely than the first.

Both men jumped up and went outside: Tarleton, because he hoped to find a man with whom he wished a minute's talk; Frazee, because the car had become too cramped a place for him. If he sat still by the window he should watch every instant for Selma to pass beneath it, and she would not come.

Outside upon the platform he found the scent of strawberries again, filling the air, just as the memory of Selma filled his thoughts. All the days of his old sweet friendship with her had been in strawberry time, and, in the years that had gone by while he was trying to forget her, the unexpected whiff of strawberries along a city street had often brought back the past so vividly that when he looked around him at the pavements, and the hard brick walls, and the faces which he did not love, although the past faded away, as long as he could smell the strawberries he was filled with a vague, hopeless longing,—the Indian summer of pain. On the platform there was nothing to do but to think of such things, and wonder when the train would start.

Tarleton finished his interview, and came back to where Frazee stood watching the man beside the loaded truck pass the strawberry crates to the man in the express car door.

"It's about the last shipment of the season," Tarleton said. "It's a pity that the sun never gets 'em fully soaked with sweetness until just as the crop is playing out. Do you notice the smell of 'em? It's good enough in itself to eat with sugar and cream."

"I'm going back into the car," Frazee answered. "They're through loading."

"I bet you that a honeybee could follow this train through the dark by the smell," Tarleton suggested argumentatively, as they took their seats. "It

must stream out for miles behind us, spreading thinner and thinner like the tail of a comet."

Frazees smiled more to himself than to Tarleton. "I think it does," he agreed. "Now finish up about Selma and her father."

Tarleton stretched himself lazily, looking through half-closed eyes, as if summoning back the picture he had allowed to vanish. "I can't say that I ever liked Selma Shepherd," he began finally. "I'm not one of the fellows that like a girl who acts as if she was standing on a shining white cloud, looking down at him, but nobody could help admiring some things about her. The old man had had her educated way up above his comprehension, and yet she never let it put a barrier between them. She not only loved him, she was proud of him because he had picked himself up out of the dust when he was a friendless kid, and had made something of himself. She was n't even ashamed of his breaks in grammar or manners among her friends; she seemed to think there was no more discredit about it than if he had been a child. And it has to be said for the old man that he was generous with other people besides Selma. I suppose you're right, — he did n't mean to be a sharper; he just thought it was part of the game; and after he'd got the money safely in his pocket, nobody was quicker than he to pull it out again if people were in trouble. Why, he was as warm-hearted" —

Frazees gave an impatient groan. "Don't I know them both?" he asked. "Can't you go on?"

"There's scarcely anything more to tell," Tarleton answered. "By and by he went up quite close to her, and then was my chance to have left the office, but I forgot; I was holding my breath the way he was, waiting for her to look up. If he'd murdered a man he would n't have needed much more punishment, — it simply took his life to have her

look away from him, crying over what he'd done. I wondered which of them would speak first, for it could n't go on that way, and finally the old man forced her name out, dull and harsh, like the first word a dumb man learns to speak. She lifted her head and looked at him, the tears running down her face, and he reached out his hands, but still he could n't find his speech, and his face quivered more and more, longing for the words to come and bring her back to him; at last he said her name again; she gave another sob at that and buried her face, but he dropped down beside her, crying as hard as she was, and caught her hand and said, 'I — we — I can begin over again, Selma.'

"She looked up, and when she saw that old, white-haired, broken man begging for a chance to start fresh, she stood a little while with her face growing different from what I'd ever seen it, and pretty soon she slipped close into his arms and said, 'Yes, we can begin over again' — I made a break then, and left the office."

Frazees sat silent, staring at the night. It had grown so dark outside that there was nothing to be seen but groups of fire-fly sparks winging back from the engine.

After a moment Tarleton began again. "Later in the afternoon the old man hunted me up. He said I'd heard so much he wanted to tell me the end of it. Poor old boy, he turned mighty red over it, not because he was ashamed, but because he was so used to carrying things with a high hand. 'Selma's coming into the office to work with me,' he said. 'There's lots of things I want to consult her about, and it will be handier for me to have her there. I — the fact is, Tarleton, I'm going to do things on a different basis after this, but I'm too used to my old ways to start into new ones without help.' And then he asked me if I would n't do what I could to make it easy for her down there among the boys. He said he knew some

of them had a spite against her because she'd always held herself so high. I spoke of dreading what Barnum might do, but the old man only set his jaw."

Tarleton hesitated. The import of what he was about to tell came home to him, and he realized that the story which he had begun from the mere love of narration was a message which fate had put into his care. "The old man thought there was n't much more that Barnum could do," he went on slowly. "He said that Barnum had already nearly ruined Selma's life by making her lose faith in the man she loved."

Frazee rested his elbow against the window ledge and his head against his hand.

"Did the old man say who it was?" he asked.

"No," Tarleton answered, "he did n't say. I'd go back if I were you."

Frazee nodded attentively and turned toward the window. He was thinking of the girl's face in the dusk, with its look of

hidden longing, and he wished that he had reached out and touched her as she passed. The longing in his own heart grew upon the hope which had been given it, and searched for some further token in the night.

The train rushed on, crossing bridges that reverberated solemnly, toiling up grades, hurrying down them, and hooting at the wagon roads which crossed its track. The lights of another village sparkled through the darkness, and Frazee sprang to his feet.

"Good-by," he said abruptly as the train slackened speed. "I can catch the down passenger here in an hour."

"Good-by," cried Tarleton. "Good luck to you."

They shook hands with a clasp that tingled afterward, and Frazee swung himself from the car step on to the platform.

The air was full of the scent of strawberries.

Mary Tracy Earle.

THE POETRY OF A MACHINE AGE.

I.

THE truest definition of a gentleman is that he is a man who loves his work. This is also the truest definition of a poet. The man who loves his work is a poet because he expresses delight in that work. He is a gentleman because his delight in that work makes him his own employer. No matter how many men are over him, or how many men pay him, or fail to pay him, he stands under the wide heaven the one man who is master of the earth. He is the one infallibly overpaid man on it. The man who loves his work has the single thing the world affords that can make a man free, that can make him his own employer, that admits him to the ranks of

gentlemen, that pays him, or is rich enough to pay him, what a gentleman's work is worth.

The poets of the world are the men who pour their passions into it, the men who make the world over with their passions. Everything that these men touch, as with some strange and immortal joy from out of them, has the thrill of beauty in it, and exultation and wonder. They cannot have it otherwise even if they would. A true man is the autobiography of some great delight mastering his heart for him, possessing his brain, making his hands beautiful.

Looking at the matter in this way, in proportion to the number employed there are more gentlemen running locomotives to-day than there are teaching

in colleges. In proportion as we are more creative in creating machines at present than we are in creating anything else, there are more poets in the mechanical arts than there are in the fine arts; and while many of the men who are engaged in the machine shops can hardly be said to be gentlemen (that is, they would rather be preachers or lawyers), these can be more than offset by the much larger proportion of men in the fine arts, who, if they were gentlemen in the truest sense, would turn mechanics at once: that is, they would do the thing they were born to do, and they would respect that thing, and make every one else respect it.

While the definition of a poet and a gentleman — that he is a man who loves his work — might appear to make a new division of society, it is a division that already exists in the actual life of the world, and constitutes the only literal aristocracy the world has ever had.

It may be set down as a fundamental principle, that no matter how prosaic a man may be, or how proud he is of having been born upon this planet with poetry all left out of him, it is the very essence of the most hard and practical man that, as regards the one uppermost thing in his life, the thing that reveals the power in him, he is a poet in spite of himself, and whether he knows it or not.

So long as the thing a man works with is a part of an inner ideal to him, so long as he makes the thing he works with express that ideal, the heat and the glow and the lustre and the beauty and the unconquerableness of that man, and of that man's delight, shall be upon all that he does. It shall sing to heaven. It shall sing to all on earth who overhear heaven.

Every man who loves his work, who gets his work and his ideal connected, who makes his work speak out the heart of him, is a poet. It makes little difference what he says about it. In pro-

portion as he has power with a thing; in proportion as he makes the thing, be it a bit of color, or a fragment of flying sound, or a word, or a wheel, or a throttle; in proportion as he makes the thing fulfill or express what he wants it to fulfill or express, he is a poet. All heaven and earth cannot make him otherwise.

That the inventor is in all essential respects a poet toward the machine that he has made, it would be hard to deny. That with all the apparent prose that piles itself about his machine, the machine is in all essential respects a poem to him, who can question? Who has ever known an inventor, a man with a passion in his hands, without feeling toward him as he feels toward a poet? Is it nothing to us to know that men are living now under the same sky with us, hundreds of them (their faces haunt us on the street), who would all but die, who are all but dying now, this very moment, to make a machine live, — martyrs of valves and wheels and of rivets and retorts, sleepless, tireless, unconquerable men, pioneers of God?

To know an inventor the moment of his triumph, — the moment when, working his will before him, the Machine at last, resistless, silent, massive pantomime of a life, offers itself to the gaze of men's souls and the needs of their bodies, — to know an inventor at all is to know that at a moment like this a chord is touched in him strange and deep, soft as from out of all Eternity. The melody that Homer knew, and that Dante knew, is his also, with the grime upon his hands, standing and watching it there. It is the same song that from pride to pride and joy to joy has been singing through the hearts of *The Men Who Make*, from the beginning of the world. The thing that was not, that now is, after all the praying with his hands . . . iron and wood and rivet and cog and wheel. Is it not more than these to him standing before it there? It is the face of matter — who does not see it? — answering the

face of the man, whispering to him out of the dust of the earth.

What is true of the men who make the machines is equally true of the men who live with them. The brakeman and the locomotive engineer and the mechanical engineer and the sailor all have the same spirit. Their days are invested with the same dignity and aspiration, the same unwonted enthusiasm, and self-forgetfulness in the work itself. They begin their lives as boys dreaming of the track, or of cogs and wheels, or of great waters.

As I stood by the track the other night, Michael the switchman was holding the road for the nine o'clock freight, with his faded flag, and his grim brown pipe, and his wooden leg. As it rumbled by him, headlight, clatter, and smoke, and whirl, and halo of the steam, every brakeman backing to the wind, lying on the air, at the jolt of the switch, started, as at some greeting out of the dark, and turned and gave the sign to Michael. All of the brakemen gave it. Then we watched them, Michael and I, out of the roar and the hiss of their splendid cloud, their flickering, swaying bodies against the sky, flying out to the Night, until there was nothing but a dull red murmur and the falling of smoke.

Michael hobbled back to his mansion by the rails. He put up the foot that was left from the wreck, and puffed and puffed. He had been a brakeman himself.

Brakemen are prosaic men enough, no doubt, in the ordinary sense, but they love a railroad as Shakespeare loved a sonnet. It is not given to brakemen, as it is to poets, to show to the world as it passes by that their ideals are beautiful. They give their lives for them, — hundreds of lives a year. These lives may be sordid lives looked at from the outside, but mystery, danger, surprise, dark cities, and glistening lights, roar, dust, and water, and death, and life, — these play their endless spell upon them. They

love the shining of the track. It is wrought into the very fibre of their being.

Years pass and years, and still more years. Who shall persuade brakemen to leave the track? They never leave it. I shall always see them — on their flying footboards beneath the sky — swaying and rocking — still swaying and rocking on to Eternity.

They are men who live down through, to the spirit and the poetry of their calling. It is the poetry of the calling that keeps them there.

Most of us in this mortal life are allowed but our one peephole in the universe, that we may see it withal; but if we love it enough and stand close to it enough, we breathe the secret and touch in our lives the secret that throbs through it all.

For a man to have an ideal in this world, for a man to know what an ideal is, even though nothing but a wooden leg shall come of it, and a life in a switch-house, and the signal of comrades whirling by: this also is to have lived.

The fact that the railroad has the same fascination for the railroad man that the sea has for the sailor is not a mere item of interest pertaining to human nature. It is a fact that pertains to the art of the present day, and to the future of its literature. It is as much a symbol of the art of a machine age as the man Ulysses is a symbol of the art of an heroic age.

That it is next to impossible to get a sailor, with all his hardships, to turn his back upon the sea is a fact a great many thousand years old. We find it accounted for not only in the observation and experience of men, but in their art. It was rather hard for them to do it at first (as with many other things), but even the minor poets have admitted the sea into poetry. The sea was allowed in poetry before mountains were allowed in it. It has long been an old story. When the sailor has grown too stiff to climb the masts he mends sails on the

docks. Everybody understands — even the commonest people and the minor poets understand — why it is that a sailor, when he is old and bent and obliged to be a landsman to die, does something that holds him close to the sea. If he has a garden, he hoes where he can see the sails. If he must tend flowers, he plants them in an old yawl, and when he selects a place for his grave, it is where surges shall be heard at night singing to his bones. Every one appreciates a fact like this. There is not a passenger on the Empire State Express, this moment, being whirled to the West, who could not write a sonnet on it, — not a man of them who could not sit down in his seat, flying through space behind the set and splendid hundred-guarding eyes of the engineer, and write a poem on a dead sailor buried by the sea. A crowd on the street could write a poem on a dead sailor (that is, if they were sure he was dead), and now that sailors enough have died in the course of time to bring the feeling of the sea over into poetry, sailors who are still alive are allowed in it. It remains to be seen how many wrecks it is going to take, lists of killed and wounded, fatally injured, columns of engineers dying at their posts, to penetrate the spiritual safe where poets are keeping their souls to-day, untouched of the world, and bring home to them some sense of the adventure and quiet splendor and unparalleled expressiveness of the engineer's life. He is a man who would rather be without a life (so long as he has his nerve) than to have to live one without an engine, and when he climbs down from the old girl at last, to continue to live at all, to him, is to linger where she is. He watches the track as a sailor watches the sea. He spends his old age in the roundhouse. With the engines coming in and out, one always sees him sitting in the sun there until he dies, and talking with them. Nothing can take him away.

Does any one know an engineer who

has not all but a personal affection for his engine, who has not an ideal for his engine, who holding her breath with his will does not put his hand upon the throttle of that ideal and make that ideal say something? Woe to the poet who shall seek to define down or to sing away that ideal. In its glory, in darkness or in day, we are hid from death. It is the protection of life. The engineer who is not expressing his whole soul in his engine, and in the aisles of souls behind him, is not worthy to place his hand upon an engine's throttle. Indeed, who is he — this man — that this awful privilege should be allowed to him, that he should dare to touch the motor nerve of her, that her mighty forty-mile-an-hour muscles should be the slaves of the fingers of a man like this, climbing the hills for him, circling the globe for him? It is impossible to believe that an engineer — a man who with a single touch sends a thousand tons of steel across the earth as an empty wind can go, or as a pigeon swings her wings, or as a cloud sets sail in the west — does not mean something by it, does not love to do it because he means something by it. If ever there was a poet, the engineer is a poet. In his dumb and mighty, thousand-horized brotherhood, Hastener of men from the ends of the earth that they may be as one, I always see him, — ceaseless — tireless — flying past sleep — out through the Night — thundering down the edge of the world, into the Dawn.

Who am I that it should be given to me to make a word on my lips to speak, or to make a thing that shall be beautiful with my hands — that I should stand by my brother's life and gaze on his trembling track — and not feel what the engine says as it plunges past, about the man in the cab? What matters it that he is a wordless man, that he wears not his heart in a book? Are not the bell and the whistle and the cloud of steam, and the rush, and the peering in his

eyes words enough? They are the signals of this man's life beckoning to my life. Standing in his engine there, making every wheel of that engine thrill to his will, he is the priest of wonder to me, and of the terror of the splendor of the beauty of power. The train is the voice of his life. The sound of its coming is a psalm of strength. It is as the singing a man would sing who felt his hand on the throttle of things. The engine is a soul to me—soul of the quiet face thundering past—leading its troop of glories echoing along the hills, telling it to the flocks in the fields and the birds in the air, telling it to the trees and the buds and the little, trembling, growing things, that the might of the spirit of man has passed that way.

If an engine is to be looked at from the point of view of the man who makes it and who knows it best; if it is to be taken, as it has a right to be taken, in the nature of things, as being an expression of the human spirit, as being that man's way of expressing the human spirit, there shall be no escape for the children of this present world, from the wonder and beauty in it, and the strong delight in it that shall hem life in, and bound it round on every side. The idealism and passion and devotion and poetry in an engineer, in the feeling he has about his machine, the power with which that machine expresses that feeling, is one of the great typical living inspirations of this modern age, a fragment of the new apocalypse, vast and inarticulate and far and faint to us, but striving to reach us still, now from above, and now from below, and on every side of life. It is as though the very ground itself should speak,—speak to our poor, pitiful, unspiritual, matter-despising souls,—should command them to come forth, to live, to gaze into the heart of matter for the heart of God. It is so that the very dullest of us, standing among our machines, can hardly otherwise than guess the coming of some vast surprise,

—the coming of the day when, in the very rumble of the world, our sons and daughters shall prophesy, and our young men shall see visions, and our old men shall dream dreams. It cannot be uttered. I do not dare to say it. What it means to our religion and to our life and to our art, this great athletic uplift of the world, I do not know. I only know that so long as the fine arts, in an age like this, look down on the mechanical arts there shall be no fine arts. I only know that so long as the church worships the laborer's God, but does not reverence labor, there shall be no religion in it for men to-day, and none for women and children to-morrow. I only know that so long as there is no poet amongst us, who can put himself into a word, as this man, my brother the engineer, is putting himself into his engine, the engine shall remove mountains, and the word of the poet shall not; it shall be buried beneath the mountains. I only know that so long as we have more preachers who can be hired to stop preaching or to go into life insurance than we have engineers who can be hired to leave their engines, inspiration shall be looked for more in engine cabs than in pulpits,—the vestibule trains shall say deeper things than sermons say. In the rhythm of the anthem of them, singing along the rails, we shall find again the worship we have lost in church, the worship we fain would find in the simpered prayers and paid praises of a thousand choirs,—the worship of the creative spirit, the beholding of a fragment of creation morning, the watching of the delight of a man in the delight of God,—in the first and last delight of God. I have made a vow in my heart. I shall not enter a pulpit to speak, unless every word have the joy of God and of fathers and mothers in it. And so long as men are more creative and godlike in engines than they are in sermons, I listen to the engines.

Would to God it were otherwise. But

so it shall be with all of us. So it cannot but be. Not until the day shall come when this wistful, blundering church of ours, loved with exceeding great and bitter love, with all her proud and solitary towers, shall turn to the voices of life sounding beneath her belfries in the street, shall she be worshipful, not until the love of all life and the love of all love is her love, not until all faces are her faces, not until the face of the engineer peering from his cab, sentry of a thousand souls, is beautiful to her, as an altar cloth is beautiful or a stained glass window is beautiful, shall the church be beautiful. That day is bound to come. If the church will not do it with herself, the great rough hand of the world shall do it with the church. That day of the new church shall be known by men because it will be a day in which all worship shall be gathered into her worship, in which her holy house shall be the comradeship of all delights and of all masteries under the sun, and all the masteries and all the delights shall be laid at her feet.

II.

The world follows the creative spirit. Where the spirit is creating, the strong and the beautiful flock. If the creative spirit is not in poetry, poetry will call itself something else. If it is not in the church, religion will call itself something else. It is the business of a living religion, not to wish that the age it lives in were some other age, but to tell what the age is for, and what every man born in it is for. A church that can see only what a few of the men born in an age are for can help only a few. If a church does not believe in a particular man more than he believes in himself, the less it tries to do for him the better. If a church does not believe in a man's work as he believes in it, does not see some divine meaning and spirit in it, and give him honor and standing and dignity for the divine meaning in it; if it is a church in which labor is secret-

ly despised and in which it is openly patronized, in which a man has more honor for working feebly with his brain than for working passionately and perfectly with his hands, it is a church that stands outside of life. It is excommunicated, by the will of Heaven and the nature of things, from the only Communion that is large enough for a man to belong to or for a God to bless.

If there is one sign rather than another of religious possibility and spiritual worth in the men who do the world's work with machines to-day, it is that these men are never persuaded to attend a church that despises that work.

Symposiums on how to reach the masses are pitiless irony. There is no need for symposiums. It is an open secret. It cries upon the housetops. It calls above the world in the Sabbath bells. A church that believes less than the world believes shall lose its leadership in the world. "Why should I pay pew rent," says the man who sings with his hands, "to men who do not believe in me, to worship, with men who do not believe in me, a God that does not believe in me?" If heaven itself (represented as a rich and idle place, — seats free in the evening) were opened to the true laboring man on the condition that he should despise his hands by holding palms in them, he would find some excuse for staying away. He feels in no wise different with regard to his present life. "Unless your God," says the man who sings with his hands, to those who pity him and do him good, — "unless your God is a God I can worship in a factory, He is not a God I care to worship in a church."

Behold it is written: The church that does not delight in these men and in what these men are for, as much as the street delights in them, shall give way to the street. The street is more beautiful. If the street is not let into the church, it shall sweep over the church and sweep around it, shall pile the floors

of its strength upon it, above it. From the roofs of labor — radiant and beautiful labor — shall men look down upon its towers. Only a church that believes more than the world believes shall lead the world. It always leads the world. It cannot help leading it. The religion that lives in a machine age, and that cannot see and feel, and make others see and feel, the meaning of that machine age, is a religion which is not worthy of us. It is not worthy of our machines. One of the machines we have made could make a better religion than this. Religion and art at the present moment, both blindfolded and both with their ears stopped, are being swept to the same irrevocable issue. By all poets and prophets the same danger signal shall be seen spreading before them both, jogging along their old highways. It is the arm that reaches across the age.

LOOK OUT FOR

RAILROAD CROSSING

THE ENGINE!

III.

The main inconvenience that God has had in telling the truth upon the earth is that men are willing to believe only a little of it at a time. The great heretics of the church have been heretics, not by believing less, but by believing more than religion could believe. When enough truth is left out of a truth to make it small and prompt and possible, it finds no dearth of believers; but when there is so much of a truth that it dares to be beautiful, it is not allowed to be called a truth. It is called an ideal. It is bounded off as poetry. Men look at it from over the wall, — some of them wistfully, some of them scornfully. The fable, "It is too beautiful to be true" is applied to it. Philosophy doubts it. Religion worries about it. Science denies it. To the poet alone, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings" is the one and the final description by which he

knows that the thing that comes is a truth.

Whatever his age may be, it is by seeing that the actual truth of the age is more beautiful than the age can believe that he masters the age. He masters an age by appreciating it, by whispering its heart to it, by singing its self-respect. If he lives in an age of democracy, an age of crowds, he will make the crowd beautiful, or he will be crowded out by it. If he lives in an age of machines, the machine shall be beautiful, or he will be crushed by it. If every fibre of the age he lives in is penetrated with the machine, with the machine energy and the machine voice, if the destiny of man is linked with it, if nine tenths of his fellow men must live their lives with the machines, get their lives out of them and put their lives into them, no literary definition, be it ever so dauntless or ever so crowded with its swarm of poets, shall move him. "Any definition of literature, religion, or art, or of anything whatsoever," he shall say, "that shuts down a lid over the lives of the great body of mankind;" any definition by one set of men that says to all the rest of men, "These souls shall be machines for our souls," is a dead definition of dead things. It shall only be believed by the dead. All the combined refinement of the world standing on the machines, and on the necks of the machines that are running the machines, and defining poetry to us day and night, shall not make men believe a definition like this. Poetry that can be confined to the top of a lid shuts itself fatally and irrecoverably out from the last chance that poetry can ever have of being poetry. Poetry that down in its heart, at least, is not vital enough and primeval and elemental enough to belong to all men is not worthy of a few men nor beautiful enough for one man. Any definition that divides the spirit, that entails beauty, that sets bounds to it, is cut off forever from where all

beauty comes from, whether in the world we see around us, or the world within the world.

When it comes to pass that in order to make life continue to be beautiful upon the earth two things must be put together that never have been put together before, if a poet is a small poet and cannot see how to do it, he stops singing as poets are doing now, or he sings softly that he cannot sing, or that he would like to sing if he could, or he sings hesitation. In some wistful and pretty sadness and pale helpfulness he wanders about the world, unnoticed and unnoticed. He cannot feel the poetry of the machine because he has not mastered the machine. The machine has mastered him. The spirit that made the machine is not in him. The hearts of stokers shall pity him. He pities himself. A poet who pities himself is the essence of prose.

If he is a great poet, on the other hand, and if, in order to make life beautiful on the earth, two things must be put together that never have been put together before, it is the essence of his power that he, in the spiritual glow and splendor of his life, shall fuse the paradox into its eternal truism, shall bring together the blindly separated things and the blindly separated men, and make the world whole again. It belongs to him to take the two great characteristic impossibilities of the age he lives in, and blend them into one great possibility.

It is a blind universe. It is a few men in it who are the eyes. Poetry is a poet, — looking at it, seeing it as it is.

It is also a dull universe. Poetry is something men do with it. The poet is the man who makes us do it. We have never meant to let him make us do it. We cannot help it. Nature is a barbarian. A poet is born, and with gods

and goddesses and fauns Greece steals into human life. Another poet is born and the Hebrew makes a conscience out of a cloud. Another poet is born and the world learns Galilee. The centuries while themselves away as best they can. Poor dull huddled souls are born in them, afraid of God and the dark. We die under a sky we would rather not know. We make gardens for ourselves, — parlors in the hills. We plant diagrams of beauty on the earth, and sing poems and thrum our serenades in rows of box. We go forth from under our geometric trees into the natural and the wild with suspicious and averted eyes. There comes a Wordsworth who makes the wilderness the great wide garden of the world, where the Lord walks forth upon the hills both day and night.

Poetry is the discovering of new connections. Science is the grudging acknowledgment of them. Religion is the world's confession that the poets are right. One by one their dreams and moods, far-fetched and strange at first, are made the highway of the world's ideals, until as the ages pass, like some vast unconscious habit of all life, old poems are breathed in us before we are born, into our souls and into our bodies, and we wake and greet this world at last, the humblest of us, all of us, heirs of the poets forever.

It is thus the eternal office of the poet, — the discovering that a discord is a harmony out of order. It is not a gracious office at first. He has the last word only because his first word lasts the longest. His song is out of the force that made the heavens and the earth. The heavens and the earth both sing his refrains. Slowly, a very little at a time, dazed, tired, stumbling, broken, humbled, this old hero of a world lifts its eyes and follows him.

Gerald Stanley Lee.

AN ARCHER ON THE KANKAKEE.

THE first opossum-hunter on the Kankakee of whom we have a written account was La Salle; but his bag of game, if we may dare call a brace of 'possums by a name so honorable, was killed in a wood beside the St. Joseph River just before the Kankakee Portage was reached. It was December, the year 1679, with a snowstorm slanting down from the Canadian wilderness, and La Salle had been lost for a whole day from his little band.

That space of twenty-four hours would have been, to any other man than Robert Cavalier *Sieur de La Salle*, a most memorable cross-section of his life; yet our fearless explorer doubtless regarded it as not worth thinking about. Hennepin's sketch, our only source of information, is very slight; still, to one who understands outdoor life, it brings an immediate realization of what the wild-wood wanderers experienced two hundred years ago in the heart of America.

La Salle and his men had ascended the St. Joseph River and were looking for the portage point between it and the Kankakee, which they had inadvertently passed. Restless, impatient, ever energetic, La Salle went ashore all alone to examine the country. His little company paddled some distance farther upstream, where they came to anchor and awaited his return. "We stopped here for some time," says Hennepin, "and, as La Salle did not come, I went into the forest a considerable distance, with two men, who fired their guns to let him know where we were. At the same time two other men in canoes went up the river farther to look for him. In the afternoon we all got back after fruitless search, and on the following day I myself went up the river, but could hear nothing of him, and came back to find our men greatly troubled, fearing he was

lost. But at about four of the clock in the afternoon here came M. La Salle back to us, his face as black as tar. He was carrying two animals of the size of muskrats, with fine, ermine-like fur. These he had killed with a club while they hung from the branches of trees by their tails."

Hennepin then tells how La Salle had wandered in the snowstorm, getting lost in swamps and woods, and how when night fell he stumbled on until he saw a fire on a hillock, approaching which he hallooed in a friendly way. No answer came, so he strode boldly to the spot and took possession of a bed of grass, made warm by the body of the Indian who had just fled from it. And here, after building a bush barricade, he lay down and slept, while the pine-wood fire smoked his face and hands to African dinginess. Meantime the snow fell thick and fast.

Now for myself, two hundred and odd years later, I can say that my sleep would be a trifle disturbed under the circumstances surrounding La Salle. Indeed, I awoke one fair spring night, not so very far down the Kankakee from the portage, to have a creepy feeling when but a bullfrog groaned close by. While I am not willing that it shall go upon the record as a case of fright, I cheerfully acknowledge my bewilderment just at the point of opening my eyes. The voice of that bullfrog exceeded everything bass and guttural to which my ears have ever listened, nor can I, with a fairly willing imagination, make out how the grunt of an Indian scalp-hunter could have been more demoniacal.

And then something cold, snaky, rusty, dragged itself, like one of Pope's alexandrines, slowly along my jaw. It was an opossum's tail, which I involuntarily seized with a terror-clutch, letting go at

once when the animal snarled; for I recognized a certain rasping wheeze peculiar to its voice. This was the second time that such an experience had come to me. Once before, in the far South, a 'possum disturbed a nap for me.

La Salle's brace of marsupials must have been young, else Father Hennepin did not well remember the size of a muskrat. I did not kill the fellow who touched me with his tail, and so cannot speak of his size; but in the Gulf states *Didelphys* outgrows *Fiber zibethicus* beyond reasonable comparison, as it probably does in the Kankakee country. Hennepin does not give name to La Salle's animals, yet there can be no mistake; they were 'possums; for he found them dangling by their tails, a peculiarity of *Didelphys* to be claimed by no other animal of our country, or of any other, if we leave monkeys out of the count.

It was well for me that a bullfrog and a 'possum's tail woke me that sweet night, when the moon had risen halfway up the east side of heaven; otherwise I should have missed hearing a veery's nocturne blown softly from the dark foliage of a thicket close to my tent. A veery, I thought it was, at least; a thrush certainly, of one species or another, I knew it to be, singing as if under its breath; but the rapture in the notes made the vibrations strangely powerful, and the first fancy in my brain was that they were like music filtered dreamily through rich honeycomb. It was almost unearthly melody, tender, solemn, hesitating now and again, as if the bird's dream had its disturbance, yet the strains lapsed away, seemingly into infinite distance, seeking the remotest hollows of the night with their delicate, thrilling plangencies.

My tent (to call it one is a considerable risk, for it consisted of a rubber blanket stretched over some stakes) was near the river's bank on a dry spot; behind it lay a marsh, while on either side a thicket of maple, ash, and oak bushes

straggled along a low ridge that ran almost parallel with the Kankakee's current. There was scant room under my roof to sit up while I gave the veery audience; meantime away scampered the duly frightened 'possum, leaving me to find out for myself next morning that he had been chewing the remnant of a prairie hen which I had stowed in a tin box for my breakfast. More than this, his curious handlike tracks were in my canvas boat where he had been prowling in search of eatables. Doubtless he was quite hungry, or he would not have been so daring. Wild things are finding it harder each year to get an honest living on their own grounds, and so they have to take greater risks when intruders tempt them with tidbits.

The veery's night song was the cause of my staying five days on that lonely spot; for when morning came there was a haunting echo in my mind of certain strains, more like a dream than reality, and before I had rubbed the remnants of sleep from my eyes I heard a yellow-billed cuckoo strike his tambourine. Then I wondered if there might not be something worth seeing in the thicket where the veery lived so happily that it must sing by night, and where the cuckoo could not wait till sunrise to begin his rattling monody.

A plunge into the river chilled me wide awake. Three minutes later I was handling my archery tackle; not that there was any probability of seeing game, but a bow in the hand is worth two a quarter mile away in the tent, and I walk better when my quiver rustles at my side well filled with good arrows. The poetry of solitude stalks embodied as a sylvan toxophilite who goes alone into a primeval grove. I feel this in myself when I play the part with my imagination for audience and the wilderness for my stage. On that particular morning the vigor of May circulating in the air gave promise of golden weather for a week to come, and it all crept

into my blood; not a bird in any grove of the Kankakee felt more than I the keen need of song for song's sake, and sing I did, silently, inwardly.

I had embarked upon the Kankakee with the purpose to follow La Salle from the portage near Fort Wayne to the rocks at Momence. At that time I had charge of the Department of Geology and Natural History of Indiana, and I meant to make a fortnight's vacation add something to my knowledge of a very interesting region, while at the same time I should have my fill of sylvan archery once more. I wished to be quite alone and quite unknown during this outing; for the politicians had their eyes upon me, and what would they have said of a state official who played "hookey" in the woods with a bow and arrows, when he should have been in his office chair with a case of fossils before him and looking as grim as Diogenes?

I found it not practicable to begin my voyage as high up the river as I had planned, and my present camping spot was at the end of two days of hard rowing downstream, a part of which took me over a beautiful lake formed by the widening of the river, which soon narrowed again, however, until at my stopping place it was pinched between wooded banks and ran deep with considerable current in the middle. There was a farmhouse on a prairie swell less than half a mile away beyond a marsh, while on the opposite side of the river I could hear cocks crowing at another homestead; but my tent stood ages away from civilization in a place not likely to be invaded by any beings save wild birds and wary animals. So much I found out by my morning's exploration, as will better appear in a paragraph from my notebook:—

"Have found a most delightfully promising piece of wilderness; shall try its charms for a day or two, maybe longer. A chalybeate spring of delicious water a stone's cast from my tent, two

farm places not far away, and thrushes, — I have never before seen so many; they are everywhere in the thickets round about, blowing 'the flutes of Arcady' even in the middle of the night."

A pretty full record of my doings went into the notebook, from which, as well as from memory, I make up this chapter of joy. I got eggs from the farmer's wife, and contracted with her for a large rhubarb pie to be sent to me with a pint of milk every day until further notice. A liberal bunch of young onions and some very small and almost over pungent red radishes were thrown in for good measure. I cut bushes and built me a tent large enough for four men, thatching it with last year's grass over the particular spot on which my bed was to be, and further covering it with my rubber blanket. I might have spared myself the work, for not a drop of rain fell during my stay.

There was a lagoon between my tent and the farm from which my supplies were to come, and I arranged for a boy to bring the basket of eggs, vegetables, and pie, and hang it in a tree at a certain point on the farther bank, where I could reach it by crossing in my boat. Thus I shut off the only probable danger of being visited. To get into the lagoon I had to row some distance down the river, then double back, following a bilious looking and ditchlike channel through a marsh. The spot upon which I was encamped proved to be the highest and driest part of a slight ridge or hummock between the river and the lagoon. All of the marsh land round about was but a few inches above the water line, so that the wooded ridge was really an island a mile long, varying in width from a hundred yards to three quarters of a mile.

My first day slipped almost by before I could spare a moment to the birds, albeit in going twice by way of the lagoon to the farmstead, and in gathering materials for the bush tent, I kept the

tail of an eye upon every feather that sparkled and every wing that flickered, thus mapping out, as it were, the places where I might expect success on the morrow. But at an hour to sundown, although tired, I went for a good tramp along the ridge, and did not get back to camp before dusk fell.

In my notebook is the following entry:

"No 'possum last night. If any thrushes sang, the sweet noise was lost on me; not even the bullfrogs disturbed my slumber. Woke at daybreak with my ears overflowing, so strong the pour of morning's tender discords. My eyes opened perfectly clear and ready for work, my blood felt fresh. One does not stretch and yawn when sleep slips off one's brain in a wildwood lair. A gentle stir of the nerves, a deep breath, and then the sweet chill of a dewy touch; it is Morning on tiptoe at your Arcadian bedside, and there is an ambrosial richness in the first conscious taste of what she brings."

I remember many a serenade at dawn, but the thrushes of that May morning — it was very near June — were *plus canora quam putes*, as the old poet has it, and they literally deluged the wood with their gladness, — "*Cantibus vernis strebat et susurris dulcibus.*"

Brown thrushes, wood thrushes, veeries, catbirds, robins, — what a lot of melodious cousins! — all their voices deliciously confused, were fairly splitting their pipes. I wonder if Father Hennepin and Father Gabriel heard the like while paddling down past my island? But no, it was winter. Jays may have jeered at them, flickers may have shown them the gold of their wings; as for the songbirds, they were far down by the warm Gulf coast. Besides, I feel sure that it is only since the woods have been narrowed down to mere patches that these birds have learned the value of mutual friendliness, and have agreed to share together, in the few ancient groves, what is left of original freedom.

Hennepin tells us, however, that the savages had been hunting buffalo on the Kankakee flats, and he saw the ground covered with horns where vast numbers of the animals had been slaughtered. Probably an Englishman, who corresponded with me a few years ago, had been reading the good priest's account, for he inquired very particularly about buffalo-hunting in Indiana! He might just as well have expected antelope-shooting on our Kankakee prairies; for Hennepin says that one was killed by a hunter of his party while on their way down the river. The good Jesuit, it being winter, did not see or hear any "thunder pumpers" in the plashy flats, but my record mentions them frequently.

"This morning," runs a somewhat blurred entry, "I got a fine specimen of *Botaurus mugitans*, called by the Kankakee folk 'thunder pumper' on account of its rumbling voice. Good sport is bittern-shooting, too, if the archer does n't mind crawling in the mud through high, musty-smelling dead grass!"

The note recalls many an adventure with the herons and bitterns, birds peculiarly interesting to me. I recollect very well how I worked in order to bag the thunder pumper, on that hazy and delightfully cool morning, between the Kankakee and the lagoon. A triangular patch of bog covered with last year's grass three feet tall was the scene of my operations. There the birds were pumping thunder at daybreak, and I saw them flying in their awkward manner low over the slanting tufts, and dropping down into them here and yonder. I wanted one for dissection regarding its vocal organs, but I had no arrows to lose, and the thing was to be sure of my aim.

At sunrise, fresh from a cold plunge in the river, I began my campaign with all the strategy suggested by experience. My purpose was to approach very near to a bird, make sure of him, and so close the incident. An excellent plan,

in theory, which when subjected to a practical test developed surprising and irritating defects, mainly on account of the birds,—they seemed not inclined to assist me in my difficult task. From the beginning, moreover, little mishaps worked me evil; but at last, to make my story short, I saw a fine point and got the benefit of it. One of the birds, after a short flight, dropped into the grass twenty yards beyond a clump of low shrubs behind which I crawled to position. Musty smelling was that grass; it was more; the smell suggested the quintessence of malaria. In the little pools, through which I went on hands and feet, the water looked red with a purplish iridescence on the surface. The colors were due to oxide of iron from bog ore in the soil.

I had to hang my bow around my neck, and let it lie along my back while crawling thus; and a very unwieldy, troublesome appendage it was, catching in the grass and weeds and interfering with my legs at almost every step. When you try it, as I hope you will some day, you will find your temper much opposed to suavity during such a crawl. The cool air and the damp grass did not hinder perspiration; I was beaded all over when I reached the clump of bushes and began to lift myself erect. My hands were as muddy as a hod-carrier's, quite unfit to lay hold of a bow or an arrow with, and while I was wiping them on a wisp of grass, up and away flew my thunder pumper!

It is a strong stipulation of the contract, when you bind yourself to sylvan archery, that you will not feel aggrieved at any bird for giving you the slip just at the most exciting moment of an adventure. So I stolidly accepted the rebuff to expectation, and stood there gazing aimlessly upon the spot left vacant by my vanished game. At that moment an indirect ray of my vision fell upon something as brilliant as a diamond flaming starlike just beyond a tuft of green-

ish water weed at the edge of a pool. Out went my bow-arm and bow, swiftly, gently; and to the string of the bow my right hand fitted a broad-feathered arrow. It is stale to say this, but every shot is a delight to the archer, and a thunder pumper's eye is a good target, even when you miss it, as I did.

My notes inform me that I shot eleven times during two hours of hard crawling in the grass before I bagged my bird. On paper the whole proceeding very little resembles good sport, but the archer who reads will understand that the sport was there. At this moment I seem to hear the breezy "whish" of those broad-feathered shafts and the sodden "chuck" of each at the end of its flight. In the midst of my pursuit, and while every moment added to the wariness of the bitterns, I flushed a rail,—fairly kicked it out of the watery grass at my toe's end,—and I risked a shot. The bird flew lazily, with its characteristic flutter, straight away four or five feet above the grass. Going thus it was as easy to hit, almost, as if sitting on a tussock; but when I bowled it over in the air I could not repress a cry of self-admiration. I was my only audience, save some red-winged blackbirds swinging on tall dry stalks of rush at the rim of a pond. These encored me while I was searching for my arrow, which I at last found half buried in the black mud.

The following bits from my notebook will smack of what I cannot describe; at least they will

"Fill in the symphony between"

what I did and what I felt.

"Found brown thrushes nesting in a tangle of low trees. The nests, three of them, lay flat as saucers on the pronged boughs. The wind blowing hard would surely whisk them off, as it so often does the nests of doves. A scattering, loosely woven platform of sticks with a shallow cup in the middle is all that

a brown thrush's nest amounts to. The wood thrush adds a daubing of mud to the leaves and grass of its well-built nest, while the verry makes a clean and pretty little home (sometimes on the ground, never far above it) almost exactly like the nest of the hermit thrush."

"If I could, I would stay right here a month to enjoy the bird song. Even the blue jay sings sweetly — or flutes, rather, in a soft, wheedling, minor. I hear one now, 'tee-doodle-doodle-doodle,' a tender, melodious iteration and reiteration of love. 'Doodle-tee-doodle-doodle-doodle,' he goes on and on right overhead, and I note it down phonetically. But I can't record how he acts meantime. His motions are absurd. Every time that he says 'doodle' he wags himself grotesquely and seesaws his body up and down exactly in time to his tune. He looks like a fool; but he is n't."

"Below here, scarcely two miles, I found where a party of sportsmen had camped some days ago. From Chicago, doubtless, for they left some monster newspapers — *Inter-Ocean*, *Times*, *Journal* — and two or three letter envelopes with Chicago addresses, not to mention sundry cans and bottles remarkably empty. Near this spot I made a fine shot at a woodcock, — out of season, but precious good to eat, — and bagged it for a broil. It is broiling now with expanding savory fragrance. Rowing back upstream I met two summer ducks midway of the channel. Of course my back was toward them, else they would never have let me come so near. When they flew up and away their noise gave me the shock well known to sportsmen, — the thrill of what might have been. It was a fit of reverie that caused the carelessness. At the time I was with the Muse of the waters, listening to the river's cool song!"

Many of my notes are too frankly ornithological to make pleasant reading. I was dissecting throats, with remarks

upon glottis and bronchials and syrx valves, etc. Plainly, however, recreation pleased me more than work, — the bow claimed far the greatest share of attention and use, while knives and needles and pocket lens did the best they could.

Here is what I put down in the way of comment upon the fletcher's art. I copy it that my readers may feel, if possible, how delicate must be the handiwork in making a good hunting arrow. The craftsmanship of the true fletcher is next to the poet's. A winged shaft and a winged song are worthless if genius be not in them.

"Among my arrows there is one that 'wags.' That is, it wabbles in the air and will not go true to the aim. In every particular it is faultless to the eye. Straight as a star beam, smooth, even, neatly feathered, solidly headed, knocked to perfection, it should fly like a bee; but it does n't. It wags horribly as soon as it leaves the string. A vexatious fascination in this problem has caused me to waste a deal of precious time whittling and trimming and scraping all to no good effect, — the arrow wags worse and worse, apparently with much delight. And it seems that I, through some instinct of perversity, share the thing's obstinate contrariness; for unless I take especial care I am sure to choose it whenever a particularly nice discrimination is to be made with a shot. Example: In the sweet of the morning I was sitting on a log, a quarter of a mile from my tent, thinking shop. In other words, a lyric was stirring my blood and illuminating my brain, when a very prosy scratching or scuffling sound in a tree nearly overhead brought me up short against reality. The first glance aloft set my gaze upon a supremely savage object outlined vigorously against a spot of blue sky in a rift of the foliage. It was a white owl with a bird, still feebly struggling, clutched in its talons. An atrocious glare and

an expression of unbridled rapacity flashed upon me from its countenance which was hideously human in a way. It was about forty feet above ground on a stout maple bough, a fair shot, but a trifle steep. At first it looked snow-white and very large, enormous indeed, on account of its partially extended wings and a vicious lifting of the feathers of its breast and neck. A snowy owl — *Nyctea scandiaca* — I knew it to be ; a rare bird here, and so late in the season. I had to get upon my feet to shoot. But the owl had not seen me ; its glaring flame-colored eyes were fixed upon the bird under foot. Just as I was in the act of settling upon my aim, it discovered me ; and such a stare ! I had to steady my arm again. Then, when it was too late, I saw that I had chosen my wagging shaft ! Of course the usual antics were performed, the feather seesawing with the pile and making the shaft shy away leftward. At the same moment the owl flew, dropping its prey. But what did I see ? Arrow and owl met in the air — whack ! Thereupon I danced and yelled. Give me a wagging arrow for luck ! But I had to change my mind suddenly. The shot was a glancing one between wing and body, knocking out a bunch of feathers, nothing more. Away like a ghost flickered the pallid bird. I picked up its victim, which was a Wilson snipe, and never went to look for that dastardly arrow. Let it rot where it fell."

I might now add to this note some of old Roger Ascham's fletcher-wisdom ; but even he left the mystery of the wagging, "or hobbling" arrow, quite unsolved. Says he : "Yf the shafte be lyght, it wyl starte, if it be heuye, it wil hoble." I have tried every trick of the shaft-maker's art to very indifferent effect, — a wagging arrow is incorrigible. Sometimes use will cure the defect ; how, I do not know, possibly by slightly wearing the feather. Ford, the greatest of English target archers, in

his book, *Archery: Its Theory and Practice*, avoids our point. He merely says : "Two things are essential to a good arrow, namely, perfect straightness, and a stiffness or rigidity sufficient to stand in the bow, that is, to receive the whole force of the bow, without flirting or gadding." But a stiff arrow will sometimes gad or wag just as persistently as a limber one. Ascham was nearer right than Ford. An arrow too weak for the bow will "start," that is, quiver and shake ; but one will hobble or wag apparently without reference to either stiffness or limberness. Yet I have tried trimming the vanes, or putting on different ones, without success. That the defect is nearly always in the feathering, seems to me, however, quite certain.

On the last day of my stay in the Kankakee camp I arose before day-break for fear of oversleeping. I meant to resume my voyage down the river early in the morning, but wished first to take one more "round" in the wood. I packed my things in my boat, after a light breakfast, so as to be ready to embark, and was off toward the lagoon just as a gray light dulled the eastern stars. There was a keen, peculiar freshness in the air which, as my note reminds me, blew out of the northwest with almost a hint of frost. It gave me a sense of strength and energy ; I felt as if it would do me good to frisk and gambol and shout. At the same time a sly, furtive, predatory instinct controlled me. In the twilight all was strangely silent, save that the breeze whispered in a large, comprehensive phrase.

A brisk, noiseless walk of five minutes bore me deep into the wood, where, in obedience to a habit of long standing, I halted behind a tree bole to listen and peer. For you must learn that one's eyes and ears are quicker when one is motionless. I swept the solitude deliberately, gazing expectantly down every aisle, hearkening with a certain

delightful flutter in my blood. In one direction the brownish gray water of the lagoon shimmered beyond a scattering growth of tufted aquatic grass. A tall object suddenly held my eyes, — a great blue heron, stock-still on one foot, his neck partly folded. Of course he was in full plumage; I could see the long streamers at the back of his head. "I should like those," I thought, or rather felt, while swiftly considering a plan of approach. Then, as if by premeditated action, the songsters began for the morning's melic battle; and what a tune they marched me to! I stooped and crept from cover to cover, light of foot as any cat; but the shot would be a long one for my heavy arrows with their wide feathers, as the strip of shore marsh on which the heron stood prevented close approach. Fifty yards I call long range when using heavy-headed bird-bolts. From cover of the last bush I carefully estimated the distance to be forty-five paces, and then drew up. Beyond the bird a line of silvery light began to twinkle on little choppy waves. This was hard to overcome, for it shook my vision and interfered with fixing a point of aim, which I felt had to be above my target. Then, too, allowance for the drifting force of the breeze was a nice point to settle. A heavy arrow with a broad vane does not resist a side wind very well. Not more than two seconds elapsed, however, before my bow added its ancient note to the woodland medley, and "whish-sh!" whispered the arrow, going with tremendous force. I say tremendous, and hearing it hit you would not erase the adjective. Although its trajectory was high for so short a flight, the arrow went like a flash, and, as true as it was swift, struck solidly with a successful sound.

When I measured my bird, his dimensions were recorded thus: "Length, fifty-one inches; extent, seventy-three inches. The biggest one yet! A fine trophy (his plumage) to bear home. It

was a great shot in the crack o' day, forty-five yards. Had to wade in black mud a foot deep to get him."

It was but little past sunrise when I pushed away from my pleasant camp and rowed downstream past the bayou's mouth, once more pursuing La Salle and Hennepin. In the stern of my boat lay a bloated rhubarb pie, four hard roasted eggs, and a sharp stick decorated with slices of well-broiled bacon. My mode of progress favored a natural aversion in me to hard labor. Every now and then something worth noting stopped me short while I wrote it down in my notebook, or a bird inveigled me into dallying by holding out flattering signs of approachability. I stood up in my boat and shot four arrows at a killdeer which squatted flat when my first shaft just grazed its back. I have often seen a quail, a meadow lark, and even a woodpecker do this; but a killdeer never before or since, I think, was known to take such a risk. It had the laugh on its side, however, in the end; for after sitting there until I had stuck four shafts deep in the ooze all around it, it gave forth a derisive cry and flew off across the marsh. I soon discovered that I could not get to my arrows on account of quicksands surrounding the spot where they had struck.

At the end of an hour's work, however, I lassoed them and drew them to me with a shotted fish line. It is a part of an archer's religion to be faithful to a good arrow, and all four of those were perfect missiles in every way. Three of them I still have. Since then they have been shot in some wild places. The fourth one I lost by breaking it when I tumbled down a twenty-foot bluff with it in my hand. I know these shafts from all my other arrows by their steles of wagon-spoke hickory and their extraordinary weight. At short range they are more reliable than the best London target arrows. I have made others very much like them, but (it may be imagination) the old ones are best.

There are notes sufficient to make a good stout book in my Kankakee memoranda, and next to going on the voyage again, I should enjoy expanding them into literature. My space, however, is almost full. One more entry I will copy and have done:—

"When I reached the cabin of the Crawfordville Fishing and Shooting Club to-day at noon I found it empty and fast locked, much to my discomfort; for it was threatening rain, with a chill wind from the east, and gray, sad clouds all over the sky. One of my subordinates in office had promised to meet me here, where a railroad crosses the river, and I was expecting important mail. The place looked forlorn; something in its air impressed me gloomily. Under the building, which stood upon stiltlike posts, was a fair shelter. But the clouds went away before the east wind with little rain, and now it is cold. I am ten miles below the clubhouse, camping on the edge of a prairie. Reached here at four o'clock. Chickens (grouse) on a dry swell of wild prairie southward. Went after them,—a hungry man regards not the game law of Indiana,—and had a breezy time shooting. They were not very wild; or possibly the stiff, piercing, east wind numbed them. I tramped around after them and shot perhaps fifty times; but the wind caught my arrows with rough hands and tossed them up, down, sidewise. It was almost impossible to foretell the drift of a shot in extent or direction, and the wily birds somehow would manage not to be down the wind much of the time. I killed but one, and that in a remarkable way. The wind every moment increased in velocity, finally becoming gusty, changeful, as if about to shift southward. (It is now blowing hard from the

southeast, and still growing colder.) I had nearly lost hope of bagging a chicken and had turned a shoulder to the breeze, when something whistled, or chirped, close behind me. At the same time wings fluttered, and upon turning I saw a cock grouse in the act of alighting beside a tuft of prairie grass not more than six feet from me. When he struck the ground he erected all of his feathers and looked at me wildly. I had twisted myself and was turned but half around. I saw that he was going to fly,—I must shoot instantly or not at all. It was an awkward situation. Then a new feature was added. Flying like a bullet came another cock and struck the first, whereupon the two fought like savages, tumbling on the grass, striking with their wings, pecking, kicking, chattering. Evidently they were bent upon killing each other if possible. I let drive an arrow at them and missed. Shot again and knocked one over. The other flew away in crazy haste. On my way back to camp I passed through a scrub-oak grove on a low, sandy ridge lying at right angles to the river, and in the midst of it found a pond literally swarming with ducks of different species. They must have sought the sheltered place to avoid the chill and worry of the wind. It was deep water and the birds kept well out from shore, so I did not shoot, as every arrow would have been lost."

Next morning the sky was clear, the weather calm, with a delightful freshness in every breath, and I rowed back up the river to the clubhouse, where I found my clerk just arrived from the little town near by with my mail, in which I discovered that I should have to go to Indianapolis on the next train. So good-by to the trail of La Salle, and farewell to the birds of the Kankakee.

Maurice Thompson.

GENTLEMAN AND SCHOLAR.

THERE died not long ago in an academic community a man of whom men said, with singular unanimity, "He was a gentleman and a scholar, and he was the last of his kind." We are prone to call certain figures the last of their kind. Cato was "the last of the Romans," Maximilian I., Bayard, Sidney, and I know not how many others, were each "the last of the knights," and so on. What we mean by the phrase is that when a certain type of man has become well fixed and has done its special service in the world, there comes a time when it inevitably gives way to some new type. In the period of transition, when the two are in conflict, it is as if the older type became intensified in the persons of those who have to maintain it against the assaults of new and strange ideals. Instinctively they gather themselves together for the shock. They seem to feel the foundations of all true things slipping away, and they brace themselves to resist, with all the tenacity of a faith founded upon generations of experience. They become therefore to the men of a new day even more strongly marked specimens of their type than those earlier men who really founded it, but who were not forced by opposition into quite so clear a consciousness of their own quality.

The man whom we carried to his grave was eminently formed by such a process of transition. He stood for a conception of scholarship which had dominated the world for many generations. In naming him thus instinctively "gentleman and scholar" we did not mean that scholars had ceased or were likely to cease to be gentlemen; nor did we mean that gentlemen would no longer turn to the profession of the scholar. The phrase was meant to convey rather the idea of a certain necessary and inevitable connec-

tion of the two things, — scholarship and gentle living. This man had not begun life as a "gentleman," and then sought scholarship as an adornment, a kind of decoration suited to his class. Nor had he, because he was a scholar, come to put on the outward seeming of a gentleman as being the appropriate livery of his profession. Both these devices are familiar to the observer of academic types. We know the man of refined tastes and easy fortune who comes into the scholar's life from above, — choosing it rather than chosen by it, and expecting to gather its rewards without going through its sacrifices of drudgery and obscurity. We know also the man of parts, capable of hard work and gifted with all the technical qualities of the scholar, who is driven into the formal relations of cultivated intercourse without ever really grasping its spirit or sharing its refining influence.

The man whose memory we are recalling would never have suggested even the inquiry whether he was gentleman first and scholar afterward or the reverse. One felt that the very distinctive quality in his type was the inseparable interfusion of the two. His outward man gave instant assurance not merely of the gentleman, but of the refining touch which a true spirit of scholarship ought to add. His dress, his gait, his bearing all combined to give the impression of careful dignity which yet had no suggestion of effort. He wore no uniform of a class, but was equally far from following the caprices of fashion. His linen was scrupulously neat, but it would have been hard to name its precise brand. His clothes were always of sober black, neither of antique nor of the latest fashion. His high hat, of no particular mould, was always carefully brushed, and his ivory-headed cane suited his mea-

sured but businesslike step. His manner was cordial, but not effusive; his greeting always expressing a hint of surprise, as if he had been suddenly called out of his own world of thought, but was glad to meet the human being who had called him.

Modest as some women, he was firm in his opinions, and knew how to express them in language that was always forcible and often seemed to him on reflection to have been violent. Then, with what eager haste he would try to repair the wrong of which no one could ever have suspected him, — to take away the sting no one but himself ever felt. "Old-fashioned" he undoubtedly was, in the fair sense that most good fashions maintain themselves to a ripe old age, but one never quite thought of him as a piece of the antique world, so fresh and vital was his interest in all that was best and finest in the new world around him. As to his whole outward bearing among men there could be but one natural expression for it, — the grand simple name of gentleman.

So was it also with his scholarship. It sat upon him lightly, as something into which he had grown by a natural process of evolution. How he had got it no one ever thought of inquiring. In what schools he had been taught, what academic degrees he had gained, to what faction of scholars he belonged, — these were all indifferent things. Even the question, now so often asked, and not always quite relevant, "What has he done?" was never asked of him. What he had "done" was of no importance compared with what he *was*. He had never written a book. He could only with difficulty be persuaded to do now and then some little editorial work. His ideal of what books ought to be was so high that his modesty shrank from the risk of adding to the stock of the world's mediocrity. There was so much always to be learned, and, as he came to know more and more, his own attainment

seemed ever so much the more inadequate, that he simply and naturally went on always making himself a fuller man, and pouring out his surplus upon the unresponsive youth in the intimate circle of the classroom and the study.

It would have been impossible for him to describe his method in learning or in teaching. It probably never occurred to him that he had any method. What he did was to keep himself always busy reading, and ordering what he read in such fashion as would best serve him in giving it out again to untrained minds. That was all there was of it, and if he had been asked how he did it, he would have flashed upon him inquirer with some bit of epigram that would have been worth a volume of pedagogic lore. Only now and again, in the fierce academic battles of his later years, as the new ideals of scholarship began to shape themselves in discussion, he would speak with no uncertain voice in defense of principles which were only clearly revealed to him when others began to crowd them from their place.

He died with his harness on, vigorous and beautiful to the last, revered by those who fancied themselves the prophets of better ideals, as embodying, after all, a something they could hardly ever hope to reach.

One thing there could be no doubt of: the ideal he so clearly set forth has pretty well passed from our sight. Again let me say that this does not mean an inevitable and general divorce between scholarship and gentle living. It does not rest upon any single or narrow definition either of the gentleman or the scholar. It means that the two are no longer thought of as necessarily combined or as forming two essential parts of a single complete and beautiful whole. The standards of scholarship are in many ways more exacting than in the generation now closed. The standard of the gentleman is a thing so elusive, so dependent upon the unreasoning sentiment

of a day or of a nation, that one would hardly venture to formulate it; but it would be rash to say that it is lowered in any essential degree. The change has come, not in a lowering of these two ideals, but in a separation of them. The gentleman may or may not be a scholar; the scholar may or may not be a gentleman.

With the phrase "gentleman and scholar" have been disappearing at about equal pace certain others of similar suggestion, — "the education of a gentleman," a "liberal education," "an educated man." One hardly dares use these phrases to-day, so sure is one to be called upon with a certain accent of contempt to define them in terms that will be acceptable to all hearers. Until our generation we thought we knew what an educated man, in the ordinary use of language, was. He was a man who knew, or had known, certain things, and it was assumed that in the process of acquiring these things his mind had gained a certain kind of power and an openness to certain orders of ideas which made this man, in distinction from others not so disciplined, a man of education. By virtue of this academic discipline — assuming, of course, that he had done his part in the process — he entered into a fellowship of unspeakable value to himself. He became one in an order of men who had enjoyed a great and precious privilege, and were therefore bound to justify themselves by doing so much the better whatever work they might have to do in the world. Nothing was more common than to hear it said of a man, "He is an admirable lawyer, or doctor, or engineer, or architect, but he is not an educated man." He might have been educated in the school of life infinitely more effectively than he could have been in any college, but it was felt, and by no one probably more keenly than himself, that a certain kind of capacity and certain orders of ideas were lost to him forever by reason of

that lack. This thing lacking, such as it was, he and others agreed to call "an education."

If we try to analyze this somewhat vague conception, we find that the essential quality of this earlier education was that it was in no sense professional. That is what men tried to express by the word "liberal," a word one hesitates now to use, because one fears to be understood as thereby describing all other education as "illiberal." No such opposition was ever intended, nor was it felt by the generations which came and went under those conditions. They rejoiced in the privilege of spending a certain period of youth in studies, and in a mental attitude which had in view no direct practical use of what they were acquiring; in other words, no professional or technical aim. At the conclusion of that period they were not, and knew they were not, fitted to carry on any given work of life. They did believe, however, that they had made the best preparation for living, no matter what specific line of work they might follow. If, at that moment, they were to enter the world of scholarship, they were without technical training in any field. That was all to come, and they were as ready to begin the necessary professional discipline in their way as were the lawyer, the physician, and the engineer in theirs.

What they had had was a chance to fix solidly in their mental character the largeness and the beauty of the intellectual life. They had had time to think and to ripen without concern as to just whither their thinking and their unconscious development were leading them. No matter into what direction they might now turn their activity, they were bound to carry with them that essential thing which, for lack of a better name, we agreed to call the liberal spirit. If they had made a proper use of their chance they could never be *mere* specialists in their field. Their special and technical

skill must always be infused with that higher and larger spirit of culture to which the professional spirit is always and necessarily more or less antagonistic. Expressed in terms of the inner life, such a scholar was, and was felt to be, a gentleman. No one cared what his origin might be. There was no fixed type to which he was forced to correspond. There might be endless diversity in his outward expression of himself; only, through all diversity and with every allowance made for original advantage or disadvantage, there was the inevitable stamp of the gentleman and the scholar.

Unquestionably the origin of this typical man is to be found in the traditions of English scholarship. It is only a few months since an English scholar said to the writer in all seriousness: "Education in England is intended for the sons of gentlemen, and if by chance any one else gets possession of it, he is sure to find himself bitterly reminded that he has gone out of his class." He was using the word "gentleman" in its narrowest sense, and his statement, if it were true, as I do not believe it is, would be an indictment against English education more fatal than any that could be pronounced. It serves, however, to show that there still survives, though here expressed in a degrading and perverted form, the idea of an essential connection between the notions of gentle breeding and intellectual culture. Its expression by my English friend was perverted, because it assumed the man of gentle birth who let himself be educated as a necessary decoration of his class.

But behind this perversion there lies the long history of an association of the two ideas from which we in America have derived our now rapidly fading tradition. English scholarship has, as a matter of fact, not only been largely in the hands of gentlemen, technically so called, but when men outside that mysterious circle have become scholars, they in their turn have cultivated the ideal

of a necessary and vital union between life and learning. In other words, English scholarship has never been in any strict sense professional. Naturally, as we in America were forming our educational ideals, we followed largely in the same direction. To be sure we rejected, long since, the narrow use of the word "gentleman" which still widely prevails in England; but we clung fondly to the notion of the gentle life as a life not primarily devoted to a practical calling, and we still thought of it as associated almost necessarily with intellectual culture.

Within a generation, however, this tradition has been interrupted, and again, without drawing national lines too sharply, we may fairly say that the new conception of scholarship is German in its origin. German life has long been marked above all else by the quality of professionalism. The typical German is not a man of culture; he is a man of training. Earlier than elsewhere the ideal of scholarship was modeled in Germany upon this fundamental notion of training. Above all things else the German loves a system, and will have it at any cost. So far as German scholarship has affected the world, it has done so less by the intrinsic value of its contribution than by the help it has given to other peoples in the systematic ordering of their study and thought.

A generation ago German scholarship was practically without direct influence upon American methods. Here and there an isolated scholar or writer, himself perhaps an importation, was calling attention to a new something which Germany had to offer to the world of scholarship. The discovery of German system coincided with the vast widening of the intellectual field produced by our new interest in natural science, — an interest, by the way, which did not in any sense originate in Germany. "Science," "the scientific method," "truth by induction," have been the cry of the generation now

coming to its close. To meet this new demand, education has had to modify its ideals. It has had to emphasize "training" instead of "culture" as its main purpose. It has come to aim at making a man fit for something in particular, rather than for anything he might afterward decide upon.

Education has felt powerfully the reaction of the immense material advance of this past generation. Not only have the subjects of education been greatly increased in number, and that chiefly in the direction of material and technical branches, but the mechanism of all education has been developed to an almost alarming extent. We have been learning from the Germans something of their own *Systemsucht*, and we have shown signs of our usual determination to better our instruction. There is not an educational nostrum from the elaborate fooleries of the kindergarten up to the highly sublimated pedagogical psychology of the "graduate schools" that we have not been willing to try.

It has been a period of great activity, and, misdirected as much of this activity has been, there can be no absolute waste of serious and conscientious effort. Great good things have come to pass and greater are to come. Only let us ask ourselves, just now, at the close of one generation of energy, what shape our ideals have come to take, and whether we may well modify them in any particular. The merest glance at the programmes of our schools and colleges shows the enormous advance in all the mechanism of education, and in the term mechanism I would include not merely the material equipment, but all that great chapter of our subject which in the books comes under the head of "organization," — grouping of topics in departments, gradation of instruction, quality of textbooks, — opportunities of every sort for getting the most out of the great educational "plant."

The only serious question before us at this moment is whether our machinery

is not too dangerously complete. When we had less machinery we were compelled to rely more upon personal quality. A perfect machine does its work almost without human aid; set it going, supply it with raw material, and it turns out the finished product with inevitable success. More than this, the highly developed machine is able by its very perfection to give to comparatively poor material an apparent finish, which may deceive the unwary. The very uniformity of the machine product conceals many a defect and irregularity. On the other hand, a comparatively poor tool working on good material may, in the right hands, give the best results. One theory of manual training has been that pupils ought to be required to work first with dull and ill-contrived tools, lest they learn to depend too much on the tool, and too little on their own skill and talent.

There is precisely the question as to our new educational methods. Not really, of course, whether we have made our machinery too good. No one could advise going back one step along the road we have already traversed in that direction. Let us go on even, gaining always better apparatus, better organization, better comprehension of detail; but while we do this let us not forget that our ultimate salvation is never to be found in these things. While we present to ambitious youth the pathways of scholarship, and hang out all the lights we can to guide him, we must guard him carefully from the delusion that he has only to march through these pathways in order to attain to the desired goal. We may prescribe conditions and defend them by every practicable test; but all conditions must be graded to a certain level of capacity, and all tests must be held within certain limits of human fairness. The more precisely conditions are defined, and the more formally accurate the tests applied, the more we appeal to an average grade of capacity.

Our machinery will enable us to turn out men trained to certain definable forms of mental activity, men who can be ticketed off in groups and applied in various kinds of work in the world. It will never give us any guaranty that these are men of real intellectual power, whose personal quality can of itself command respect. Underneath all the machine work there must lie the same quality upon which the scholar of the earlier generation exclusively relied. He had no training by any organization whatever. If he were trained at all, he trained himself. He came to be what he was by virtue of the inner impulse which alone, maintained through years of action and intensified by time, can guarantee the quality of a man.

Obviously this quality is difficult to describe. It cannot be measured in terms of academic honors. Erasmus of Rotterdam, explaining why he felt obliged to take a doctor's degree in Italy, says: "Formerly a man was called 'doctor' because he was a learned man; but nowadays no one will believe a man is learned unless he is called 'doctor.'" A college president seeking a professor not long since made it a *sine qua non* that the candidate should be a doctor of philosophy. Another man might know more, be more highly qualified as a man, and a more effective teacher, but he must give way to the man, very possibly of less value, who had the trade-mark of his profession. I have known many a man, whose great fundamental need was intellectual refinement and culture, sacrificed to this semi-civilized demand for a certifiable kind of expert training.

So we come round again to the point from which we started, and the ideal of the past is seen to be also the truest ideal of the present. "Gentleman and scholar" remains the best expression of the product by which the new education

must justify itself before the world. The mechanical appliances are pretty well completed. It remains for us to use them and not to let them use us. The American scholar of the future is undoubtedly to be a trained man in a sense quite different from that in which the older scholar could be said to be trained. Is he to be nothing else? The question is not an idle one. It is coming to us from many sides, not by any means solely from the *laudatores temporis acti*, who might be expected to cling fondly to traditions. It comes already from institutions which have made trial of men "trained" upon no foundation of scholarly character, and found them wanting. It comes from young men who have found their own best development checked and hampered by the mechanical processes of the academic mill. And it is coming also in vague and indistinct forms from that great helpless thing, the public, which misses, to its pain, the sacred something it was wont to associate with the name of the scholar.

The answer is to be found in a return to the conception of a necessary and essential union between learning and the higher life of the spirit. This conception must be made to enter vitally into every grade of our education from lowest to highest. It must not be set in opposition to the other conception of learning as essentially applicable to some human purpose. It must be united with it, so that our youth may grow up steadily to the conviction that a gentleman is a better tool than a scrub, — that he will work better, play better, and fight better; and conversely that he who will not work well, play well, and fight well, is no gentleman. In that sense I should be glad to have it said of our education, as my English friend said of his, that American education is primarily intended for gentlemen.

Epbraim Emerton.

CONTENT IN A GARDEN.

I.

MY Garden of Content lies high on Onteora Mountain. It is a half-round space of rough red soil, sloping to the east, and inclining upward and inclosing the log studio.

When I began to dig and plant, I little knew the joy which would grow out of the soil, and descend from the skies, and gather from far-off places and times to gladden my soul; but to-day, as I walk therein, or sit in the spicy shadow of its pair of fir trees, and think what it has done for me, I feel that untroubled happiness begins and ends within it; that it is truly the Land of Content.

It was just a rocky patch of pasture land lying between us and the woods, when it came into my mind to plant it as a garden, and how could I guess that the ground of it had been longing to blossom; but when I saw how it received and fostered and urged into growth the things I planted, I understood that the earth mother had coveted the power of making herself beautiful.

Before the garden was made, there were two young balsam-fir trees growing almost under the house eaves, — young things pulled from the roadside in one of our drives. It was easy to see that they approved of the garden, for summer by summer they threw up yard-long blue-green spires, until now, as I stand on the upper piazza, I can hold a cup and gather their drops of balsam.

How fine they are! Just at the college graduate age, and full to overflow of the joy of living. Two other live species my garden contained at the very outset: an apple tree, and varied clumps of the wild pink mountain azalea. Now, in late May and early June, when the garden is in fullest flower, this dear apple tree, just grown to full maturity,

stands at the garden edge and showers shell-like leaves over it all, and the pink azaleas, from their places here and there among the purple iris, lift each a glowing torch of color to the spring.

The moment I began to plant, I found I must build some kind of a discouraging barrier between my precious half acre and grazing horses and straying dogs. Not a fence; for a fence would be incongruous in the face of the near woods and far mountains, and the heavenly slope which begins at the garden, and, flowing off for fenceless miles, at last reaches the Kaaterskill Clove, and is lapped into the blue distance of the Hudson Valley. So it happens, that because we do not mean to cut ourselves off from careless nature by careful civilization, the garden ground is rimmed with a lengthened stone heap which does not separate it too positively from the rocky slope of which it was originally a part. In truth, it is not a wall, but a rolling up and circling around of boulders left in the track of a former glacier.

When one looks at the landscape, it is not hard to imagine a great ice sea streaming through the deep mountain hollows, and creeping, creeping, creeping over the slopes toward its final dissolution, grinding all the great rocks into fragments of broken uniformity! After the glacier came the forests of beautiful evergreen giants, but that race also has followed the glaciers into eternal vacancy. The æons of time are all within the compass of a thought. Glacial days, when the world was shaped with an ice axe; forest days, which sheltered unimaginable prehistoric beasts; later days of primitive man; and after them all the days of to-day, when my garden smiles and smells. My own little day, so full of love and joy and sorrow and contentment!

When I inclosed my garden, I meant that the wall should be broad enough to grow weeds and grasses and blossoming stone-crop on its top. I planted wild clematis along its outside border, and inside, the sweet striped-honeysuckle. Twice in the summer the irregular wall is a mound of blossom and sweetness, for I have so planted my garden that the flowers come in procession,—each month or period with its own special glory. To make this summer procession a perfect one, I have taken care that while one kind of flower is passing, it shall occupy all the garden with an unbroken sheet of bloom. Thousands of flowers of one variety, lifting their faces to the sun in the morning, or standing on dress-parade through the afternoon, make an impression upon the eye and the imagination which is impossible to mixed masses, however beautiful their separate parts.

In a large and new garden it is not quite a simple matter to secure this breadth of effect, but with time and care, and parsimonious hoarding of every wandering rootlet, it is easily possible. When I acquire a new variety by purchase or gift, and there is not enough to plant broadcast, I put it in the nursery. This is an indiscriminate flower bed absolutely sacred to my own care, where I plant parted roots, and seeds and cuttings of anything of which I am avaricious; and, having planted, encourage them with kindness and tendance, until each has made a family after its kind. When any one variety has multiplied largely, I consider its color and time of flower, and decide what it will harmonize with or what it shall follow; and so, upon a settled plan of flower-decoration, I plant it everywhere. When it comes into bloom, perhaps it has the whole stage to itself, and the garden becomes a one-flower garden; or perhaps it has a companion tribe of kindred tint; or perhaps it can be opposed to some sympathetic color. In this case I do not plant them together, but in

neighboring masses, as I have planted the yellow lilies and purple iris, or the white lilies and rose-colored peony; and in this way I follow the laws of beauty and reap the fullest benefit.

If, on the other hand, one must buy flowers for planting,—which to a real gardener seems an unnatural proceeding, and to one of long experience an unnecessary one,—it is as easy to buy by the thousand as by the dozen, and a certain sentiment will attach itself to a thousand tulip bulbs; which you know were grown on the mud flats of Holland, tended by slow and heavy men in blue blouses; and after they were grown and harvested, ferried along low-lying canals to some sea city, there to be gathered into innumerable thousands, and shipped to America. As you scatter the thousand over your garden ground, each into its own little pit in its own little place, you can see in your mind the flattened fields of their nativity, covered with millions of blossoming tulips, and the grass-edged canals along which slow boats are creeping, and here and there a group of red-tiled roofs, pointed and ruffled, and accented with small dormers. All this you see because you bought your tulip bulbs by the thousand instead of by the dozen; and yet you will not love them as you would inevitably do, if you, your very self, were responsible for their growth and increase.

In my procession of flowers there are one or two wild things which precede the rest. Before even the daffodil has made ready to blow its golden trumpet, all along the borders the bloodroot is spreading its transcendent silver stars, and the green-striped sheaths of the star-of-Bethlehem are opening. After this salutation come the poets' narcissus and the daffodil; and after them, suddenly the garden is a garden of tulips, and by that time June has arrived, and it is the time of the iris, its variations of purple and lavender, and the bluish pinks and pinkish blues which tend to-

ward those colors, are mingled in a crowd of stately blossoms which stream in radiating rows to the garden's outermost verge. Then a border of golden lilies encircles them, and outside of these a mound of scented honeysuckle hides for the time its purple-lined leaves under trumpeted flowers, and the growing sprays go wavering up in air in search of invisible fibre by which to climb. At this time I am apt to think that the very limit of garden beauty has been reached; that, in the summer procession I have planned, nothing can be so beautiful; and yet, all the while a detachment is on its way with its own special glories of color and costume. The tightly packed apple-shaped buds of pink peonies are beginning to show streaks of color, and when the latest of the *fleur-de-lis* has blossomed, and the purple banners which it had flaunted are dried and shriveled in the sun, the spaces between the radiating rows are filled with the deeply lobed leaves of peony, and the globes of buds are opening into scented flowers, each one like a separate bouquet too heavy for its stem. The great pink globes roll from side to side, like heavy-headed babies, and the garden becomes a mass of rose color set in green. Behind them rise tall spikes of ascension lilies, opening in clusters of six and seven to the stalk, their silver-white urn-blossoms against the outer wall of green-white clematis flowers. In front of them a curd of spicy cinnamon pinks is blowing, and dancing groups of humming-birds hang over them, making no hesitation about resting upon the flower stalks.

I carry and leave my piazza chair under the balsam-fir trees, where half a layer of the low-growing branches have been cut away to make its place, and give myself bits of the summer day wrapped in fragrance and beauty. And what morsels of happiness they are! There is a heavenly landscape beyond the pinks and peony flowers and high-

piled white lilies: a procession of mountains, changing from green-black to violet-blue as the sun smites the slopes and ridges, and fails to reach the hollows and deep-down chasms. What a blessed lot to be witness of such beauty! I am lost in wonder at the perfection of it possible to one small half acre and its outlook.

And the fragrance! From the border of pinks, holding up millions of tufted umbrellas to the sun, streams a spicy odor which seems to cover the garden like a cloud. It projects itself along the path to the northern and eastern woods, and meets me, as I return by them, with something like a special greeting. As it spreads and sifts itself between the trunks of great beeches, — losing itself among the branches of young balsam-fir trees, — I can fancy their dipping little spiky green fingers into its intangible substance, and saying to each other and themselves, "Ho! ho! here is a new smell! it is stronger than ours, but it smells like a brother!"

The fragrance overflows and pervades them all. The shoots which have sprung from scattered beechnuts of two or three seasons ago, and stand trembling with haste to push their satin-folded leaves into space, are wrapped around with scented air which is not of the forest. And I, standing in the wood path, delighted through all my senses with the taste and smell of it, feel like greeting and advising it with speech; as if I were saying, "Go south into the pastures, my beloved! Float under the sun and over the grass. The woods have their own sweetness, and will not miss you!"

This unvoiced thought speaks to the air, as I come out of the shadow and lean over the wall of my garden. The pinks are standing in the sun and never heed my thought. They are like little censers, set by nature to distribute her hidden manufactures, her distillations and cunning extracts, and each tuft of fringed blossom obediently urges its deli-

cate spiral into the general cloud which hangs in the upper air. I seem to see it as I stand by the wall looking at the millions of blossoms; I can taste it and smell it. What ails my eyes that I do not really see it? It is there; it has form; I know it is cloud-shaped, and blows hither and thither, because I can follow its boundaries. Why should I not see it? And then I fall into speculation as to what I should see if my eyes were privileged to all of nature's miracles.

I think the color of this one would be palest pink, with bluish tints and shadows and flecks of deeper color; where the underside would reflect the blue-green of the leaf mat from which the blossoms spring,—the wonderful blue-green which is like the shadow of a wave. And this, to my fancy, makes the cloud like an opal, a floating, intangible, gigantic opal, which is made of the breath of flowers, and floats, and breaks, and wanders hither and thither,—a body and no body, a spirit of a cloud.

It is, in truth, the spiritual part of the garden, this changing mass which hovers snow-white over the lily beds, and rose-pink over the peonies, and purple and lavender where lilacs and fleur-de-lis are in bloom, and golden-yellow where the ranks of lemon lily stand against the garden wall.

I have great and overwhelming joy in them all, even though my outward, practical, bodily eyes refuse to see them as they should. Surely we might look at them through the closed limit of our present powers, as one looks at nature through a window! I am glad I can follow and recognize them in unbroken masses. I am certain I should not enjoy in the same degree a crowd of sweet-smelling vari-colored bits of cloud hovering over my garden,—a hand's breadth of faintly fragrant purple, and a shred of spiey pink, and a blot of pungent, ethereal blue crowding one another; but my mind can see with joy a bank of

golden cloud lying above the yellow lilies in a giant curve like a cloudy comet, compassing the entire sweep and boundary of the garden, while lying within it like an amethyst wave rests the purple breath of the fleur-de-lis.

Flowers in masses give fragrance in masses, and if we would have our enjoyment whole, instead of broken into bits, we must plant and sow with unstinted liberality. This, as I have said, is not difficult, indeed it is delightful! We can plant largely, even in limited ground, if we have learned to understand the idiosyncrasies of different families, and the gregariousness of all. There are few solitary flowers, as few in proportion as there are hermits among men. They enjoy living together, and even among wild things we find them founding vegetable cities whenever circumstances are favorable; much as men cluster around sea-ports, or at good landing-places on navigable rivers.

I have learned a lesson of the comradeship of plants from a little settlement of them growing on a near roadside bank on the way to the village. Here, in a few square feet of earth, a dozen species find a common home, and share it with the grass, and each in turn rises up and smiles at the world with its particular blossom.

While in flower it seems to own the whole bit of ground in fee simple. We say in passing, "Look at that patch of buttercups," or "daisies," or "redweed," or "purple aster;" not realizing that it is in reality a patch of a dozen, touching toes under the sod, and living together in entire and blessed harmony.

What an advantage, in decorative gardening, to learn that, for the most part, plants will joyfully share their holdings!

I have set myself to learn which of the selected darlings of my garden love each other well enough to live together in the same few feet of earth, so that every inch of ground may blossom in a continuous wave of beauty.

I find the neighborliest of them among the bulbs, and I am especially interested in bulbs. The small, compact round which I hold in my hand in the spring includes such a variety of possibilities. If it has been turned up in the border by the spading-fork, it may be an ascension lily, or a Canadian lily, or a scarlet wood lily; and the little bulb knows where it belongs, though I do not. I cannot tell what sort of blossom it carries folded within its layers, and what it will become when its growth impulse is awakened. If I put it back into the ground, I may be blindly planting it out of accord with its surroundings; for at this stage of its being it looks a bulb, and nothing more. I do not know its nature by its shape or size or color; it keeps its individuality for summer days.

And there is the same difficulty with the lesser bulbs. Tulip and daffodil and narcissus are twin sisters or triplets, and one of them astray may be anybody's child: therefore it often happens that where I look for narcissus blooms I find daffodil, and that where I expect a cluster of daffodil leaves a single broad tulip leaf will appear, guarding a central bud.

One of the wood walks of our Long Island homestead borders a long swale of black mucky ground, which, in the days before the Brooklyn waterworks were, was a sluggish brook and a ferny swamp. It came to me to utilize this place by transplanting into it the army of poets' narcissus which regularly every spring budded on the lawn in millions, and later shriveled in millions, if the spring rains were not copious enough to satisfy their thirsty souls. And this plan answered beautifully. The narcissus sent up its spears of buds dutifully, and when they came to the bursting point, the swampy ground was, and is, every recurring spring, covered with a blanket of creamy white blossoms. But something else has happened. The first spring after they were planted, and buds began to show like sharp green bayonets along

the rows, here and there I found a plant with longer leaves and fatter buds. Presently these outstripped the others, and opened into double daffodils; and spring after spring they have increased, making clusters of themselves in the rows, until now we go down to pick daffodils early in May, and narcissus some two weeks later, — from mixed masses of yellow and white blossoms. It seems then that, where bulbs are concerned, we sometimes reap where we have not sown.

It is a pity that daffodils ever took it into their heads to grow double. Some one of them at some time in flower history must have had a double tulip for a neighbor, and seeing it turn out its bunch of magnificence to the sun, said in its heart, "I can do that," and straightway begun in a hurry to grow inner leaves, and has continued, until the golden trumpet is crowded out of existence. They are not perfect leaves, by any means: half of them are stained with the green of the calyx, and half are of an intense yellow which is almost orange, not at all the true daffodil color. I miss and regret the beautiful ruffled-edged trumpet; but taken as it is, the double daffodil represents as perfect a determination to grow and *be* as I find in any flower, save the orange day lily.

The single daffodil is not so persistent as the double, and, in fact, I am tempted to believe that it is naturally an ambitious flower, and changes its style from pure determination to do all it can in the way of what one of my farmer friends calls *blowth*. If it could know, down in the depths of its single heart, how fascinating its trumpeted flower can be, it would surely keep itself single. The very poise of its head is the perfection of grace, and to watch an early cluster of them, as they stand, swaying upon their stems, is to fancy they are like a group of nymphs, each one more graceful than the other.

The daffodil and narcissus, which are really blood relations, are the most prolific of flowers. If I plant a single bulb,

it will not be long in gathering a family, and in the course of two or three years the spot in which it grows will have become as populous as the tents of the patriarchs. Its clustering habit makes it a convenient bulb for transplantation. I need never search for separate ones in the flower beds. When I come upon them, there are hundreds packed so closely together that I peel them off like the scales of a pine cone; and each separate one I plant will make itself into another clump, if I give it time. It is not so with tulips; their little rootlets will run off and start a bulb at a greater distance.

In the fall or spring I fill my marigold and nasturtium beds with tulip bulbs, which, being early risers by nature, get up and blossom in the spring days in great beauty, while the dormant speck of life in the marigold and nasturtium seed is just beginning to be conscious of an awakening thrill. I can fancy that through July and August and September days, when the summer flowers are rioting above them, the buried bulbs are quite as contentedly busy underground, living a hidden domestic life, and add-

ing children to themselves by the dozens. Perhaps — who knows? — they feel a sort of placid burgher contempt for the untimely activity of the seed plants, that adds a stronger flavor of contentment to their own quiet days.

When I see them in May preparing for this peaceful underlife, I feel like blessing them with Herrick's song, *To the Daffodil*, and saying to them after him:

"Stay, stay,
Until the hastening day has run
But to the even-song,
And having prayed together, we
Will go with you along."

I am quite sure that the apartment-house fashion I have adopted of planting bulbs and seeds in layers is agreeable to both; since they make no sign of disapproval, but go on, each doing its best in its own flower season to cover the ground with blossoms. It is a convenient fashion for the gardener, since spaces bare of either foliage or bloom suggest insufficient love or inefficient labor, and either of these would be out of harmony with the cheerful power and grateful joy which reign in every well-kept garden.

Candace Wheeler.

A CITIZEN OF THE REPUBLIC.

THE Ex-Member was in his sitting room, huddled down in the hollow of his old cloth armchair. There was no fire in the room, and it was cold with the damp, chill cold of the early spring. The ex-member had on his battered old slouch hat, drawn down over his eyes: he had buttoned his rusty coat about him and turned its collar up about his neck. The dull light from the rainy, slate-colored spring sky slanting in upon his face set forth like a cameo the outlines of his fine old Roman nose, his clear-cut, close-shaven chin, and the aged hollows in his temples and his cheeks. A wisp of gray

hair strayed out from underneath his hat beside his ear.

Since the death of his wife he had lived in the old house alone. The whole place showed it; a house without a woman is a body without a soul. On the mantelpiece the old clock, with the painted robin on the glass beneath the dial, gone crazy with neglect, rambled through the morning, striking the hours of the late afternoon. Some old cuffs, a dog collar, a piece of harness, and a long array of medicine bottles occupied the remainder of the shelf. On the table and on the floor were piles of books,

funny gray-backed volumes with yellow edges to their leaves, — histories of political demigods now almost obscured by the mists of half a century, or entirely forgotten. An early print of Lincoln, the photograph which Sumner had given him, and a group picture of the state Senate when he was there, — strange wooden figures, with queer beards, and stiff loose clothing, and top-boots, — looked down upon him from the walls.

The ex-member was intensely excited. From the depths of his armchair he was haranguing his one hearer in the manner of a stump speaker calling aloud to a multitude. His aged chin shook back and forth with the excitement and weakness of old age, and his resonant old voice broke and wavered like that of a boy of fourteen. Occasionally he beat upon the arm of his chair for emphasis.

"Mr. Jennings, sir," he was saying, "when I see the kind of men they choose to do our public business for us nowadays, I can't hardly stan' it. Seems as if they picked out the meanest, poorest, most picayune fellers they could find. Take that feller they've just elected to the United States Senate. He ain't no more fit for that high office, sir, than — than" — the old man hesitated, waving his arms helplessly about in his impotent search for a fit simile — "than anything in this world, sir. No, sir.

"Put him alongside that man on the wall, sir, — that Sumner thar, and compare 'em. Look at that brow and those eyes and that mouth. Thar was a giant, sir. I tell you, this feller ain't no more fit to be compared with Sumner, nor Seward, nor Webster, sir, than a dog is fit to be associated with seraphim. No, sir. I knew Sumner personally, and I've heard Webster speak. My father took me to hear him one time when I was a boy. Those men wa'n't none of your twopenny politicians you have nowadays. No, sir.

"I tell you, young man, you don't appreciate what changes have taken place

in this republic the last thirty-five or forty years. In those days it was a government for the people and by the people; an American citizen *was* somebody. Yes, sir, he was a king. A man was a man when Abraham Lincoln was President no matter what kind of a coat he had on.

"And now what is it? It's all money, money, money; that's all people can talk about. These corporations own us body and soul. We're bein' et up by 'em. We've got a corporation legislature and corporation commissions, and I don't know but what we've got a corporation governor, — though I *did* think he was an honest man.

"And all the time I sit here with the women and children, — no better, you might say, than one of those disembodied spirits they tell about, — a mind without a body, just thinkin', thinkin', thinkin' through all eternity, and no power of accomplishment." I tell you, Mr. Jennings, I tell you, sir, it's many a long night I wish I was a young man like you and could *do* something."

"I suppose," said the audience, finally breaking in, "you're following this revision of the state laws pretty close, ain't you, Mr. Osgood?"

"Yes, sir, I am," said the veteran. "I read the newspapers pretty close, and I get the documents from our representative as they come out. And I dare say there's twenty jobs bein' put through there right now. There's one thing thar I think's goin' to be done that if it goes through — and I think it will — will be the most abominable, unjust, outrageous, detestable" —

The obnoxious measure was never named. There was a soft, irregular knock at the door, followed promptly by a confused rattling of the knob, and a fat, sturdy-looking, four-year-old boy pushed in and stood on the threshold, out of breath from his exertions.

"Hello, sir," said the ex-member heartily, "good-mornin'."

The child, diffident before the stranger, murmured a confused reply.

"Well, sir, how are you this mornin'?"

"Pretty well, sir," the child said under his breath.

"Thought you'd come over and see grandpa, did ye?" said the old man, taking him on his knee.

"Yes, sir."

The child showed signs of retreat.

"Guess I'll go," he announced, squirming to get away.

"Ain't there something you want to do first?"

"Yes, sir," the boy said irresolutely.

"Take your hat off to Mr. Lincoln."

The sturdy little chap stood before the homely picture on the wall, and solemnly removed his cap.

"That's a good boy. Now, sir, when you get up, what are you goin' to be, Henry? Tell the gentleman."

"I'm goin' to be a 'Merican citizen," said the boy bashfully.

"That's it," said the ex-member, stooping over and patting him on the cheek; "that's it. Now run along."

The boy lost no time in obeying him.

"You can't begin teachin' 'em too early," said the ex-member, after the side door had slammed. "And I don't mean that any of my descendants shall forget what they owe to this great country. No, sir. For patriotism and loyalty and gratitude to my country, I don't yield to no man, so far's my strength will allow. It's got to be considerable like a religion to me. 'My Country'—when I hear that sung, old as I am, sir, I take off my hat to it. Yes, sir."

Again the knob of the door rattled and the small boy appeared. "Ma says she's comin' over to sit with you this afternoon," he called.

The old man laughed. "You made him forget what he come for the first time," he said.

The boy started to escape again, but the visitor caught him up in his arms.

"I'm goin' over by your house, young

man. I guess I'll take you along with me. You'd like to ride with me, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, sir," said the child faintly.

"Don't hurry," said the ex-member.

"I guess I'd better go; they'll be lookin' for me at home before long."

"Well, I wish you'd come in real often," said the old man wistfully. "I don't know when I've had a call before. It seems mighty good to see somebody now and then."

"All right, I'll try to. Don't get up, Mr. Osgood," said the visitor, as he went out with the boy.

Across a common yard, but a few steps away, appeared the dwelling of the ex-member's son, a structure of the so-called Queen Anne style, painted a faded salmon color, perched on a high and ugly brick foundation, and as yet unprovided with blinds. It was largely the inspiration of the bride of five years ago. A great scar had been torn in the old tangled garden for its reception; the trees and shrubs were gone, and the turf had not yet healed about it. It shone forth, vainglorious and bare, beside the low, old-fashioned house of the ex-member beyond it.

On the back porch a sharp-voiced woman was crying aloud, "Henree, *Henree*." It was the daughter-in-law calling for her son.

The woman stopped when she saw the man and child coming toward her.

"Good-mornin', Mr. Jennin's," she said to the caller, and took the boy from him.

"Go into the kitchen, Henry, and stay there until mother says you may come out."

The child, after one more awed inspection of the strange monster which had carried him across, disappeared through the door.

"Won't you come in and sit down, Mr. Jennin's?" she asked.

She was a young woman still, but with the lines of youth sharpened and drawn

by the drudgery and confinement of a farmer's kitchen. She wore a loose and dingy wrapper of black and white, unbelted at the waist. Her feet were in old slippers, down at the heel, which clattered as she walked, and her hair was wrapped in curl papers.

The caller did not care to go in.

"No thank you, Mrs. Osgood," he said, "I can't stop. I've just been over seein' your father a minute. He's pretty bright for his years, ain't he? A pretty well-posted man, I call him."

"Yes," said the woman, "I don't know but what he is. He'd ought to be, that's certain. He takes enough time to it."

"How is he to get along with, pretty good?"

"Well, now, I'll tell you, Mr. Jennin's. Strangers see the best side of father. They think he's interestin' and all that; and maybe he is when you don't see much of him. But if they had to live with him I guess it'd be different. Father's awful queer. He just sits there alone day in and day out, and fusses and fumes over politics and the rights of the people and a lot of high-soundin' things like that. He'll talk, talk, talk about 'em mornin' and night if you'll only let him. It gets mighty tedious after a while. If you lived with him yourself, you'd see how it was."

"Prob'ly I would," said the visitor.

"But I won't let him," she continued. "I won't stan' it. I was n't brought up that way. My folks was practical, and I guess I'm about as practical as they make 'em. I say we've got trouble enough to look out for number one in this world, and when that's done, it's time enough to worry about the rest of folks. If he seen that years ago, we'd been fixed different from what we are now; you know that. It's ridiculous, in my way of thinkin', for a man of his age to think he's goin' to do anybody any good fussin' over politics, when we've got men hired a-purpose for that very thing."

"Well, I'm 'fraid you'll think you've got me wound up and I won't never stop. But you asked me, and I thought I'd tell you. Father's old and sort of childish, and we have to be watchin' him and keepin' him down all the time to see he don't do anything foolish. I don't think he's just right about those things sometimes; so he's a good deal of trouble to us, both that way and a good many others."

"I don't doubt what you say, Mrs. Osgood," said the caller, starting away. "I don't doubt it a bit. Old folks get to be an awful care; I can appreciate that."

The ex-member, when his visitor had left the house, returned to his armchair, readjusted his spectacles, smoothed out his newspaper, and started reading once more. A newspaper was a long day's journey to him, from which he emerged laden with much spoil. It was mostly politics, of course, he sought and found. He belonged to a generation which took its self-government more seriously than we do now,—a sort of golden age of politics,—belated representatives of which still linger with us to write those queer, long letters to the editor, which wait unseen in the corners of the country paper. From odd little hiding places all over the land the eyes of these are upon us, seeing strange and fearful things. But their voices are faint, their strength is gone from them; they can accomplish nothing. Sunk in the impotence of old age, they are no more to us than ghosts to living men.

The ex-member plunged immediately into an abstract of the obnoxious bill. As he read it, he began talking to himself and pounding on the arm of the chair. Finally he threw the paper on the floor, got up, and began walking back and forth across the room. In his anger he even forgot to get his dinner. At last, tired out with excitement, he sank back into the depths of the chair and fell into a drowse.

He was aroused by the advent of his daughter-in-law in the afternoon. It was quite a state occasion with Mrs. Os-good, Jr. She was wearing for the first time her new best dress, a creation of purple cloth, — a little drawn across the back, a little straightened in the sleeves, a little stiff and self-conscious in its whole appearance, — a triumph of patient country art, destined to shine among a hundred sister garments in the village church.

"Well, Sarah, I'm glad to see ye," said the old man warmly. "Sit right down and make yourself at home."

The woman took a seat opposite him in the little low rocking chair, where his old wife used to sit.

"I thought you'd be kind of lonesome, father, so I'd come over and we'd have a real good talk," she began.

"That's right; that's right."

She began preparations for her sewing; there was a little pause. In a minute the woman spoke again.

"I wore over my new dress, so's you could see it," she said, getting up and turning round.

"That's nice."

"You like it, do you?"

"Yes, first class, far's I can see. You know I ain't much of a hand on dresses."

The artist seated herself again, not well satisfied with the indifferent praise of the old man. But then what could one expect?

"I'm going to have something else pretty, too," she went on, holding up the lace arrangement on which she was working.

"That's good."

"Yes, father, I've been without anything so long I was actually ashamed of myself, and I just made up my mind this spring I'd have some things anyhow. I think I needed 'em, don't you?"

No answer from the old man; he was back brooding over his country's degeneration.

"You ain't very sociable this afternoon," said his visitor, piqued. "What's the matter now?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Yes it is too. What is it?"

The smouldering fires in the old man's soul burst forth again. "It's that land law they're passin' in the legislature, — that's what it is. I tell you I can't stan' it. Ain't we got any rights in this country? Ain't we got any laws? Ain't we got any common decency? By great heaven!" —

"Now, father," said the woman sharply, "you stop right where you are. I don't think it looks very well for a man of your years to take on like that for anything, I don't care what."

"I understand all that, Sarah, but when I see the people of this state bein' swindled and sold by Tom, Dick, and the devil down thar at the state house, I can't help it. What right have those little whipper-snappers down thar to trade and barter and squander our rights for us? What right have they, I want to know? What?" —

"There you go again. If you keep on like that a little while longer you'll be down sick the way you was last election."

"I'm afraid you ain't so much interested in your country as you ought to be. You ain't ever paid much attention to the affairs of this great state that raised you, have you?"

"No, I don't believe I have," the woman flared, "and I don't want to, if it would make me act the way you do. If you've got to do something," she continued sarcastically, "why don't you begin at home and help Henry and me some?"

"What's the use of your goin' all over that again?" protested the old man.

"Because you ought to, that's why. Look at the way we're livin'; it's disgraceful. I'm ashamed to poke my head out of doors. No clothes, no time to go out, no nothin'. If I'd known how things was goin', you can make up

your mind I would n't have married into this family."

The old man said nothing.

"The trouble is," she went on bitterly, "you won't see our side."

"Well, I dunno. I guess I've heard enough about it."

"No you ain't, and you won't," said the woman, flaring up again, "till you do what's right."

"What do you want? I ain't got any money, have I?"

"No, but you've got the farm, an' you've got Henry, a grown man workin' for you. I tell you, Henry's gettin' tired of bein' your hired man."

"He's had the whole use of the farm, ain't he, and everything that's come off it? And I've built you a house of your own and given it to you, and you're to have everything when I die. What more could you do if you had the title to the land?"

"We could sell off some of it, that's what we could do. We could get some money for some of that land we don't need, and live like somebody."

"You'd sell it, — that's just what you'd do. You'd sell it and you'd mortgage it, and you'd clear off my trees, and you'd tear down my house and bring me over to your house to live, and you'd get rid of my horse and dogs, that's been good servants to me all these years. That's what you'd do. My feelin's and my sentiments don't mean anything to you. What's an old man amount to anyhow? But I want you to understand one thing, Sarah, you won't never do it, — not while I'm alive. I won't listen to givin' up the title to this farm one minute. No, sir, I won't."

"No," jeered the angry woman. "You'll sit here and talk, talk, talk about your duties of citizenship and your legislatures and senates, and your rights of the people, and your Sunners, and your Lincoln's, and this and that till everybody's sick and tired. But you won't listen when you're asked to be kind of

decent to your own folks. I tell you one thing: it only makes you ridiculous, and it's time you knew it. People have got something else to do besides listen to an old man go on forever about politics.

"What do you know about politics now, anyhow?" she said, fiercely staring at the silent old man. "You're talkin' about something that's twenty-five years old. I don't believe you could appreciate what they're doin' down there anyhow. They're smart fellers down there, and you're a feeble old man. If I was you I'd keep what I thought to myself, and not make myself any more of a laughingstock than I could help, — that's what I'd do. You can do just as you please. Only hereafter I don't want you to talk any more of that stuff to me nor to my boy. And you want to remember that."

She gathered up her work and flounced out of the house.

When she had gone, the old man sank back into his chair, crushed by the sordid quarrel and the heavy sense of utter uselessness. For a long time he sat there, staring despondently at the wall. The old dog slept at his side, the old clock ticked loudly through the silence, the old portraits looked solemnly down upon his head. He was like a silent ghost dreaming in a gallery of the dead.

After a time he raised his eyes to where the portrait of Lincoln stared benignantlly down upon him from the wall. It seemed an inspiration to the old man. He straightened up again, and the courage gradually returned to his face. Suddenly he sat up.

"No, sir; no, sir; no, sir," he said aloud.

Then he sat erect several minutes thinking. At last determination was fixed on his face.

"I'll do it," said the ex-member, smiting the arm of his chair with his fist. He got up soon after, went into his bedroom, and carefully laid out his

black broadcloth suit and his best black soft hat. Last of all he set beside them his heavy gold-headed cane, — the tribute of his fellow citizens of Plainfield when he retired from their service in the legislature. Then he went out and bribed a neighboring small boy to take care of his animals while he was gone.

The veteran was excited. He was going before the public again, and it was nervous work. The local paper occasionally alluded to "our respected townsman, the venerable Cincinnatus of Plainfield, Jared Osgood," but otherwise he had been out of print for many years. Late in the dusk the ex-member could be seen walking among his pear trees, with his hands behind his back, looking at the sky and speculating on the weather for tomorrow. He slept very little that night; in the morning he took the first train for the capital.

By the middle of the morning, the ex-member had arrived at the state house and was going in, — a slight, uncertain, black figure on the great white marble steps. When he had gotten well into the building he stopped, somewhat confused. A very active young man, dressed in a finely moulded "Prince Albert," with an irreproachable tie, came bustling up the corridor.

"Can you show me," asked the ex-member, "where the committee on the revision of the statutes is having its hearings? I'm kind of confused in here. You see" —

"Yes, yes, uncle, excuse me," said the active young man, hurrying on. "You'll have to see some one else. I'm very busy just now."

The ex-member disapproved of the manner of the active young man. He objected seriously to being called uncle. As the active young man bustled on he encountered a good-natured member coming in.

"Say, Fogg," he said, "take care of that old fossil down there, will you, before he wanders up into the dome and

falls off? I guess he wants to go in and give some good advice to the committee."

The good-natured member took the old man in charge, ushered him into the committee room, and introduced him to the chairman. The committee did not seem to be overworked at just that moment. Its members were lounging in their chairs, waiting for something to turn up.

"Here is a gentleman," said the good-natured member to the chairman, "who wants to address the committee on a matter connected with the revision."

"Oh yes," said the chairman, "what is your name, please?"

"Jared Osgood from Plainfield, sir. I was formerly connected with the legislature in both branches."

"Is that so? Well, Mr. Osgood, we shall be very glad to hear you."

The chairman rapped for order; the ex-member laid aside his hat and stood before the committee.

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen," he began in his best oratorical manner, "I wish to call your attention for a few moments to a matter which appears to me to be a mighty serious and important thing to the people of this state."

The ex-member, with his long white hair and his smooth, ruddy face, did credit to the old school, as he started talking. He seemed quite vigorous, except that his chin *would* tremble back and forth. There was fire in his eye, and a spot of color in each cheek, and his old voice was sonorous and impressive.

"I refer, sir," he continued, "to this revision of the property laws."

Since he had begun speaking, the active member had bustled in and taken his seat.

"Excuse me," he interrupted, "Mr. — Mr. —"

"Mr. Osgood."

"Oh yes, Mr. Osgood. Well, Mr. Osgood, I think the chair will tell you that there is no use in discussing that subject at this late day. It was coming

up in the House this morning, and unless I am greatly mistaken it has already been acted upon."

"According to what I saw in the papers," said the ex-member stoutly, "it was n't going to come up till to-morrow morning."

"I think," said the chairman, smiling slightly at the active member, "you will find Mr. Osgood to be correct. The matter is to be considered to-morrow."

A general smile was indulged in at the expense of the active member. It naturally piqued him.

"I submit," he urged, "that in any case it is too late, with our rush of business, to reopen this matter again."

"I must say," said the chairman, "that I see no objection to hearing Mr. Osgood on the question."

"Of course, Mr. Chairman, it's immaterial to me," said the active member scornfully. "I merely wished to save the time of the committee." He sat down and began drumming lightly on his desk.

"I thank you, sir," said the ex-member to the chairman, "and I want to take up just as little of your time as I can; so I'll get right at what I was goin' to say. The other day, in readin' over this real estate law, I came across something that's bothered me considerable, and that's what I came down here to call your attention to. Gentlemen, if you'll take your documents and turn to the third section you'll find it runs something like this: 'Any title to land *duly guaranteed* and conveyed by a deed, executed and delivered by the person or by the attorney having authority therefor, shall be sufficient without any other act or ceremony to convey real estate.' Now, gentlemen, what I want to know is, just why that change was made thar."

"I understand, Mr. Chairman," said one member, "that that part of the law was an exact copy of the old one."

"It is," said the ex-member, "with the exception of one thing, and that is

the insertion of the word 'guarantee' in thar. Now, I'd like to ask you, gentlemen, — if it's in order, — just what that word 'guarantee' means?"

"I think I can answer that question, Mr. Chairman, if that's all our friend wants to know," said the active member, jumping up rather quickly. "When that agitation of the Torrens registration system was up, some of those people got that word put in there for reasons best known to themselves. Then they got beaten, and since then nobody's taken the trouble to cut it out.

"And there's no reason why they should, Mr. Chairman. It's perfectly safe as it stands. All it can be construed to mean is, that the seller of the property gives his guarantee that his title is all right, which, as you are aware, sir, is practically what he does now."

"Maybe that's right, sir," said the ex-member, regarding the active member severely. "Maybe that's all there is to it. But I'll not give in till somebody explains to me one more thing, — about a little paragraph that they're tackin' on to the end of the corporation laws the last minute. Maybe you can tell all about that, too. If you can I wisht you would."

The ex-member stopped and began fumbling with some papers in the inside pocket of his coat.

"Well, sir," said the active member, "if you will state your question, I will endeavor to do what I can for you."

The ex-member evidently had difficulty in finding what he wanted. Meanwhile the active member began irritating him, and diverting his attention by a fire of suggestions, none of which seemed pertinent.

"It was n't the section on their taxation, was it?"

"No, sir."

"Nor the one on registration?"

"No, sir, it ain't; you wait a minute and I'll find it."

The active member sat back and

yawned demonstratively. A number of others followed his example. The committee was getting restive. The ex-member saw it and grew more and more confused. If he should lose the attention of the committee now, he might as well have never come.

"I thought I had it where I could lay my hands right on it," he said apologetically, shuffling over his papers with agitated hands. "I don't see how I could have lost it."

"Give us the substance of it, Mr. Os-good," suggested the chairman.

"Well, you see, Mr. Chairman," said the ex-member, "my memory is n't so good as it once was, especially when I get a little excited, and I'm afraid I would n't make my point clear."

He went on with his tremulous hunting. The longer it took him the more pleased apparently was the active member. He leaned over and whispered to another committeeman to amuse himself.

"Can't I help you find it?" asked the good-natured member.

"No, sir, I'm afraid not," said the ex-member. Just then his face lighted up. "Oh, here it is now." He opened the shaking paper and read aloud:—

"'No person, or persons, or corporation, shall engage in the guaranteeing of land titles in this state who shall not have a paid-in capital of at least \$250,000.'"

As he read this his courage returned to him.

"I wisht you 'd tell me, if you can," he said, looking toward the active member, "how those two laws are goin' to get along on the statute books together."

The active member suddenly grew red.

"You 'll have to go over that again," he said.

"Well, then, this is it in a nutshell: in the first section I gave you, you have to guarantee your land, don't you? In the second, thar 's only one thing can guarantee it, ain't there. — one of these land guarantee companies, with \$250,000 cap-

ital? Now, what I want to know is, how do you get around that?"

He paused, and turned toward the active member, waiting for his reply.

The active member had become very much flushed and embarrassed. Several members began whispering and looking in his direction. Finally he spoke; he seemed to think something was expected of him.

"I—don't think I ever gave that matter any particular attention," he stammered; "in fact, the idea is new to me. And I'm not sure but that last clause was introduced by me for some of my constituents, too. But the thought—of any connection—between the two sections—never occurred to me until this moment.

"It may be," he added, "that this gentleman has called our attention to something which we have all overlooked."

The other committeemen certainly saw the point.

"By George!" said one member, "I believe the old man 's right."

The ex-member went on to his final appeal.

"Now, gentlemen," he said, "what I'm interested in is this more especially: what would a law like that mean to the farmers of this state? I speak for them because I know about 'em; I've been a farmer among farmin' people all my life. You know just as well 's I do how things have been goin' with the farmers late years; their land 's all they've got, but more 'n half the farmers' lands in the state ain't worth enough to pay taxes on to-day. And now somebody comes along and says that every farmer and every farmer's widow and orphans in the state that wants to sell a little piece of land has got to pay twenty-five dollars to one of these big, greedy corporations for the privilege. Maybe that ain't robbery, sir, but it looks to me about as thorough as if you stood up a majority of the decent, self-supportin'

people of this state in a line, and went through their pockets and took out twenty-five dollars apiece for the benefit of these land guarantee companies. What's the excuse for that kind of law, Mr. Chairman? What's the defense of it? Thar ain't any, sir, and you know it, except that thar's somebody taking advantage of this legislature and its rush of business, and tryin' to push it through unwatched and unnoticed under cover of darkness.

"And when I saw that, sir, I could n't stan' it; I just had to come down here and speak about it. And now I've done so, sir, I know it'll be all right.

"This is the state I was born and raised in, Mr. Chairman, and have been proud of for more than sixty years," said the ex-member, with a growing waver in his voice, "and my father and grandfather before me; and I know at this late day thar ain't any legislature of hers here assembled that's goin' to foul her record by passing any such unjust and inequitable laws as this one is. No, sir.

"I've got to be an old man, Mr. Chairman, and old men are apt to be tedious, I understand that. And if I've taken up too much of your time, I want you to excuse me. But I've been bound up in the affairs of this republic, and more especially in this state of ours, ever since I was a boy. And when I saw this thing, I said to myself, 'Maybe here's a chance where I can do her just one more service before I die.' And I believe I've done it; yes, sir, I believe I have. And if it turns out the way I think it will, Mr. Chairman, it'll be a satisfaction that there can't anybody take away from me, not so long as I live — to think, old as I am, I've been able to be of some service to this state. This grand old state, sir, God bless her, may she stan' pure and upright and powerful among her sister states, sir, long after you and I, and our children, and our grandchildren's children, have

been gathered into honored graves in her soil.

"And now, Mr. Chairman," said the ex-member, apologetically lowering his voice after his outburst of sentiment, "I guess that's all, unless somebody wants to ask me any questions. And I want to thank your committee for their attention."

When he had finished, the committee-men were busy comparing the two sections and whispering to one another.

"That would be a *nice* little steal," said one.

"Yes, that would be pretty," said another.

Then they began laughing, though two or three, among them the active member, did not laugh so loud as the rest. The last-named gentleman seemed especially self-conscious.

The ex-member stood waiting.

"Gentlemen," asked the chairman, "is there any question you would like to ask Mr. Osgood?"

"I guess not," said one voice, "I guess that's all we want."

The ex-member secured his hat and cane and started for the door.

The good-natured member detained him. "I wish to state, Mr. Chairman," he said, "in behalf of this committee, that we are exceedingly grateful to Mr. Osgood for appearing before us. I for one am practically convinced that he is right in the matter; and I can assure him that if such is the case, this law will be amended before it is passed. I may add also, as the sentiment of my associates, as well as of myself, that this state was fortunate when she enjoyed the services of the generation of men of which Mr. Osgood is a representative. Apparently they set a standard which is rather high for the present generation to realize."

The members of the committee applauded generously at this, and the ex-member, flushed and excited, bowed his acknowledgments and retreated to the

corridor, full of the fierce delight of accomplishment. He had been outside but a few moments before the good-natured member overtook him.

"We are n't going to let you run away like this," he said pleasantly.

Then they took the ex-member and showed him through the magnificent new state house; and they brought in the oldest member of the legislature, who had just started his service in the House when the ex-member was leaving the Senate, and these two shook hands and discussed forgotten issues together. And, finally, the good-natured member, who was a personal friend of the governor, took the ex-member in to meet the chief executive.

The governor told the ex-member that he understood he had done the people of the state a most valuable service in calling the attention of the legislature to its oversight, and the soul of the ex-member was filled with pride and exultation. The ex-member told the governor he had known his father, and admired him as much as any man in the politics of his time, which pleased the governor greatly. He insisted on the ex-member's calling again at the close of the day's work.

Toward the end of the afternoon,

when business was over in the state house, an unusual couple ascended the big front steps. One was an awkward man of middle age, clad in a dull, heavy suit of gray store clothes. The other was a white, sharp-faced woman, dressed in a purple gown, black cotton gloves, and a most eccentric hat. She was evidently the commander of the expedition.

"This is the state house, ain't it?" she inquired of a janitor.

"Yes'm," said that official.

"Well, we've come here lookin' for our father; he's run away from home, and we kind of suspect he's come down here to talk to the legislature. He's real kind of feeble, and sometimes we think he ain't just right in his mind, especially on politics. He's been talkin' considerable lately about some new statutes or something of that kind, and we were sort of 'fraid he'd wandered down here and made a fuss. You ain't seen anything of him round here, have you?"

"Is it the old gentleman with white hair, that's been talkin' to the committee on the land law you mean?" asked the janitor.

"Yes," said the woman, "that's him."

"Yes'm," said the janitor impressively, "I know where *he* is. He's up takin' dinner with the governor."

George Kibbe Turner.

IN AN ALPINE POSTING-INN.

To the mind curious in contrasts — surely one of the chief pleasures of travel — there can be no better preparation for a descent into Italy than a sojourn among the upper Swiss valleys. To pass from the region of the obviously picturesque — the country contrived, it would seem, for the delectation of the *cœur à poésie facile* — to that sophisticated landscape where the face of nature seems moulded by the passions and imaginings

of man is one of the most suggestive transitions in the rapidly diminishing range of such experiences.

Nowhere is this contrast more acutely felt than in one of the upper Grisons villages. The anecdotic Switzerland of the lakes is too remote from Italy, geographically and historically, to evoke a comparison. The toy chalet, with its air of self-conscious neatness, making one feel that if one lifted the roof it would

disclose a row of tapes and scissors, or the shining cylinders of a musical box, recalls cabinetwork rather than architecture; the swept and garnished streets, the precise gardens, the subjugated vines, present the image of an old maids' paradise that would be thrown into hopeless disarray by the introduction of anything as irregular as a work of art. In the Grisons, however, where only a bald gray pass divides one from Italy, its influence is felt, in a negative sense, in the very untidiness of the streets, the growth of rank weeds along the base of rough glaring walls, the drone of flies about candidly exposed manure heaps. More agreeably, the same influence shows itself in the rude old centaurean houses, with their wrought-iron window grilles and great escutcheons surmounting the malodorous darkness of a stable. These are the houses of people conscious of Italy, and transplanting to their bleak heights, either from poverty of invention, or an impulse as sentimental as our modern habit of "collecting," the thick walls, the small windows, the jutting eaves of dwellings designed under a sultry sky. So vivid is the reminiscence that one almost expects to see a cypress leaning against the peach-colored walls of the village *douane*; but the cypress, with all it stands for, is missing. . . .

It is not easy, in the height of the Swiss season, to light on a nook neglected by the pervasive tourist; but at Splügen he still sweeps by in a cloud of diligence-dust, or pauses only to gulp a flask of Paradiso and a rosy trout from the Suretta Lakes. One's enjoyment of the place is thus enhanced by the spectacle of the misguided hundreds who pass it by, and from the vantage of the solitary meadows above the village one may watch the throngs descending on Thusis or Chiavenna with something of the satisfaction that mediæval schoolmen believed to be the portion of angels looking down upon the damned.

Splügen abounds in such points of observation. On all sides one may climb from the shores of the Rhine, through larch thickets tremulous with the leap of water, to the grassy levels far above, whence the valley is seen lengthening southward to a great concourse of peaks. In the morning these upper meadows are hot and bright, and one is glad of the red-aisled pines and the streams cooling the aromatic dusk; but toward sunset, when the shadows make the slopes of turf look like an expanse of tumbled velvet, it is pleasant to pace the open ledges, watching the sun recede from the valley, where stooping mowers are still sweeping the grass into long curved lines like ridges of the sea, while the pine woods on the eastern slopes grow black and the upper snows whiten like cold ashes.

The landscape is simple, spacious, and serene. The fields suggest the tranquil rumination of generations of cattle, the woods offer cool security to sylvan life, the mountains present blunt weather-beaten surfaces rather than the subtle contours, wrinkled as by meditation, of the Italian Alps. It is a scene in which one feels that *nothing has ever happened*: the haunting adjective is that which Whitman applies to the American West, — "the large *unconscious* scenery of my native land."

Switzerland is like a dinner served in the old-fashioned way, with all the dishes put on the table at once: every valley has its flowery mead, its "horrid" gorge, its chamois-haunted peak, its wood and waterfall. In Italy the effects are brought on in courses, and memory is thus able to differentiate the landscape, even without the help of that touch of human individuality to which, after all, the best Italian scenery is but a setting. At Splügen, as in most Swiss landscapes, the human interest — the evidence of man's presence — is an interruption rather than a climax. The village of Splügen, huddled on a ledge above the

Rhine, sheepishly turns the backs of its houses on the view, as though conscious of making a poor show compared to the tremendous performance of nature. Between these houses, set at unconsidered angles like boxes hastily piled on a shelf, cobblestone streets ramble up the hills; but after a few yards they lapse into mountain paths, and the pastures stoop unabashed to the back doors of Splügen.

Agriculture seems, in fact, the little town's excuse for being. The whole of Splügen, at this season, is as one arm at the end of a scythe. All day long the lines of stooping figures — men, women, and children, grandfathers and industrious babes — spread themselves over the hillsides in an ever-widening radius, interminably cutting, raking, and stacking the grass. The lower slopes are first laid bare; then, to the sheer upper zone of pines, the long grass thick with larkspur, mountain pink and orchis gradually recedes before the rising tide of mowers. Even in the graveyard of the high-perched church the scythes swing between mounds overgrown with campanulas and martagon lilies; so that one may fancy the dust of generations of thrifty villagers enriching the harvests of posterity.

This, indeed, is the only destiny one can imagine for them. The past of such a place must have been as bucolic as its present: the mediæval keep crumbling on its wooded spur above the Rhine was surely perched there that the lords of the valley might have an eye to the grazing cattle and command the manœuvres of the mowers. The noble Georgiis, who lived in the escutcheoned houses and now lie under such a wealth of quarterings in the church and graveyard, must have been experts in fertilizers and stock-raising; nor can one figure, even for the seventeenth-century mercenary of the name, whose epitaph declares him to have been "captain of his Spanish Majesty's cohorts," emotions more poign-

ant, when he came home from the wars, than that evoked by the tinkle of cow bells in the pasture and the cognate vision of a table groaning with smoked beef and Cyclopean cheeses.

So completely are the peasants in the fields a part of the soil they cultivate, that during the day one may be said to have the whole of Splügen to one's self, from the topmost peaks to the deserted highroad. In the evening the scene changes; and the transformation is not unintentionally described in theatrical terms, since the square which, after sunset, becomes the centre of life in Splügen bears an absurd resemblance to a stage setting. One side of this square is bounded by the long weather-beaten front of the posting-inn — but the inn deserves a parenthesis. Built long ago, and then abandoned, so the village tradition runs, by a "great Italian family," its exterior shows the thick walls, the projecting eaves and oval attic openings of an old Tuscan house; while within, a monastic ramification of stone-vaulted corridors leads to rooms ceiled and paneled with sixteenth-century woodwork. The stone terrace before this impressive dwelling forms the proscenium where, after dinner, the spectators assemble. To the right of the square stands the pale pink "Post and Telegraph Bureau." Beyond, closing in the right wing at a stage angle, is a mysterious yellowish house with an arched entrance. Facing these, on the left, are the *dépendance* of the inn and the custom house; while in the left background the village street is seen winding down, between houses that look like "studies" in old-fashioned drawing books (with the cracks in the plaster done in very black lead), to the bridge across the Rhine and the first loops of the post road over the Splügen. Opposite the inn is the obligatory village fountain, the rallying point of the chorus, backed by a stone parapet overhanging the torrent which acts

as an invisible orchestra; and beyond the parapet, snow peaks fill the distance.

Dinner over, the orchestra is heard tuning its instruments, and the chorus, recruited from the hayfields, begin to gather in the wings. A dozen choristers straggle in and squat on the jutting basement of the post office; others hang picturesquely about the fountain, or hover up the steep street, awaiting the prompter's call. Presently some of the subordinate characters stroll across the stage: the owner of the sawmill on the Rhine, a tall man deferentially saluted by the chorus; two personages in black coats, with walking sticks, who always appear together and have the air of being joint syndics of the village; a gentleman of leisure, in a cap with a visor, smoking a long Italian cigar and attended by an inquisitive Pomeranian; a citizen in white socks and carpet slippers, giving his arm to his wife, and preceded by a Bewickian little boy with a green butterfly-box over his shoulder; the gold-braided custom-house officer hurrying up rather late for his cue; two or three local ladies in sunburnt millinery and spectacles, who drop in to see the postmistress; and a showy young man with the look of having seen life at Chur or Bellinzona, who emerges from the post office conspicuously reading a letter, to the undisguised interest of the chorus, the ladies, and the Pomeranian. As these figures pass and repass in a kind of social silence, they suggest the leisurely opening of some play composed before the unities were abolished, and peopled by types with generic names, — the innkeeper, the postmistress, the syndic; some comedy of Goldoni's, perhaps, but void even of Goldoni's simple malice. . . .

Meanwhile the porter has lit the oil lantern hanging by a chain over the door of the inn; a celestial hand has performed a similar office for the evening star above the peaks; and through

the hush that has settled on the square comes a distant sound of bells. . . . Instantly the action begins; the innkeeper appears, supported by the porter and waiter; a wave of animation runs through the chorus; the Pomeranian trots down the road; and presently the fagged leaders of the *Thüsis* diligence turn their heads round the corner of the square. The preposterous yellow coach — a landau attached to a glass "*Clarence*" — crosses the cobble-paved stage, swinging round with a grand curve to the inn door; vague figures, detaching themselves from the chorus, flit about the horses or help the guard to lift the luggage down; the two syndics, critically aloof, lean on their sticks to watch the scene; the Pomeranian bustles between the tired horses' legs; and the diligence doors let out a menagerie of those strange folk whom one sees only on one's travels. Here they come, familiar as the figures in a Noah's ark: Germans first, the little triple-chinned man with a *Dachshund*, out of *Fliegende Blätter*, the slippered Hercules with a face like that at the end of a meerschaum pipe, and their sentimental females; shrill and vivid Italians; a pleasant fat-faced priest; Americans going "right through," with their city and state writ large upon their luggage; English girls like navvies, and Frenchmen like girls. The arched doorway absorbs them, and another jingle of bells and a flash of lamps on the bridge proclaim that the *Chiavenna* diligence is coming. . . .

The same ceremony repeats itself; and another detachment of the traveling menagerie descends. This time there is a family of rodents, who look as though they ought to be inclosed in wire-netting and judiciously nourished on lettuce; there is a small fierce man in knickerbockers and a sash, conducting a large submissive wife and two hypocritical little boys who might have stepped out of *The Mirror of the Mind*; there is an unfortunate lady in spectacles, who looks

like one of the Creator's rejected experiments, and carries a gray linen bag embroidered with forget-me-nots; there is the inevitable youth with an alpenstock, who sends home a bunch of edelweiss to his awe-struck family. . . . These too disappear; the horses are led away; the chorus disperses, the lights go out, the performance is over. Only one spectator lingers, a thoughtful man in a snuff-colored overcoat, who gives the measure of the social resources of Splügen by the deliberate way in which, evening after evening, he walks round the empty diligences, looks into their windows, examines the wheels and poles, and then mournfully vanishes into the darkness.

At last the two diligences have the

silent square to themselves. There they stand, side by side in dusty slumber, till the morning cow bells wake them to departure. One goes back to Thusis; to the region of good hotels, pure air, and scenic platitudes. It may go empty for all we care. But the other . . . the other wakes from its Alpine sleep to climb the cold pass at sunrise and descend by hot windings into the land where the church steeples turn into *campanili*, where the vine, breaking from perpendicular bondage, flings a liberated embrace about the mulberries, and far off, beyond the plain, the mirage of domes and spires, of painted walls and sculptured altars, beckons forever across the dustiest tracts of memory. In that diligence our seats are taken.

Edith Wharton.

A LETTER FROM FRANCE.

THE Dreyfus affair, never so all-absorbing and sensational an interest here as most foreigners supposed, has long ceased to be talked about. Its uglier phases having been emphasized by the pestilential activity of the politicians, of all parties, it dropped into the background, from which it should never have been forced, as soon as the politicians, seeing no more capital to be made out of it, ceased to busy themselves with it. It has taken something like its proper place in history, and seems to-day quite as remote as the Panama or the Boulanger scandal. Without having agreed to forgive or having any notion of forgiving, all but the protagonists have come, quite involuntarily, to forget.

The Dreyfus affair defined roughly the respective spheres of the civil and military powers, but did not settle the question of the supremacy of the one over the other, about which so much ado was made, for the very good reason that the

question was never directly raised. It rendered unavoidable the humiliation of Fashoda. It occasioned several strange marriages; none quite so strange as that between the revolutionists (anarchists and socialists) and a hitherto anti-socialistic republican group.

It revealed many things — everything almost, except its own secret — by a sort of cathode-ray efficacy with which it was strangely endowed: long-forgotten or ignored but permanent cleavages and affinities in society; the nastiness of the entire European spy system; the uncertainty of the morals of diplomats; the unwisdom of public trials where either the one or the other of these two factors is involved; the crying defects of the Latin code of law and legal procedure; the anomalies of the French Constitution, especially on the side of the separation of powers; the tyrannical rigidity of the military code of honor; the *esprit de corps* of the army,

its stringent discipline (evidenced by a remarkable passivity under violent attack), and its loyalty to the Republic; the esteem in which the army is held by the majority, and the loathing in which it is held by the minority; the growth of disarmament sentiment; the vigor of internationalism; the patriotism of the supposed dilettante classes; the inconvenience of an unbridled, sensational press.

Like war — it was a kind of bloodless civil war — it brought out the best and the worst there is in men. Dreyfusards and Anti-Dreyfusards vied with one another in faith, in moral heroism, in Quixotic sacrifice, for what they respectively believed to be the right; as they did in meanness, narrowness, bitterness, cruelty, brutality, and blackguardism. It has left little behind it, apart from personal rancors, except an aroused national self-consciousness, a Nationalist party garrulous but small, the Waldeck-Rousseau ministry, and the open advocacy, in certain quarters, of a militia instead of a standing army, — an advocacy which waxes and wanes humorously enough at present, in exact correspondence with the victories and defeats of the Boers.

Of the events of one sort or another growing out of the Dreyfus affair, — the stifling by the Dupuy ministry of the popular welcome to Marchand, Déroulède's attempt to debauch the army at Reuilly, his trial and acquittal by the Jury of the Seine, the suppression of the principal Dreyfusard and Anti-Dreyfusard leagues, the assault on President Loubet at the races, the siege of Fort Chabrol, the pillaging of the church of St. Joseph by the anarchists, the revolutionary manifestation at the dedication of Dalon's monument *Le Triomphe de la République*, the conspiracy trial before the Senate sitting as a high court, and the prosecution of the Assumptionist Fathers (what a list!), — no one seems, even at this short distance, of any great moment.

True, the high court trial was provided with the pomp and circumstance that should bespeak a ceremony of the first importance; but it was so plainly a mere move in a political game that the country was quite unable to take it seriously. Its main interest lay in the emphasis it placed on the confusion of powers in the French Constitution. "There is a real confusion of powers," says Montesquieu, "when the legislative function and the judicial function are exercised by the same man or the same body of men." That three dangerous disturbers of the public peace — Déroulède, Habert, and Guérin — received thereby well-merited punishment does not palliate the enormity of the trial, by an elective, legislative body whose members are actively engaged in politics, of political opponents for political crimes. Déroulède, threatening to overthrow the Senate, is judged by the Senate. There is confusion of powers for you and worse! If such a proceeding is constitutional, — and there is no reason to doubt that it is, — so much the worse for the Constitution.

Lamartine once said, "The first need of a government is to live, well or ill." The present coalition ministry, the three principal members of which — Waldeck-Rousseau, Millerand, and de Gallifet — are natural antagonists, has come to be popularly known as "the irreversible." It has kept itself in power far beyond the wildest prophecy or its own fondest hope by a supple talent that compels admiration. Aside from showing a wavering tendency to pursue Jules Ferry's policy of destroying the political influence of the church by coercion, it has done little else, perhaps, that is worth recounting except keep itself in power, — for it is impossible to admit its claim, based on the high court trial, to be the saviour of the Republic; but in view of the circumstances under which it took office, as a sort of "special police" to oversee the retrial of Dreyfus at Rennes, and its more than heterogeneous compo-

sition, it is a colossal triumph of address to have done that. The Waldeck-Rousseau ministry must be rated, then, a success, as ministries go, and must be admitted to have earned honestly the honor it has obtrusively coveted of presiding over the fêtes of the Exposition.

The internal dissensions incident to the Dreyfus affair and the nearness of the Exposition have combined to prevent aggressiveness in foreign relations during the last three years. The foreign policy of 1899, thanks to the continuance of M. Delcassé in power, was the logical consequence of that of the year preceding, — rare thing in France! A better feeling toward Germany, a worse feeling toward England, and a lively sympathy for the Boers have prevailed among the people, for reasons good and bad; but the foreign department has wisely limited itself, in the impossibility of being brilliant, to being impeccably correct. Nothing, therefore, is more improbable than the war between France and England which yellow journals on both sides of the Channel have been tirelessly predicting and doing their impotent utmost to force. On this subject, M. Delcassé's official declaration (April 3), which has been posted on the walls of all the communes of France, should be convincing.

It has been said that the politicians were responsible for the uglier aspects of the Dreyfus case, and that the high court trial was a political manoeuvre. Contemporary France is suffering acutely from the exploitation of the professional politician. The professional politician dominates the Chambers, and the Chambers dominate, in their turn, not only the ministry, the presidency, and the magistracy, but also, by reason of the high degree of centralization inherited from the Second Empire, nearly every phase of the country's corporate life, and many phases of the private life of the citizens. The President of the Republic is the Chambers' creation, and must be, if he aspires to reelection, their creature.

The ministers are totally at the mercy of the Chambers, and the magistrates, who are not venal, to their credit be it said, but who are ambitious, — Brieux's *La Robe Rouge*, now running at the Vaudeville, satirizes admirably their preoccupation with promotion, — offend them at their peril. The Chambers are, furthermore, the non-resident landlords, so to speak, of the departments and the communes, and industry, trade, and agriculture are their playthings. In a word, they are cursed with that omnipotence which Lamartine called (1848) "the pitfall of legislatures; the delirium of popular assemblies as despotism is the delirium of kings."

Though they were angels, the members of the Chambers could hardly refrain from abusing such excessive power, and they are so far from being angels that they are not even high-minded men. They are, allowing for fine exceptions, vulgar, mediocre, selfish types, swayed by ignoble ambitions, petty jealousies, and contemptible rivalries, politicians, and tools of politicians, in public life for what is to be got out of it, and consequently, even when not downright dishonest, unreluctant to sacrifice the general interest to their private ends.

The result of the multiplication of inefficiency and unscrupulousness by power is scurrility in debate, tumultuous sessions, malicious manoeuvrings, frequent ministerial crises,¹ — the ministerial crisis is the ambitious deputy's opportunity, — and correspondingly frequent distributions of spoils; narrowness, capriciousness, incoherence and inadequacy in legislation; shortsightedness and instability in foreign and colonial programmes; popular discontent, disenchantment, and distrust.

The unloveliness of the situation cannot be exaggerated, but it may easily be taken too much to heart.

¹ There have been thirty-eight ministries since the Republic began, with an average duration of nine months.

M. Paul de Rousiers, in the last volume of his able work *La Vie Américaine*, says: "America has her evils like all human societies; but it is not by its evils, it is by the force of resistance it opposes to them, that the vigor of a society is to be judged. All societies would be doomed to perish speedily if the diseases with which they are afflicted constituted a cause of ruin, and yet history shows us that some peoples manage to grow and prosper despite the crises they meet, while others disappear under the assault of analogous crises. Now, one of the most striking traits of American society is its marvelous capacity for surmounting crises."

If the test which M. de Rousiers applies to the United States is applied to France, the verdict, *mutatis mutandis*, is the same. One of the most striking characteristics of French society is its marvelous capacity for surmounting crises. All French history proves it:—

"Le Français semble au saule verdissant,
Plus on le coupe et plus il est naissant;
Il rejétonne en branches davantage
Et prend vigueur dans son propre dommage."

So sang Ronsard centuries ago, and so, in the light of the last hundred years, or even of the last thirty years (Sedan, the Commune, McMahonism, Boulangerism, Panamaism, Dreyfusism), a modern Ronsard might sing. It is not idle rhetoric to say that France has "a hope as great as her past."

Intelligent reaction against the deplorable governmental situation has set in. The chief prerequisite to betterment is already completely fulfilled. The evil is universally known and acknowledged. Men of all parties, agreed in little else, concur in the opinion that the government works badly. Disgust with the current spoils system is widespread.

"As to the government under which we live, it seems to me," says Émile Faguet, "that it has 'done' its time, that it has 'done' its darndest (pardon the paraphrase), and that it has 'done' little else."

"I despise," says Léon Daudet, "the profession of politician such as I see it practiced in France by most of our parliamentarians. Hypocrisy, deceit; such is the programme of these knaves. They believe in but one thing, the patience of the people, and they exploit it in a thousand ways."

"I think, for my part," says Maurice Barrès, "that the apparent decadence of our country is due to the fact that our incompetent governors do not know how to utilize its real superiorities. The masses of the people, the workers, the taxpayers, have immense reserves of force." Even *Le Temps*, the orthodoxy of whose republicanism cannot be questioned, laments: "We find ourselves to-day in such a state of uneasiness and upon so dangerous a declivity that all minds not altogether reckless of the future are seeking some organic and profound reform."

This general disaffection and desire for change is too well based and honestly reasoned to be classed as fickleness. It is not to be confounded with the machinations of the monarchic reactionaries, on the one hand, or with the propaganda of the socialists and anarchists, on the other, though in charging the atmosphere with unrest it may add somewhat to the strength of each of these. It is not derived from the blind faith in the infallibility and saving power of institutions which leads logically to revolutions, — revolution, and no wonder, has come to be a synonym, almost, for disillusion, — but from a sane conviction, grounded in observation and experience, that the improvement of institutions, while it cannot annihilate the evils of society, may somewhat lessen them. It is entirely consistent with loyalty to the Republic which is stronger at this moment, there is every reason to believe, than ever before. Indeed, as a certain Academician wittily puts it, "France loves the Republic so much that, having had her fill of the one she possesses, she would like another."

The principal reforms being advocated are: compulsory suffrage; administrative decentralization; a supreme court on the model of the Supreme Court of the United States; election of judges by the Cour de Cassation, and of the Cour de Cassation by the bar of France; individual responsibility of ministers; a single term for deputies and senators; proportional representation; withdrawal from the Chambers of the right of initiative in matters of finance; election of President by direct vote of the people, for advocating which somewhat too noisily and impatiently Paul Déroulède is now in banishment; limited initiative and referendum for the people.

If opinion were as unanimous regarding the exact change needed as it is regarding the need of a change, the present régime would not last longer than the time necessary to call and hold a constitutional convention. But the schemes of revision brought forward are so many and so conflicting, of such varying degrees of sense and of nonsense, that a constitutional convention, though favored by so sagacious and sound a Republican as Paul Deschanel (President of the Chamber), is regarded by a majority of the thoughtful as impracticable for the present, the circumstances which seem to cry loudest for it being the very circumstances which render its convocation difficult and even dangerous.

In this dilemma, a commendable tendency is manifest to do the simple, obvious things; to get what little may be got from legislation in the way of improvement; and to enlighten and elevate the universal suffrage ("organize the universal suffrage" is the catchword) to the end of putting better men in office against the time when the destinies of the country may be intrusted, without the slightest risk, to an Assembly of Revision.

Of the numerous movements occupied with the "organization of the universal suffrage," the decentralization move-

ment enlists the most parties, the most classes, and the most tastes: the idyllicist, Theuriot, as well as the "professor of energy," Barrès; the dilettante, Bourget, as well as the iconoclast, Paul Adam. It is gradually effecting the real decentralization, the mental, moral, and æsthetic emancipation of the provinces from Paris, of which political emancipation must be, in the long run, the consequence whether it is put deliberately to the fore or not.

By diverse and in some cases seemingly trivial efforts for the regeneration and enrichment of local life, civic interest, civic loyalty, and a sense of civic responsibility — qualities as essential to good citizenship in the national as in the communal field — are being developed among the voting masses. They constitute a current of progress that is broad, deep, and strong. The decentralization activity, viewed in its entirety, is the most interesting, the most wholesome, and the most promising political movement that France has produced in many years. Carried to its logical conclusion, as with time and patience it may be, it will accomplish, for the good of the country, the utter annihilation of the enormous, demoralizing, and demoralized Napoleonic machine.

This accomplished, France can snap her fingers, as we do in the United States, at the mediocrity and corruption of her legislature, if it continues to be mediocre and corrupt, since it will be powerless to do her, as it is powerless to do us, great harm. So that root, stem, and branch are sound, it is not so very tragic an affair if caterpillars do prey upon a tree's foliage.

At the dedication of the Imperial Museum of Industrial Art at Berlin, in 1881, the Crown Prince of Germany said: "We conquered France on the field of battle in 1870; we wish to conquer her now on the fields of industry and commerce." Frenchmen are not wanting who affirm that the Hohenzol-

lern's wish has been granted, and that the Exposition lately opened will give thereof irrefutable proof. Perhaps these Frenchmen are too easily discouraged, or, perhaps, in the commendable effort to be honest with themselves, they exaggerate. In any event, this much is certain, on the eve of an exposition, one of the main objects of which is to illustrate the progress of industry and commerce, French industry and commerce are not as flourishing as they should be.

Time was, not so very remote either, that France was the first commercial nation in Europe and the second in the world. A large part of the business of Havre and Marseilles, then the most important European ports, has gone since to Genoa, Bremen, Antwerp, Ostend, and Hamburg. Of the shipping that does frequent French ports only thirty per cent is French. France has been crowded out of the Levant, where her activity was prodigious, by England, Germany, the United States, Russia, and even by Austria, Italy, and Greece. During the past decade, a period of exceptional commercial expansion for nearly every country of America and Europe, the volume of France's foreign trade has remained almost stationary.

As it is with her commerce, so it is with her industry. The exportation of manufactured articles has decreased, while their importation has proportionally increased, to the advantage of Germany, mainly. Furthermore, she is beginning to encounter serious competition in the field of industrial art, where her supremacy for all time seemed to be secure. The government is in a measure responsible for this deplorable state of affairs. The dearth of navigable water ways, inadequacy of port and transportation facilities, exorbitance of freight charges and port dues, indifference and insolence of the railroad and steamboat monopolies, maladjustment of the protective tariff and the annoying manner in which the taxes, unavoidably high, are

imposed and collected, — these, as well as a lack of the steadiness and continuity in policy which inspires business confidence, must be laid at its door. But the government is not the only culprit by any means.

The merchants of France are, as a rule, wedded to routine and wanting in intelligent enterprise, not to say audacity. Disliking travel, they depend too much on middlemen who exact excessive commissions. They do not know, and do not seem to care to know, the fluctuations of the markets in which they operate, or the needs and tastes of the populations they are supposed to serve.

The manufacturers are almost equally devoid of initiative and enterprise. They cling to old-fashioned machinery, put up with slow workmen, and placidly permit Lowell, Manchester, and Berlin to profit by the French designs and designers it should be their first business to exploit. So long as they can rub along from season to season without deficits, they are content with their prosperity and at peace with God and the world.

French investors are timid, unwilling to take large risks for large profits. Funds that should go to found new industries are put into government securities, the big folk being satisfied if their incomes are not curtailed, the small folk being solely ambitious to become modest *rentiers*. An antediluvian prejudice against business and an exaggerated, ridiculous reverence for the government service and the liberal professions condemn to relative unproductiveness persons who are well equipped for industrial and commercial enterprise.

Fonctionnarisme is, after professional politics, of which, in a sense, it forms a part, the greatest evil of contemporary France. Of the 420,000 national functionaries, maintained at an annual outlay of 630,000,000 francs, 50,000, by the most conservative estimate, hold absolute sinecures. In other words, 50,000 persons, mainly of the middle class,

are a drain on the community to the producing power of which they should be contributing their capital and intelligence. *Fonctionnarisme* has another much more serious aspect. Rejected applicants, hoping always for ultimate success, postpone year after year establishing themselves in life. Many of them are permanently demoralized in consequence, and go to swell, sooner or later, the army of the shabby-genteel proletariat. At the prefecture of the Seine, 64,000 applications for 1100 positions are on record. To be sure, this dismayingly proportion, or rather disproportion, does not hold good throughout France, but it is worth noting as illustrating the phenomena the bureaucratic mania from time to time develops. With only six applications for one place instead of sixty, two million and a half persons would be directly, many more indirectly, involved.

Happily, there are plenty of signs that the industrial and commercial retrogression of France — which is, after all, not so much a retrogression as a failure to advance while other nations are advancing — has been arrested. Necessity, the best of logicians, is forcing young men to do the things they never would have done from choice. What is more, they are taking, to their own great surprise, infinite zest in the doing, and thus gaining an entirely new outlook on life with which to endow their children. The overcrowding of the public offices and the liberal professions, the low rate of interest and the high rate of taxes, the entrance of women upon careers hitherto considered the exclusive property of men, and the prospect of their entry into the public offices, are combining to render the placid, unhurried gentility of the professional man and the sunny tranquillity of the functionary and the modest rentier more and more chimerical, and must end by driving thousands of non-producers into active careers.

Besides, France is as keenly alive to her industrial and commercial as she is to her governmental situation (nothing damaging or uncomplimentary has been said here that Frenchmen do not say hourly about themselves), and quite as full of resolves to mend it, because of its closer touch with daily living. She knows that her industrial and business forces, too long fatuously incredulous of foreign competition, need to be organized like her universal suffrage, and has set about the task.

In Mexico, the Argentine Republic, and the kingdom of Menelik a business foothold has been acquired. The rage for cheapness which possesses the world has at last, after much reluctance, been admitted. National pride has at last succumbed to a sane resolve to copy foreigners as, for centuries, foreigners have copied Frenchmen. Long-established, dead-and-alive technical and industrial schools are being rejuvenated and new ones founded. Secondary education, both public and private, is gradually being given a highly practical turn. The honorableness of trade, its place and function in civilization, the benefits of travel, the value of vigorous initiative, the pettiness of *fonctionnarisme* are being inculcated by the schools, the press, and even the pulpit. It is becoming the fashion for boys destined to industry or commerce to finish off their education by a sort of apprenticeship in some one of the advanced commercial and industrial countries.

Furthermore, energy is being transferred from the acquirement of new colonies to the development of those already possessed. M. Delcassé's two recent official declarations of policy to this effect have been exceedingly well received by the country, and may be taken as reflecting its opinion. The Comité Duplex, an alert organization of citizens for the encouragement of colonization, has given thousands of lectures on colonial subjects to hundreds

of thousands of people, and has done much to develop a colonizing spirit in the schools and universities besides directly aiding emigration to the colonies in many practical ways. The witty reproach that the cultivation of functionaries constitutes the chief industry of the French colonies will soon cease to be witty if the government and the colonization societies follow their present programmes persistently.

M. Gabriel Bouvalot, the President of the Comité Dupleix, who has devoted the greater part of his life to studying, on the ground, the industries, trade, and colonizing expedients of various peoples, has drawn a highly suggestive and encouraging parallel between the situation of France under Louis XV., after which she "manifested herself by leaps and bounds" of progress, and her situation to-day. French trademarks are still among those most counterfeited. Whatever else has been lost the national reputation for taste, sound workmanship, and exceptional business honesty persists. With this to build on it is not unreasonable to expect that France is about to advance industrially and commercially, not, perhaps, "by leaps and bounds," not, perhaps, sufficiently to rival the colossal mechanical progress of Germany, the United States, and Great Britain (which might not be altogether desirable), but steadily and surely, and sufficiently to restore and maintain the wholesome equilibrium between the forces of the nation which is for the time being disturbed.

There is at least one article of exportation in the manufacture and disposal of which France stands at no disadvantage, namely, the theatrical piece. Her activity in this direction is extraordinary. Émile Augier affirmed, thirty years ago, that the dramatic art is as dear to the French as it was to the Athenians, and only the other day Paul Perret wrote in the *Matin*: "One would hardly be advancing too bold a proposi-

tion in saying that at this hour the French people are divided into halves, one of which can, in all tranquillity, abandon itself to its passion for the theatre since the other half is working furiously to provide it the material for its pleasure. A great writer has said of the Englishman 'he is a political animal.' The same compliment — under a more courteous form — could not be addressed to the Frenchman, but he deserves another; the Frenchman is a 'dramatic biped.'"

More extraordinary than the degree of French activity in the production of the theatrical piece is the nature of the activity. It is, speaking generally, a literary activity. It is one of the real, unassailable glories of France that she has never, for an instant, ceased to have a literary stage in the best and fullest sense of the expression. The plays on the boards constitute an appreciable part of the stock of the bookstalls. Most of them stand that severest of all tests for a play, reading in a quiet corner at home; and this is as true within limits, so general is the insistence on form, of the light as of the heavy pieces.

It is another extraordinary thing that a fair proportion of this literary playwriting activity is and has never ceased to be a poetic activity. A goodly number of each season's productions, and by no means the least successful, — Richepin's *Chemineau*, Coppée's *Pour la Couronne*, Mendès' *Reine Frammette* are cases in point, — are written in rhymed verse.

L'Aiglon is the sensation of 1900 as *Cyrano* was of the seasons of 1898 and 1899, and it is primarily because Rostand is a poet that he has put completely in the shadow such an incomparable stage machinist as Sardou. It gives fresh proof of the persistence of a strong and fine appreciation of poetry in the French people that Rostand's plays have won such signal success.

Literature other than the drama has

suffered somewhat the past year, the past two or three years in fact, from a more or less active participation in the Dreyfus agitation on one side or the other — and as much on the one side as on the other — of nearly all the authoritative writers. No unsuspected, electrifying genius has been revealed; but René Bazin, by the publication of *La Terre qui Meurt* (a study of the Vendée), has earned the right to be rated with the half dozen ablest living French romancers. Bazin's work illustrates a prevalent tendency to "return to the soil," as it were, in literature which promises solid results. The imitation of the local literary movement of Provence, about which so much has been written, to Brittany and Normandy is another illustration of this tendency. Maurice Barrès' studies of Lorraine are still another.

The definite constitution of the de Goncourt Academy (after years of litigation) and the admission to the French Academy of three such youngsters as Henri Lavedan, Paul Deschanel, and Paul Hervieu (Rostand, still younger, is soon to follow) are good auguries for French letters.

The supremacy of French sculpture is almost a truism. No country but America can present the slightest claim to rivalry, and our two most famous sculptors, St. Gaudens and MacMonnies, have, as luck would fix it, taken up their permanent abode in Paris. There is no possibility that French sculptors will become inferior in the present generation to the sculptors of any other people, and there are no signs that they are becoming inferior to their predecessors. Add to the names of Bartholomé, Meunier, and Rodin the names of Barrias, Falguière (spite of some recent failures), Dalon, Chapu, Dubois, St. Marceaux, Caru, Frémiet, and Mercié, give a thought to the list of the great dead, — Rude, Barye, Carpeaux, — and wonder not that enthusiasts say that the spirit of Greece and of the Italy of the Renaissance is

reincarnated in the sculpture of modern France.

Notwithstanding the great loss sustained by the death of Puvis de Chavannes, and the absence of the slightest new impulse in the men who were justly admired fifteen years back, — Carolus-Duran, Bonnat, Gérôme, Flameng, Laurens, Chartran, Constant, Lefèvre, Herbert, Robert-Fleury, Breton, Courtois, and Henner (in whom alone the lack of new impulse seems to be completely pardoned), — French painting is very much alive, and alive to very good purpose. Paris remains, what it has been for a generation, the art school of the world, and, with no serious competition but that of America to meet, the art centre. The atmosphere of the hour is one of general striving rather than of combat. Naturalists, Impressionists, Luminists, and Symbolists have each fought their special fight and won, and left art richer for their victories.

M. René Doumic, writing in 1895, characterized the "movement for the renovation of French poetry" as the "most interesting intellectual movement of the time." If he were called upon to express himself now, he would probably for poetry read music. The production at the Opéra Comique a few months ago of Gustave Charpentier's *Louise* was as striking an event in the musical world as the production of *Cyrano* a couple of years ago was in the dramatic. *Louise* is by no means the first work representing the latest stage of French musical evolution that has been written or performed, but it is the first that has had a dazzling popular success. Its popularity has roused France to the consciousness of possessing not only a new composer of talent, but a new school of music of which it has every reason to be proud.

More books are published in France each year than in Great Britain and the United States combined; more books of a serious nature especially, since France publishes only a quarter as many novels

as England, and only half as many as the United States. In pure learning and in science (in which latter, despite the deaths of the leaders of research Pasteur and Charcot, she was never more earnest than now) she is second only to Germany, and her competition with Germany is growing keener every day.

The French army, none the worse for its recent shaking up, is sound and true, and ample for defense if not for aggression. Her navy, temporarily neglected,

is receiving proper attention. She has an alliance which will not aid her in hare-brained adventures, but which may be counted on, which is better, to keep her out of them.

In a word, nothing but good government and good business seem to be lacking her. Even without them, since she is straining toward them with intelligence and zest, she may greet the nations coming to her Exposition without shame as without vanity.

Alvan F. Sanborn.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR GREEK.

It may be well to nail at once to the outer gate certain fundamental theses, not here argued, for which, however, the essayist is quite willing to make due defense on occasion: (1.) Every study should contribute, in a large sense, to good citizenship. That is the true common bond, *commune vinculum*, which Cicero saw uniting all culture. (2.) Every study should be preparatory, not loading the memory with accumulated facts, but strengthening the reasoning faculty, so that it may apply universal principles through a lifelong educational experience. (3.) Therefore, though the subjects, the materials, may vary somewhat, the methods of instruction must be essentially the same, whether we graduate our students into the machine shop, the countingroom, or the university.

In a great city high school, where each teacher has about fifty students under constant supervision, we recently saw a Greek class of three only, of average ability at best, occupying for an hour daily a skillful and well-equipped teacher. Another Greek class had consisted of one, out of over two thousand pupils in the school. Meantime more than two-score must study in the same room, dis-

tracted more or less by discussions and blackboard exercises of which they understand nothing.

This state of things is largely typical, but none the less clearly abnormal. It is also, as a matter of fact, likely to pass quickly. Nearly all colleges for women already accept other languages as readily as Greek. Their example is followed more and more widely by institutions of learning generally. Beginners' Greek courses must soon be offered in every college of liberal arts. Greek will be taught in schools only exceptionally, to groups or single students who early show remarkable aptitude for linguistic studies. We must greet the inevitable with a smile. The present writer does not even regret the relegation of his favorite study to specialists as teachers, and to the student's maturer years.

There is already apparent a hopeful attempt to agree upon a series of indispensable studies to be pursued by all children. About this required course will eventually radiate, at each larger stage, a moderate number of electives. Choice among these will be made for, rather than by, each child, and will be based on a study of each individual, of his peculiar aptitudes or needs.

There is no room, in any rational system, for petty groups, reluctantly carrying on a difficult and uncongenial study, merely because the next gate is barred to all who bring not with them that particular shibboleth. Indeed, the college and the university will soon fling their portals wide open to all whose general scholarly maturity fits them to work in the larger ether of academic freedom. Few will contend that the Greek language, studied before the eighteenth birthday, or after it, is *indispensable* to the acquirement of a liberal philosophic culture. Therefore no large-minded faculty will require it of all entering students. No high school supported by public taxation will be compelled to teach it at the need of one student in a hundred or a thousand. The need itself will have vanished.

Recent political events seem destined to quicken and illuminate incalculably the recasting of educational programmes. For instance, Mr. Dooley's delicious banter about the Anglo-Saxon cannot obfuscate the large truth that our kinship with England, and hardly less with Germany, is the greatest factor in the present and future of world politics. The tie of blood may be ridiculed; the unbroken tradition of language, of social and political usages, the common economic interests, cannot be ignored.

This consciousness of kin will doubtless become one corner stone in our popular education. What forms of natural science, what branches of mathematics, what purely ethical, artistic, civic, mechanical, or physical culture, may be fixed upon as indispensable, others can better foretell. But certainly, the political growth, the language and literature, in short the entire story, of the Anglo-Saxon race, will be prominent in that core of essential studies already foreshadowed.

Be it said in passing that the learning and recitation of the best verse should be vigorously revived. Poetry is the

most direct and natural appeal to the eager imagination and to the warm heart of youth. A hundred of Longfellow's poems are better worth knowing by heart than any mere statements in the textbooks.

It is a familiar axiom that to understand ourselves we must know other men. Eventually, the remotest civilizations can all teach us something: the Japanese and the Hindu more than many races nearer home. But our nearest neighbors are undoubtedly the German and the Roman; for the German Anglo-Saxons received through Norman rulers a Romanized speech and a Roman civilization. In a century Germany has contributed millions to our population. A living language, fully known, can be more easily and thoroughly studied than the fragmentary records of an artificial literary dialect, long since practically dead.

Such considerations alone might drop Latin to the second place. German has, however, another decisive claim. It is to-day, and must long remain, the chief instrument of utterance for the most advanced specialists in many fields of research. It is needless to argue this point, to any one who knows Germany at all. The wonderful organization of its scholarly forces has won in this century a thousand peaceful victories as signal as Sadowa or Sedan. For example, a man who knows nothing of Blass or Brugmann, Mommsen or Büchh, — yea, add Furtwängler and Dörpfeld, Roscher and Iwan von Müller, — has no right to call himself a classical teacher at all. He cannot breathe the same intellectual air with the poorest-paid gymnasium instructor in German Elsass or Pomerania. If he does not know his own ignorance, so much the worse. In general, the man who has no well-thumbed German books upon his desk is not to be counted among scholars.

This condition of things may pass away, but not until we first assimilate

the high-piled results of German research, and rival, not to say improve upon, the organization of German scholarship. That tremendous task will keep busy the three generations of the incoming century, at least.

Meantime, German should be the first foreign language studied in our schools. The tenth year is quite late enough to begin it. In four or five years it could be really mastered as a working tool. Nor should the best literature be long postponed. The supreme masterpieces, indeed, Faust, Wallenstein, Nathan, are ill suited for children. Most of Wilhelm Tell or Hermann und Dorothea could be read in grammar schools. But perhaps the greatest wealth of the German speech is in ballad and lyric. The vocabulary of this literature, also, is very close to the hearty homely Saxon English of our own homes and hearts. Scores, if not hundreds, of such lyrics as Uhland's should be stored in the memory of every child of fourteen or fifteen.

There may be, in certain communities, sufficient reason for the election, or even the peremptory substitution, of a different living language, though the grounds for the choice here made seem difficult to assail. As Milton long ago intimated, "a little Spanish or Italian may be a fit pastime for boyish leisure. For linguistic prodigies we do not shape our curricula. John Stuart Mill and Elihu Burritt may still be reincarnated in every generation.

Thus far I have spoken mainly of primary and grammar courses, extending through nine or ten years. The higher education is, and will long remain, the privilege of a valuable but relatively small minority, which should be selected not by the favoring chance of wealth, but by evident fitness for enlarged intellectual vision. Now, our high-school course needs a central study, or a mighty connecting bond among its studies, springing naturally out of the previous education, which shall illuminate and en-

liven all tasks set during these four or five years. This is the true "correlation of studies," when all are felt to be converging toward a visible and worthy central goal. Of course the inner or subjective ideal in all education is the philosophic adjustment of the individual, with all his powers, to life, with all its problems. But is it possible to outline or to name a corresponding external and objective field of work?

The essential unity of all human history gleams upon the seer in his moments of purest inspiration.

"And step by step, since Time began,
I count the gradual gain of Man,"

as Whittier sings, devoutest of our home poets. More easily unified is the advance of the Western Aryan, belting the globe at last, from the first dawning self-consciousness in the Homeric Hellene to the impending invasion of China by the European spirit of progress. Africa is no longer the dark continent. Asia will soon be no more the mysterious Orient. The task left unfinished by Alexander is completed by the English in India, by Russia on the northern steppes. The passing of China, lastly, we may well live to see. The antithesis of East and West is dissolving as we gaze. We can all realize, to-day, the unity of our history, as no generation before us, as hardly a Freeman or a Von Ranke of fifty years ago, could descry it. Mere children may

"gather as their own
The harvest that the dead have sown,"

in the spirit of large-minded philosophic scholarship.

The story of the Aryan race, I say, is one. Its literature is one great side of that story, the imaginative and ideal side, far more faithful, at least to the divine possibilities of our nature, than the mere chronicle of bloody wars, or even the slow tale of physical and mechanical improvement. The arts that make life beautiful are in truth usually identical with those which make it endurable. Music,

most ideal of all, has won more battles than gunpowder, has steadied a wavering column oftener than coffee, whiskey, or bread. The architect builds the temple, and strengthens the hut walls against the winter cold. Is either alone his proper task? Both are essential to a true history of civilization.

So the poet who creates an *Iliad*, a *Commedia*, a *Canterbury pilgrimage*, performs, incidentally, more economic work than a million ordinary toilers, by quickening the growth of a common speech, rousing a prouder consciousness of unity in race, religion, and political ideals. All this prepares men for larger combined action, of which the selfish barbarian could not even dream. Even if Troy never existed, any more than Camelot, yet the *Iliad* is none the less the first chapter in European history, because it was the Bible of the first civilized race, moulding a dozen generations far more than did the dim tradition of an actual past. We may not believe Achilles ever lived, but Alexander envied and imitated him.

My substitute for Greek is already foreshadowed. Latin should remain as the chief alien language study in high schools and other secondary institutions. On its purely linguistic side it should be frankly affiliated with the vital study of English. At the same time, German should at least be used enough so that it shall not be lost. But there should appear prominently in all our curricula a study whose textbooks are not yet written, whose competent special teachers we have hardly begun to train, — the true history of civilization. Indeed, the creation of such books, the equipment of such teachers, should command at once the best united efforts of the historian, the literary critic, and the philosophic student of those arts which create com-

fort and beauty, which are therefore indispensable alike to man's body and to his soul.

A day may come when no schoolboy shall know the five Homeric variants for the infinitive *to be*, provided every boy and girl has a living realization that the *Iliad* created the consciousness of kin among Hellenes; that Helen is, from Homer's day to Tennyson's, in all civilized lands, the type of treacherous beauty, Penelope of wifely devotion, Achilles of short-lived valor, Odysseus of self-preserving craft. Perhaps the number of those students who read *Æschylus' Prometheus* in Greek is destined still to grow less; we hope all will hear the myth expounded by the professor of sociology. Though every youth can trace a Latin derivation in the *Century Dictionary*, and differentiate, for instance, *preposterous* from *ridiculous*, I doubt if all can fully enjoy the long pathetic roll of the Virgilian hexameter, the

"stateliest measure

Ever moulded by the lips of man."

At least they may see how near Augustus came to world-wide dominion, and how truly the *Æneid* was the chief bulwark of the imperial throne, the widest interpreter of Roman statesmanship.

Such a study as this must never harden into rigid moulds, never become dead and fossilized. It may always crave many books, or teachers wiser, more alive, than any book. Meantime, even an ideal stigmatized as unattainable need not be wholly fruitless. Surely we may insist on two elemental necessities: all teachers must themselves be enthusiastic students; all enlightened study is an attempt to adjust the minutest fact, or the largest principle, in its proper relation to the whole law of truth one and indivisible, to life.

William Cranston Lawton.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF W. J. STILLMAN.

VI. ENGLAND AGAIN.

I HAVE always been happy at sea; or when not so, it has been from reasons apart from the sea itself, — preoccupations which kept me insensible to the old charm, or mental troubles which made me insensible to everything beside them. On this voyage I had the company of an old friend of the days of *The Crayon*, one of our most thoughtful and successful portrait painters, George Fuller, and a young friend of his, a Mr. Ames. We sailed just before Christmas in an old sailing ship of about eight hundred tons burthen, for unless time is of importance I prefer a sailing ship to a steamer, and one pleasant companion is worth a shipload of commonplace fellow voyagers.

A stiff west wind caught us off Sandy Hook, and never left us till we were halfway across the Atlantic, increasing in violence every day until it gave me, what I had always longed for but never seen, a first-class gale on the open ocean. I had said to the captain — one of the old sort of Cape Cod sailors, still a young man, however — that I wanted to see a real gale, and one day, after we had been out nearly a week, he called me up on deck saying, "You wanted to see a gale, and now you may see it; for unless you get into a tornado you will never see anything worse than this." I went on deck, obliged to hold firmly to the rails or some part of the rigging, for the wind was such as to have carried me overboard if I had attempted to stand alone on the quarter-deck. We were running with the wind dead abaft, under a reefed foretopsail and a storm jib, everything else having been taken in the night before. A studding-sail boom which had been left out, for some reason I did not inquire into, had been broken off short in the earing, though nothing but its ropes drew

on it. The roaring of the wind through the rigging was such as only one who has heard it can conceive. I gripped firmly the quarter-deck railing, and drew myself aft to the shelter of the wheelhouse, where, securing myself from being blown away, I watched the sea. It rose behind us in huge billows, and as a wave overtook us and we lay in the bottom of the valley, it so overhung us that it seemed impossible it should not bury us when it broke, but the stern was caught by the forefoot of it, and the old ship began to rise and went up, up, up, until I was dizzy. Then we hovered on the summit a moment, looking out — though the distance was hidden by the driving spray — on such an expanse of mountainous waves as I had never pictured to myself. While I looked the wave passed from under us, we went down and down with a rapidity of descent which was almost like falling from a balloon, and after another moment's rest in the valley came the shuddering half apprehension of the next wave as it rose threatening above us, and then after again soaring aloft we raced down again into the driving of the spray.

The old ship was rolling, plunging, and now quivering as some side wave struck her, with a complication of motions sidelong and headlong, the huge waves flying before us and yet carrying us on, with wild motions, while in all this tumult and complexity of forces we were as helpless as feathers in the wind. The feeling of absolute insignificance grew on one as the ship drove on; the creaking of the vessel and the hissing rush of the waters hardly audible for the shrieking of the gale through the rigging, — in all my life I have never so understood the utter impotence and

triviality of humanity as I felt it then. The ship, though not comparable in size with the colossi of later times, was yet a huge mass as measured by man, and she was no more than a cork on the tide. Up and down like a child's swing; wallowing and rolling, with the sea breaking over the side till the channels were full, pouring over the bows in green torrents and then in blinding deluges of spray and water over the stern; tearing along ten knots an hour, and yet always seeming to be left stationary by the waves that rushed by us. Now and then two great waves raced each other, as they will at long intervals, till they ran close one to the other, and we were thrown aloft a little higher still to see nothing more than a wild waste of foam, spray, and watery chaos which defies human language to express it.

This was the sea as I had wanted to behold it, and as no painter has ever painted, or probably ever will, paint it, and as very few can ever have seen it, for in seventy thousand miles of sea travel I have seen it thus only once. For three days and nights our captain never left the bridge. Of three ships that left New York the same day, one was dismasted to the south of us, and another had her quarters stove in, and barely escaped foundering just to the north of us. The gale blew out and left us in a dead calm which lasted a couple of days, when another gale of three days drove us in the direction we wanted to go, and dropped us off Torquay in the morning of what, compared to the winter we had left behind, seemed a delicious spring day, all sunshine and south wind. We hailed a fishing boat and went ashore. We had left a land buried in snow and ice, and we reached one seemingly in early spring though it was still January, the gorse in odorous blossoming, and in the hedgerows the early wild flowers. But we learned, on landing, that the recent gales had strewn the shores of England with wrecks, and caused great loss of life. It

had been one of those terrible winters which have helped make the British sailor the sea dog he is.

I took lodgings in Charles Street, Middlesex Hospital, near Wehnert, and worked hard. I had brought my *Bed of Ferns*, a large study from nature on Saranac Lake, and one or two smaller studies. I had visits from Dante Rossetti, Leighton, then in all the glory of his *Cimabue* picture and in the promise of even a greater career than he finally attained, Millais, Val Prinsep, and Boyce. I had brought letters from Lowell to Tom Hughes, from Norton to Arthur Hugh Clough, from Agassiz to Professor Owen. Hughes introduced me to the Cosmopolitan Club, where I made the acquaintance, amongst others whom I do not remember, of Millais and Monckton Milnes. The artists seemed to be interested in my work, especially in the *Bed of Ferns*, of which Rossetti, whose opinion I valued more than any other, — for he was very honest and blunt in his criticisms, and not at all inclined to flattery, — expressed himself in strong terms of praise. As it was the first thing in which I had attempted to introduce a human interest in the landscape, I was naturally inclined to consider it my most important work, and I was dismayed when Ruskin came to see me, and in a tone of extreme disgust said, pointing to the dead deer and man, "What do you put that stuff in for? Take it out, it stinks!" My reverence for Ruskin's opinions was such that I made no hesitation in painting out the central motive of the picture, for which both the subject itself and the effect of light had been selected. Unfortunately I habitually used copal varnish as a medium. When Rossetti called again, he asked me, with a look of dismay, what I had done to my picture. I explained to him that on Ruskin's advice I had painted out the figures, and exclaiming, "You have spoiled your picture!" he walked out of the room. However, I sent it to the Academy as

it was, and had it back "Accepted, but not hung for want of room," or something equivalent. I then tried to remove the pigment which hid my figures, but the varnish was refractory, and after a vain attempt I finally cut the picture up and stuck it in the fire. The incident, though it cost me the work of three months, and was in fact the only important outcome of the summer's study, did not diminish my confidence in Ruskin's judgment and correct feeling for art. It required a still more severe experience. As all the world knows, that knows anything of Ruskin's ways with artists, he was blunt and outspoken in his criticisms, and not in the least tender of their feelings, unless, indeed, they happened to be women; and knowing this I took his praise of certain studies and drawings I had brought with me as a patent of ability; and though I was never extravagant in my opinion of my own capacities for art, his approbation of some things that I had done, and his assurance of a respectable attainment if I followed the best methods of study, encouraged me. I took it without question that these methods were his, and it was a costly experience which undeceived me.

Of the people with whom I made acquaintance in London at this visit, those who most interested me were Clough and Owen. Of the artists I saw little, as they and I had other things to do than to frequent one another's studios, but of the Rossetti family I profited largely. Of Dante, indeed, I saw little at that time, but with William my relations were constant and cordial, dating from the time when he undertook the correspondence of *The Crayon* from England, and he was for many years my most valued English friend. Of an extreme honesty and liberality and an extensive knowledge of and wide feeling for art, there was great community of appreciation between us, and our friendship lasted long beyond the direct interest I had in English matters.

The hospitality of the Rossetti family was informal and cordial, and of Christina I saw a good deal. She was then in excellent health, and though she was never what would be by the generality of tastes considered a beautiful woman, there was a noble serenity and dignity of expression in her face which was, as is often said of women of the higher type of character, "better than beauty," and wherein one saw the spiritual exaltation which, without the least trace of the *dé-vote*, dominated in her, and made her, before all other women of whom I know anything, the poetess of the divine life. The faith in the divine flamed out in her with a mild radiance which had in it no earthly warmth. She attracted me very strongly, but I should as soon have thought of falling in love with the Madonna del Gran Duca as with her. Being, myself, in the regions of dogmatic faith, I was in a position to feel sympathetically toward her religion, and though we differed in tenets as far as two sincere believers in Christianity could, I found in her a broad and affectionate charity toward all differences from the ideal of credence she had formed for herself. I do not remember ever meeting any one who held such exalted and unquestioning faith in the true spiritual life. From my mother, who was in most respects the most purely spiritual woman I have ever known, Christina differed by this serenity, which in my mother was often disturbed by the doubts that had their seed in the old and superstitious Calvinism that formed the ground of her creed, and from which she never could liberate herself. Christina believed in God, in heaven, in the eternal life with an unflinching constancy and fullness which left no questionings except, it might be, as regards her fulfillment of her religious obligations. And while I thought her belief in certain dogmas, such as transubstantiation and in the fasting and ritual of her High Church observances, to be too trivial for such a really exalted in-

tellest, so near the perception of the essential truth, she held them with so child-like and confident faith that I would sooner have worshiped with her than have disturbed her tranquillity in it.

She gave me a demonstration of doctrinal charity which was to me a novelty, and showed me that tenets which are to me, and those trained like me, idle formalities were for others like her the steps of a ladder by which they climb to the realization of the abstract good. Dogmas and observances apart, I felt that her religion was so much loftier than my own that though it would have been impossible for me to profess acceptance of it, it was equally impossible to argue with her about it, — that it was so woven into the fibre of her existence that to move it in the least would be impossible, and if possible, only at the cost of mental and spiritual dislocation. But with all this there was not in her a trace of the assumption of a religious superiority which I have so often found in the driest non-conformist, nor was there that putting me apart with the creatures that perish and are doomed, which I have sometimes found in Catholic friends, who have made me feel that they regarded me with a sort of pitiful friendship as one certain to be damned, and so only worth limited regard, lest love should be wasted. In after years I saw her not infrequently, and when illness and grief had touched her, finding always the same serenity and the same wide personal charity.

Much of Christina's character one could see in her mother, a noble and worshipful woman in whom the domestic virtues mingled with the spiritual in a way that set off the singleness of life of Christina singularly, as if it were the same light in an earthen vessel. Mrs. Rossetti was a person such as we often hear spoken of as "a dear, good woman," and one whose motherly life had absorbed her existence, — one of the witnesses (martyrs) of the practical Christianity who go, unseen and unknown, to

build the universal church of humanity, and whom we reverence without naming them. Of Maria, the elder sister of Christina, I saw less, but enough to know that the same ardent, beautiful, religious spirit burned in her, mute. In later years when I saw most of the family, Maria lived in a sisterhood. She had none of the poetic genius or the personal charm of her sister, but possessed a similar elevation of character.

Of Clough I saw a good deal, though his occupation in a government office left him not much leisure, and it seemed to me that of all public officials I ever knew he was the most misplaced at an office desk. Of fragile health and the temperament of a poet, gentle as a woman, he often reminded me of Pegasus in harness. I had a commission from Norton to paint a small full-length portrait of him, and had several sittings, but it did not get on to suit me, and his being compelled to go to Italy for his health before I had finished with it, for well or ill, put an end to it. He left me in occupation of his house while he and his wife were away. Of all the people of the poet's temper I ever knew, Clough was the least inclined to talk of poetry, and but for the sensitive mouth and the dreamy eye, with a reflective way he had when talking, as if an undercurrent of thought were going on while he spoke, one might have taken him for a well-educated man of business, a poet-banker or publisher. Perhaps it is in the memory more than it was in the life, but as I recall him there seemed to be in him an arcanum of thought, something beyond what came into the everyday existence, a life beyond the actual life, into which he withdrew and out of which he came to speak. I should have liked to live beside him and know him always, for in his reserves was infinite study. He left on me the impression of a man who had far greater capabilities than were expressed in anything he did, admirable as much of his work is.

Lowell had given me, as I have mentioned, a letter to Tom Hughes, saying that though they had never met, yet, as Hughes had edited his Biglow Papers, he thought he might assume an acquaintance sufficient to warrant a letter of introduction. He was not mistaken, for Hughes did the fullest honor to his letter, and as long as I was in London, and indeed for many years after, our relations were most cordial, and a short time before his death he made me a visit at Rome. Very much of the enjoyment of that winter in London was due to the hospitable and companionable welcome of the author of *Tom Brown*. One of the pleasantest services he rendered me was the introduction to the evenings at Macmillan's where the contributors to the magazine used to meet. There I saw the Kingsleys; Charles only once, but Henry often enough to contract with him a pleasant friendship. Hughes was one of the largest and most genial English natures I knew, — robust, all alive to every human obligation; and in those troublesome days when the American question was coming to the crisis of our civil war, he was a consistent friend of the North while the dominant feeling in English society was hostile to it: this was a strong bond between us.

Owen I saw frequently, and though my scientific education was superficial, he interested me greatly, for he had, like Agassiz, the gift of making his knowledge accessible to those who only understood the philosophy and not the facts of science, and I knew enough of the former to profit by his knowledge. Then he was a warm friend of Agassiz, and we used to talk much of his theories and studies. Like Agassiz he had at first resisted the theory of natural selection, but had, unlike Agassiz, come to recognize the necessity of admitting, like Asa Gray and Professor Wyman, the idea of evolution in some form. How far he finally went in recognizing the agency of natural selection as the sufficient element in this I do

not know; but that he did not accept the solution proposed by Darwin as final I have reason to believe from the fact of his assuring me the last time I saw him that he was confident that if he could have seen Agassiz again before he died, he could have persuaded him that evolution was the solution of the problem of creation; and he knew that Agassiz, absolutely convinced as he was of the agency of Conscious Mind in Creation, could never have accepted the sufficiency of natural selection. And I had the further declaration of Owen himself of his conviction that the process of evolution was directed by the Divine Intelligence. One statement he made struck me forcibly in this connection, namely, that he believed that the evolution of the horse reached its culmination synchronously with the evolution of man, and that the agreement was a part of the Divine plan.

I heard much bitterness expressed concerning Owen for what was considered his yielding to the pressure of public opinion and adopting the theory of evolution in contradiction to his real convictions, but I saw enough of him to be certain that he really believed in evolution subject to the dominance of the Divine Intelligence, nor did any of the accusations brought against him persuade me of the least insincerity on his part. It is possible that the impressions of that time have been modified by my subsequent intercourse with scientific men in England, but they are, that the very wide acceptance of the theory of natural selection was largely due to the relief it offered from the incubus of the old theological conception of the Creator as a personal agency always interfering with the course of events, an infinite, omnipotent, and omniscient stage manager.

The world had been up to that time chained to the anthropomorphic conception of Deity, and it was less to the purely scientific faculty than to the philosophic that Darwin came as a liberator from a depressing superstition, the belief in the

terrible Hebrew God, ingrained in the consciences of every reverently educated boy, and often inseparable from the maturer beliefs. The evolution of the human mind itself had finally reached the point at which this anthropomorphism became a thing impossible to maintain reasonably any longer, and the magic word was spoken by Darwin, which broke the spell and set those free who wished to be free, from a mental servitude grown dangerously dear to our deepest faculties, — those of reverence and devotion. And contemporaneously with, if not consequent on, this evolution of the human mind, came the liberation from religious persecution, either inquisitorial, legal, or social, and perhaps for the first time in the history of the religious dogma a man might openly dispute the fundamental ideas of a dominant religion and suffer no penalty for his skepticism.

Though my *Bed of Ferns* was sent back from the Academy, one of my large studies was exhibited at the British Society, and the result of the year's work was on the whole satisfactory. Ruskin invited me to go to Switzerland with him for the summer, finding in my studies and drawings the possibility of getting from me some of the Alpine work he wanted done. Unfortunately for both of us I cannot draw well in traces, and he did not quite well know how to drive, so that the summer ended in disappointment, and even in disaster. I was too undisciplined to work except when the mood suited, and our moods rarely agreed; he wanted things done which were to me of no interest, and I could not interest myself vicariously to do them to his satisfaction. He preceded me some weeks, and it was arranged that I should come to meet him at Geneva early in June.

Certainly I owe to him my earliest and most delightful memories of the Alps and of Switzerland. More princely hospitality than his no man ever received, or more kindly companionship. He

met me with a carriage at Culoz to give me and to enjoy my first impressions of the distant Alps, and for the ten days we stopped at Geneva I stayed with him at the *Hôtel des Bergues*. We climbed the Salève, and I saw what gave me more pleasure, I confess, than the distant view of Mont Blanc, which he expected me to be enthusiastic over, the soldenella and the gentians. The great accidents of nature, Niagara and the high Alps, though they awed me, have always left me cold, and all that summer I would rather have been in some nook of English scenery where nature had been undisturbed by catastrophes and cataclysms.

Our first sketching excursion was to the *Perte du Rhone*, and while Ruskin was drawing mountain forms beyond the river he asked me to draw some huts near by; not picturesque cottages, with thatched roofs and lichen-stained walls, but "shanties," such as the Irish laborers on our railways build by the roadside of deal boards stood on end, — irregular and careless without being picturesque, and too closely associated with pigsty construction in my mind to be worth drawing. When Ruskin came back I had made a careless and slipshod five minutes' sketch of no more worth than the originals were to me. Ruskin was angry, and had a right to be, for at least I should have found it enough that he wanted the thing done to make me do my best on it, but I did not think of it in that light. We drove back to Geneva in silence, he moody and I sullen, and halfway there he broke out saying, the fact that he wanted it done ought to have been enough for me. I replied that I could see no interest in the subject, which only suggested fever and discomfort and wretched habitations for human beings. We relapsed into silence, and for another mile nothing was said, when Ruskin broke out with, "You were right, Stillman, about those cottages; your way of looking at them was nobler than mine, and now for the first time in

my life I understand how anybody can live in America."

We went to Bonneville to hunt out the point of view of a Turner drawing which Ruskin liked, and then we went on to St. Martin, the little village opposite Sallanches, on the Arve. For a subalpine landscape with Mont Blanc in the distance, this is the most attractive bit of the Alpine country I know, with picturesque detail and pleasant climbing up to seven thousand feet, while the view of Mont Blanc is certainly the finest from below that can be found. In fine weather the mountain is often hidden to the summit by clouds which clear away at sunset, and from the little and picturesque bridge over the Arve we saw the vast dome come out, glowing in the sunlight when all the valley was in shadow. It was a marvelous spectacle, this huge orb, thus appearing, suggesting a huger moon rising above the clouds, until, slowly, the clouds below melted away and the mountain stood disclosed to its base. If anything in the high Alps can be called truly picturesque it is the view of the Aiguille de Varens which overhangs the village of St. Martin, with its quaint and lichenous church and cemetery, and I made a large drawing of it from the bridge, intending to return and work it up after Ruskin had left me. The little inn of the village was the most comfortable auberge I was ever in, and its landlord the kindest and most hospitable of hosts. Twenty years after I went back to the locality, hoping to find something of the old time, but there was only a deserted hostel, the weeds growing over the courtyard, and the sealed and mouldy doors and windows witnessing to long desolation.

Hardly had I become interested in my drawing when Ruskin decided to move on to Chamouni where we hoped to get really to work. I was only geologically interested in Chamouni,—it left me cold, and I went to work me-

chanically. After a few days of prospecting we went up to the Montanvert where Ruskin wished me to paint him a wreath of Alpine Rose. We found the rose growing luxuriantly against a huge granite boulder, a pretty natural composition, and I set to work on it with great satisfaction, for botanical painting always interested me. Ruskin sat and watched me work and expressed his surprise at my facility of execution of details and texture, saying that of the painters he knew, only Millais had so great facility. We were living at the little hotel of the Montanvert, and he was impatient to get back to the better accommodation of the valley hotels, so that when the roses and the rocks were done, we went back, the completion of the picture being left for later study. From Paris, in the ensuing winter, I sent it to Ruskin, the distance being made of the view down the valley of Chamouni, and he wrote me a bitter condemnation of it, as a disappointment, for he said that he "had expected to see the Alpine Roses overhanging an awful chasm," etc.,—an expectation he ought to have expressed earlier,—and found it very commonplace and uninteresting. So it was, and I burnt it after the fashion of the Bed of Ferns.

I was very much interested in Ruskin's old guide, Coutet, with whom I had many climbs. He liked to go with me, he said, because I was sure-footed, and could go wherever he did. He was a famous crystal hunter, and some of the rarest specimens in the museum of Geneva were of his finding. There was one locality of which he only knew, where the rock was pitted with small turquoises like a plum pudding, and I begged him to tell me where it was. There is a superstition amongst the crystal hunters that to tell where the crystals are found brings bad luck, and he would never tell me in so many words, but one day, after my importunity, I saw him leveling his alpenstock on the ground in a

very curious way, sighting along it and correcting the direction, and when he had finished he said, as he walked past me, "Look where it points," and went away. It was pointing to a stratum halfway up to the summit of one of the aiguilles to the west of the Mer de Glace, a chamois climb. He told me later that he found the crystals in the couloir that brought them down from that stratum. He was a dear old man, and fully deserving the affection and confidence of Ruskin. Connected with him was a story which Ruskin told me of a locality in the valley of Chamouni, haunted by a ghost that could only be seen by children. It was a figure of a woman who raked the dead leaves, and when she looked up at them the children said they only saw a skull in place of a face. Ruskin sent to a neighboring valley for a child who could know nothing of the legend, and went with him to the locality which the ghost was reported to haunt. Arrived there, he said to the boy, "What a lonely place! there is nobody here but ourselves." "Yes, there is," said the child, "there is a woman there raking the leaves," pointing in a certain direction. "Let us go nearer to her," said Ruskin, and they walked that way, when the boy stopped and said that he did not want to go nearer, for the woman looked up, and he said that she had no eyes in her head, "only holes."

The valley of Chamouni was to me the most gloomy and depressing place I was ever in, and the least inspiring of any artistic motive. I felt from the day of our arrival there as if I were in a cemetery, oppressed and overborne by the immensity of disaster and the menace of chaos. We made excursions and a few sketches, but I had no sympathy with the place, though I tried to do what Ruskin wanted, and to get a faithful study of some characteristic subject in the valley. Every fine day we climbed some secondary peak, five or six thousand feet, and in the evenings we discussed art or

played chess, mainly in rehearsing problems, until midnight. On Sundays no work was done; we used to climb to some easy hilltop, and there Ruskin spent the afternoon in writing a sermon for a girls' school in which he was much interested, but not a line of drawing would he do. To me, brought up in the severity of Sabbatarianism, the sanctity of the first day of the week had always been a theological fiction, and the result of contact with the larger world and the widening of my range of thought had also made me see that the observances of "new moons and fast-days" had nothing to do with true religion, and that the Eden repose of the Creator was too large a matter to be fenced into a day of the week; so that this slavery to a formality in which Ruskin was held by his terrible conscience provoked me to the discussion of the subject. I declared that there was no authority for the transference of the weekly rest from the seventh to the first day of the week. We went over the texts together, and in this study my Sabbatarian education gave me an advantage in argument, for he had never given the matter a thought. Of course he took refuge in the celebration of the weekly return of the day of Christ's resurrection, but I showed him that the text does not support the claim that Christ rose on the first day of the week, and that the early fathers who arranged that portion of the ritual did not understand the tradition of the resurrection. Three days and three nights, according to the gospel, Christ was to lie in the tomb, not parts of three times twenty-four hours. But the women went to the tomb "in the end of the sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week," and they found that he had already risen and was gone. Now as by the Jewish ritual the day began at sunset, the first day of the week began with the going down of the sun, and therefore as Christ had already risen he must have risen on the seventh day.

The reason of this twilight visit was in the prohibition to touch a dead body on the sabbath, and the zeal of the disciples sent them to the sepulchre at the earliest possible moment. I showed Ruskin how careless or ignorant of the record the distribution of the sacred time had been, in the fact of the total disregard of the words of Christ that he should "be killed and raised again the third day," for they supposed him to have been crucified on Friday, while he must have lain buried Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, and was therefore buried on Wednesday just before sunset. And this is confirmed by the text which says that the disciples hastened to bury Christ on the day of crucifixion because the next day was the day of preparation for one of the high sabbaths, which the early Christians who instituted the observance of the first day confounded with the weekly sabbath, not knowing that the high sabbath could not fall on the weekly sabbath.

To this demonstration Ruskin, always deferent to the literal interpretation of the gospel, could not make a defense,—the creed had so bound him to the letter that the least enlargement of the stricture broke it, and he rejected not only the tradition of the Sunday sabbath, but the whole of the ecclesiastical interpretation of the texts. He said, "If they have deceived me in this they have probably deceived me in all." This I had not conceived as a possible consequence of the criticism of his creed, and it gave me great pain, for I was not a skeptic, as I have since learned he for a time became. It was useless to argue with him for the spirit of the gospel,—he had always held to its infallibility and the exactitude of doctrine, and his indignation was too strong to be pacified. He returned somewhat, I have heard, to his original beliefs in later days, as old men will to the beliefs of their younger years, for his Christianity was too sincere and profound for a mat-

ter of mistaken credence in mere formalities ever to affect its substance, and the years which followed showed that in no essential trait had the religious foundations of his character been moved. For myself I was still a sincere believer in the substantial accuracy of the body of Christian doctrine, and the revolt of Ruskin from it hurt me deeply. My own liberation from the burthens of futile beliefs had yet to come. But we never discussed theological matters again.

I found a subject which interested me in a view of the foot of the Mer de Glace from the opposite side of the river, looking up the glacier, with the bridge under the Brevent and a cottage in the foreground, and set to work on it energetically. In the distance was the Montanvert, and the Aiguille de Dru, but where the lines of the glacier and the slopes of the mountain at the right met, five nearly straight lines converged at a point far from the centre, and I did not see how to get rid of them without violating the topography. I pointed this out to Ruskin, and he immediately exclaimed, "Oh, nothing can be done with a subject like that with five lines radiating from an unimportant point! I will not stay here to see you finish that study," and the next day we packed up and left for Geneva. At Lausanne I made some careful architectural drawings which he praised, some pencil sketches on the lake, and then we drove across country to Fribourg, and finally to Neuchâtel where I found a magnificent subject in the view from the hill behind the city looking over the lake toward the Alps, with Mont Blanc and the Bernese Alps in the extreme distance. In the near distance rises the castle and its old church, which Ruskin drew for me in pencil with exquisite refinement of detail, in which kind of drawing he was most admirable. As we should stay only a few days I could not paint anything, and spent all my time, working nine hours a day, hard, on the one subject in pencil.

We still passed our evenings in discussions and arguments, with a little chess, rarely going to bed before midnight, and the steady strain, with my anxiety to lose none of my time and opportunities, finally told on my eyes. One day while working on the view of Neuchâtel I felt something snap behind my eyes, and in a few minutes I could no longer see my drawing, the slightest attempt to fix my vision on anything causing such indistinctness that I could see neither my work nor the landscape, and I was obliged to suspend work altogether. In a few days we went to Basle, and after a rest my vision came back partially, and we went to Lauffenburg, where Turner had found the subject for one of his *Liber Studiorum* engravings. Here the subjects were entirely after my feeling, and as my eyes had ceased to trouble me, I set to work on a large drawing of the town and fall from below. In the midst of it the snapping behind my eyes came back worse than ever, and now not to leave me for a long time. It was followed by an incessant headache with obstinate indigestion, which made life a burthen. Here Ruskin suddenly found that he must go back to England, and I returned with him as far as Geneva, and thence went to St. Martin, where I spent the rest of the autumn as helpless for all work as a blind man.

My summer with Ruskin, to which I had looked for so much profit to my art, had ended in a catastrophe of which I did not then even measure the extent. It was nearly two years before I recovered sufficiently from the attack at Neuchâtel to work regularly, and then circumstances threw me still further from my chosen career. More exciting and absorbing occupations called me, and I obeyed, whether for better or worse it now matters not. Ruskin had dragged me from my old methods, and given me none to replace them. I lost my faith in myself and in him as a guide to art, but apart from questions of art he al-

ways remained to me one of the largest and noblest of the men I have known, liberal and generous beyond limit, with a fineness of sympathy and delicacy of organization quite womanly. Nothing could shake my admiration for his moral character or abate my reverence for him as a humanist. That art should have been anything more than a side interest with him, and that he should have thrown the whole energy of his most energetic nature into the reforming of it, was a misfortune to him and to the world, but especially to me.

At St. Martin I waited the return of my vision. I climbed and tried chamois hunting with no success so far as game was concerned, though I saw the beautiful creatures in their homes. One of my excursions was to the summit of the Aiguille de Varens, by a path in one place only a foot wide, cut in the face of a precipice, with sheer cliff above and below, and nothing to hold by. I have a good head, but to follow my guide on that path was something which only *mauvaise honte* brought me to. I was ashamed to hesitate where he walked along so cheerily. We arranged to spend the night at a chalet where a milkmaid tended a remnant of the herd, most of which had already descended to the valleys below, but as the sun was setting I walked out to the brow of the aiguille which from below seemed a cliff, but was in reality only the perpendicular face of a mass of mountain which in the other direction sloped away toward Switzerland for miles. The view of Mont Blanc, directly opposite, then bare of clouds from the base to the summit, with the red sunset glow falling full on the great fields of snow the extent of which I had never realized from any other point, was by far the most imposing view of the great mountain I have ever found. I stood at an elevation of about seven thousand feet, about halfway to the summit of Mont Blanc, with the whole broad expanse of glacier and

snowfield glowing in the rosy twilight; for while I watched the sun had set. Thousands of feet below me lay the valley of the Arve with the town of Salanches and its attendant villages in the blue distance of gathering night, and as I looked, enchanted by the scene, the chimes of the convent below rang out with a music which came up to my heights like a solemn monition from the world of dreams, for nothing could be distinguished of its source. We started a chamois, and saw him race across the broad field of snow like the wind, while I could only follow, laboring knee-deep in the snow, like a tortoise after a hare. We slept that night buried in the hay. I am glad to say that the hunt in the morning was without other result than a delightful walk, for my guide was a better climber than hunter.

A few days later I made, with another guide, an excursion to the Val du Four, on the other side of the valley. The guide was an old professional hunter, and knew the habits of the chamois well. We climbed up leisurely in the afternoon, and slept in the hay of a deserted chalet, from which the cattle had already been driven down. While the guide prepared the supper I walked out to the edge of the cliffs to get the view, but looked out only on a sea of mist, a river rather, for the whole valley was filled with a moving billowy flood of fog flowing from Mont Blanc and enveloping it in a veil of changing vapor, melting, forming, and flowing beneath my feet, hiding every object in the landscape below the cliffs I stood on. It made me dizzy, for I seemed to be in the clouds. And while I waited there came a transfiguration of the scene, — the mist began to grow rosy and of deeper and deeper hue till it suggested a sea of blood. No source of light was visible from my point of view, but the cause of the phenomenon, though seemingly mysterious, was evident. The sun in setting illuminated the fields of snow at the summit of the

mountain beyond, which reverberated its flaming light into the vapor below, penetrating it down to my feet, while the mountain itself was from my elevation invisible in its robe of mist.

The next morning we went to take our posts for a chamois drive; a friend of the guide, whom he had picked up to profit by my coming, took one side of the valley and I the other, while a boy with an umbrella went down the valley to drive the chamois up to us. Having posted me, the stupid guide crossed the line of the drive between me and the meadow where the chamois would come to feed, and took his post hiding nearer the peaks where they had passed the night. Soon after sunrise they made their appearance on a field of snow which sloped down into the Val, nine of them, young and old. I shall never see anything prettier than the play of those young chamois on the snow. They butted and chased one another, frolicked like kittens, standing on their hind legs and pushing one another until, probably, they grew hungry, and then came down to the grass to feed. This was the moment for the driver to come in, and he advanced up the valley waving his arms and shouting. The chamois ran in my direction till they crossed the track of the old hunter, scenting which they halted, snuffed the air, and then broke in panic, the majority running back past the driver and within a few yards of him, so that if he had had a gun he could easily have killed one, and went down the valley out of sight; three came up the valley, taking the flank of the apparently almost perpendicular rocks within shot of me but at full gallop, and I fired at the middle one of the group. They passed behind a mass of rock as I fired, and two emerged on the other side. If I hit one I could not know, for the place was inaccessible, but I hope that I missed. I have often thought of the possibility that I might have hit the poor beast and sent him mortally wounded among the rocks to die, and I never recur to the incident

without pain. It becomes incomprehensible to me as my own life wanes how I could ever have found pleasure in taking the lives of other creatures filling their stations in the world better than I ever did. The educated soul pays the penalty of ignorance, but there is no consolation in repentance.

I stayed at St. Martin while the plebiscite and annexation to France took place. It was a hollow affair, the voting being a mockery, but the Sardinian government had never made itself felt in Savoy, either for good or ill; the people were a quiet and law-abiding race, and while I was in the country I never heard of a crime or a prosecution. The regiments of Savoyard troops went into the French army with ill will, and there was a bloody fight between them and the French soldiers at Lyons when the former went into the barracks there. I was still at St. Martin when the Emperor and Empress made their tour through the new possession. The state carriages had to be left at Sallanches when the sovereigns went up to the great ball offered them at Chamouni, the road not permitting their passage, and when they returned the little mountain carriages which brought them down halted under the windows of the auberge where I was living, to wait for the state carriages to come across the river. They had to wait about half an hour, and as they walked up and down in the road under my window, beside which stood my loaded rifle, I thought how easily I might change the course of European politics, for I could have hit any button on the Emperor's clothes, and I hated him enough to have killed him cheerfully as an enemy of mankind, but regicide has always seemed to me a great mistake, as it would have been in that case, for it would only have placed the young Prince Imperial on the throne under the regency of the Empress. I was then a radical republican, with all the sympathies of a Parisian Red; for I had not learned that

it is not the form of the government, but the character of the governed, that makes the difference between governments.

I did not spare the life of the Emperor from any apprehension of consequences to myself, for I had none. I knew the paths up the mountain at the back of the hotel, and before the confusion should have been overcome and a pursuit organized I could have been beyond danger on my way to the Swiss frontier, for the pine woods came to the back door of the hotel, and, more than this, I never had the habit of thinking of the consequences of what I proposed to do. When I returned to Paris, after the autumn had passed, I told the story to an artist friend, an ultra radical, how I stood at my window with a loaded rifle by my side and the Emperor twenty feet below, and he leaped and shouted with fury, "And you did n't kill him?" Time and fate punished him more fitly than I should have done, and these things are best left to time and fate.

I remained in Paris all that winter and took a studio with an American friend, Mr. Yewell, but I could do no work; the headache never left me, and though I could draw a little, my vision failed when it was strained, and I seemed to have lost my color sense. I was desperate, and when Garibaldi set out on the Marsala expedition I was just on the point of sailing to join him, when I received a letter from the father of my fiancée telling me that her perplexities and distress of mind about our marriage had so increased that they feared for her reason if her doubts were not ended. I took the next steamer, and ended the vacillation by insisting on being married at once. Nothing but a morbid self-depreciation had prevented her from coming to a decision in that sense long before, and my principal reason for going to Europe was to allow her to decide freely, but it seemed that there was no other solution than to assume command and impose my will. We were married

two days after my landing, and returned to Paris a few days later. When the spring opened we went down into Normandy, and there, returning to the study of nature, and living in quiet and freedom from anxiety, I slowly recovered my vision and began to recover in a measure the power of drawing. The landscape of the quiet French country suited me perfectly, and I made two or three good studies, but without getting into a really efficient condition for painting, which in fact I only did a year or two later in Rome.

Our winter in Paris had been greatly brightened by the acquaintance of the Brownings, the father and sister of the poet. We lived in the same section of Paris, near the *Hôtel des Invalides*, and much of our time was passed with them. "Old Mr. Browning," we have always called him, though the qualification of "old," by which we distinguished him from his son Robert, seemed a misnomer, for he had the perpetual juvenility of a blessed child. If to live in the world as if not of it indicates a saintly nature, then Robert Browning, the elder, was a saint, a serene, untroubled soul, conscious of no moral or theological problem to disturb his serenity, gentle as a gentle woman, a man in whom it seemed to me no moral conflict could ever have arisen to cloud his frank acceptance of life as it came to him. He had, many years before we knew him, inherited an estate in Jamaica, but on learning that to work it to profit he must become a slaveowner, he renounced the heritage. And, knowing him as we knew him, it was easy to see that he would renounce it cheerfully and without any hesitation. A man of a rougher and more energetic type might have tried the experiment, or questioned his own decision, at least have regretted his own integrity, but he could have done neither. The way was clear, and the decision must have been as quick as that of a child to reject a thing it abhorred. His unworldliness had not a

flaw. So beautiful a life could never have become distinguished in the struggles and antagonisms which make the career of the man of the world or even the man of letters, as letters are now written, for he was one, and the only man I ever knew, of whom it could be said that he applied in the divine sense the maxim of Christ, "resist not evil," — he simply, and by the necessity of his own nature, ignored it.

He had a curious facility in drawing heads of quaint and always varied character, which character was not intentional on his part. They were always in profile, and he began at one extremity and ran his pencil round to the other, always bringing out a distinct individuality as unforeseen by him as by us, and he named the head when it was done according to the type it offered, generally in character, with a trace of caricature. For the most part his subjects were from the courts of law, a judge or a puzzled juror, a disappointed or a triumphant client, etc. He would draw a dozen or twenty in an evening, all different, and he was as much amused as we were when the drawing turned out more than usually funny. His chief amusement was hunting through the bookstalls along the quays, and I have among my old books an early life of Raphael which he gave me, with his name on the fly leaf.

Of Miss Browning, who still lives, I will not speak, but what she told me of the poet's mother may, I think, be repeated without indiscretion. She had the extraordinary power over animals of which we hear sometimes, but of which I have never known a case so perfect as hers. She would lure the butterflies in the garden to her, and the domestic animals obeyed her as if they reasoned. Somebody had given Robert a pure-blooded bulldog of a rare breed, which tolerated no interference from any person except him or his mother, nor did he permit any familiarity with her on the part of any stranger, so that when a neighbor came

in he was not permitted to shake hands with her, for the dog at once showed his teeth. Even her husband was not allowed to take the slightest liberty with her in the dog's presence, and when Robert was more familiar with her than the dog thought proper, he showed his teeth to him. They one day put him to a severe test, Robert putting his arm around his mother's neck as they sat side by side at the table. The dog went behind them, and, placing his forefeet up on the chair, lifted Robert's arm off her shoulder with his nose, giving an intimation that he would not permit any caress of that kind even from him. They had a favorite cat to which the dog had the usual antipathy of dogs, and one day he chased her under a cupboard and kept her there besieged, unable to reach her, and she unable to escape, till Mrs. Browning intervened and gave the dog a lecture, in which she told him of their attachment for the cat, and charged him never to molest her more. If the creature had understood speech he could not have obeyed better, for from that time he was never known to molest the cat, while she, taking her revenge for past tyranny, bore herself most insolently with him, and when she scratched him over the head, he only whimpered and turned away as if to avoid temptation. An injury to one of his feet made an operation necessary, and the family surgeon was called in to perform it, but found the dog so savage that he could not touch the foot or approach him. Mrs. Browning came and talked to him in her way, and the dog submitted at once without a whimper to the painful operation. Mrs. Browning had been long dead when I knew the family. We had planned to go together, the elder Browning, Robert and Mrs. Browning, Miss Browning, my wife and myself, to pass the summer at Fontainebleau, and we were waiting for the Brownings from Florence when the news came of Mrs. Browning's illness, fol-

lowed not much later by that of her death. The presence even of a friend was too much after this catastrophe, and we saw little more of the family until years later, when, after many changes of fortune, we met Mr. and Miss Browning again in Italy.

Out of this quiet and happy life I was aroused by the complications of our civil war. An intimate friend living in Paris, the late Colonel W. B. Greene, a graduate of West Point, had applied for the command of a regiment of Massachusetts troops, and offered me a position on his staff. We agreed to go together, but his impatience carried him away, and he sailed without giving me notice. I followed by the next steamer, and leaving my wife with my parents, I went on to Washington and to Greene's headquarters. I was too late, and I could not pass the medical examination which was then very rigid, for all the North was volunteering. "Go home," said Greene, "we have already buried all the men like you. We have not seen the enemy yet, and we have buried six per cent of the regiment. It is no place for you." I had no choice, — there were eight hundred thousand men enlisted, and further enlistments were countermanded. I tried to get some position with Burnside, who was fitting out an expedition to North Carolina, even as cook, for I could not pass for the rank and file, and Burnside as a friend of my friends in Rhode Island might, I thought, help me. He replied that he had already nine applications for every post of any kind at his disposal. As a last resource I went up into the Adirondacks to raise a company of sharpshooters. My backwoods-men were all ready to go, but they wanted special rifles and special organization, for they meant to go to "shoot secesh," not to be regular infantry. Their ambition was not reconcilable with the plans of the military authorities, so that the company was never formed.

Having exhausted every appliance to

open a way into the army, I determined to seek a consular appointment, and through Dr. Nott's influence with Mr. Seward I obtained my commission as consul at Rome, as I have told in a previous chapter. I went to Cambridge to get information and advice, and at Lowell's house met Howells for the first time. We could each of us offer condolence for the other's disappointment, for Howells had asked for the consulate at Dresden, and was appointed to Venice, while I had asked for Venice with intention to write the history of Venetian art. But Rome had always been given to an artist, and though there was no salary, but fees only, it seemed to have been a much-sought-for position, and I accepted. Leaving my wife at home for her confinement, I sailed for England, en route for Italy, just when the capture of Mason and Slidell had thrown the country into a new agitation, for it was foreseen that England would not submit to this disrespect to her flag, though the proceeding was in strict accordance with her own precedents.

I left New York before we had heard of the reception of the news in England, and found the agitation there intense. The consul at Liverpool told me that he could not go into the Exchange because of the insults offered him there, and American merchants were insulted on the street. In London, at the restaurants where I dined, the conversation

turned altogether on the incident, and the language was most violent. As I was in the service of the government I waited on Mr. Adams, the Minister, and remained in London until the question was settled, in daily communication with him. He thought that the danger of war was great; that war had not already become inevitable he considered due entirely to the attitude of the Queen, who resisted any measure calculated to precipitate a hostile solution, and had refused her assent to a dispatch demanding the release of the envoys and worded in such peremptory terms that Lincoln could not have hesitated to repel it at any cost. This, in the opinion of Mr. Adams, was what Palmerston, Gladstone, and Lord John Russell wanted, but on the insistence of the Queen the offensive passage was struck out. Mr. Adams did not consider it improbable that even in its modified form the demand of the English ministry might be rejected. As the crisis was still undecided I waited until the solution was definite. The favorable reply came by the next steamer.

To the peace-loving heart of the Queen mainly, and next to the tact and diplomatic ability of Mr. Adams, the world owes that the most disastrous war possible for the civilization of the West was avoided. Put at rest with regard to this danger, I continued my journey and entered into my functions as representative of my government at Rome.

William James Stillman.

DANTE'S MESSAGE.

THE last half century has witnessed a remarkable awakening of interest in the study of Dante. It might be true in Macaulay's day that the majority of young people who read Italian would "as soon read a Babylonian brick as a canto of Dante," but to-day multitudes

are learning Italian to enjoy the sweetest poet who ever spoke that tongue. This increasing appreciation is due to a fundamental sympathy between the poet and the spirit of our age. These are the days of the microscope, the etching tool, and the specialist. We delight in

minute investigation and exact scholarship; we believe in realism and in details. A poem whose mechanism is as precise as the structure of a delicate watch, and which is realistic to the last degree, cannot fail to challenge our attention. It was different in an age which looked up to Dr. Samuel Johnson as a model in composition, and reveled in broad generalization. This is a time when popular rights are much vaunted, and Dante, aristocratic and disdainful though he was, unhesitatingly ascribing the evils of Florence to the boorish plebeians, was still essentially a valiant democrat. The tremendous emphasis he placed upon the worth of the soul lifted the individual man above all titles and claims of blood, so that free Italy found in him its prophet. His writings have proved an armory filled with keenest weapons for the destruction of the claims of the Church to temporal dominion.

Again, the nineteenth century has been distinctively scientific. We have given over the last hundred years to the investigation of fluids and gases; and the price has been slight compared with the victories we have won. But a too steady gaze at the natural has made dim the supernatural. The soul is beginning to cry out fiercely against its bondage. The prophets of materialism and agnosticism have had their day, and now the clearest voice that ever spoke the soul's deep consciousness of its mastery over matter and fate is being heard. To Dante the physical is fleeting, the spiritual is the real. He saw time under the forms of eternity. The seen is the stepping stone into the unseen. This is the steadily growing conviction of the world. In a time of vanishing materialism with its attending fatalism, we exult in this superb reassertion of the freedom of the will, by one whom Lowell calls "the highest spiritual nature that has expressed itself in rhythmical form." The best religious life of our day is flowing,

not in channels of contemplation, but of philanthropy. Our saints linger longer over their frater-nosters than over their pater-nosters. Dante is certainly not the prophet of socialism or of humanitarianism. He was a rigid individualist, and to him the noblest form of religious activity was the absorption of the mind in pondering the deep things of God rather than unflagging endeavor. "They shall see his face" was to him a more significant description of heaven than "His servants shall serve him." In this he does not reflect our age; but in his superb assertion of the reality and supremacy of the spiritual, in his passionate desire to know, in his conception of the strenuousness of life, and the austere rigors of the moral law, he strikes a responsive cord in many hearts.

The great Florentine felt that he was a prophet with an imperative communication from God. His rare ethical insight and his extraordinary intellectual gifts were the seals of his office. He spoke in the vulgar tongue that his word might come to all. Even Isaiah, after his exalted vision in the temple, had not a more urgent sense of mission than had this rugged soul as he wandered about the world experiencing and working out "his mystic, unfathomable song." He too had had a vision. In closing the *Vita Nuova* he says: "It was given unto me to behold a very wonderful vision; wherein I saw things that determined me that I would say nothing further of this most blessed one, until such a time as I could discourse more worthily of her. And to this end I labor all I can, as she well knoweth." From our knowledge of Dante we may well believe that this was more than a beholding of the ascended Beatrice whom he had loved in the flesh. It was a vision of that which she symbolized to his mind, namely, the Divine Wisdom and its dealings with the children of men. He too would justify the ways of God to men, and his whole after life was a training, —

"So that the shadow of the blessed realm
Stamped in my brain I can make manifest."
(Par. i. 23, 24. Longfellow's trans.)

Dante was one of the three preëminent poets of the world, because first of all he was a seer. "The more I think of it," says John Ruskin, "I find this conclusion more impressed upon me, — that the greatest thing a human soul ever does is to *see* something, and tell what it saw in a plain way. Hundreds of people can talk for one who can think; but thousands can think for one who can see. To see clearly is poetry, prophecy, and religion, — all in one." No eye ever saw more clearly the heart of man and the grandeur of the moral law than did this thirteenth-century prophet. What he saw so vividly he could state vitally. He was a poet, because the heart of all truth has rhythm and poetry in it.

What was the message this poet-prophet sought to deliver to the world? Let us use his own words in his letter dedicating the *Paradiso* to his friend and protector Can Grande. "The aim of the whole and the individual parts is twofold, a nearer and a farther, but if we seek into the matter closely, we may say briefly that the aim of the whole and the individual parts is to bring those who are living in this life out of a state of misery, and to guide them to a state of happiness." How the soul of man, lost in the mazes of life and defeated by the fierceness of its own passions, can learn its peril, escape from the stain and power of sin, and enter into perfect blessedness, this is his theme. He sets it forth in three works which are distinctively religious, and in which he uses his own life as a type of the experience of the race, namely, *The New Life*, *The Banquet*, and *The Divine Comedy*. The last is the completest and fullest statement of what is vital in the first two.

Following his great master St. Thomas Aquinas, Dante believed that the supreme end of all right endeavor is happiness. There is a twofold happiness

for man because he is a dual creature. He has a corruptible and an incorruptible nature. As a citizen of this world he attains happiness by obeying Reason and practicing the four Cardinal virtues Prudence, Justice, Temperance, and Fortitude. This gives to the natural man perfect temporal felicity. For the spiritual nature the Supreme Beatitude is the Vision of God. This lies beyond the capacity of the natural reason, therefore Revelation, whose channels are the Scriptures, the teachings of the Fathers, and the decisions of Councils, makes known the mysteries of God. By practicing the Theological virtues, Faith, Hope, Love, man becomes a partaker of the divine nature and enters into eternal blessedness; partially in this world, perfectly, according to his capacity, in the Celestial Paradise. But men miss the true way. They desire happiness. Love for the objects which seem good is implanted in the soul, even as zeal in the bee for making honey, yet man tastes the inferior good and is led on toward evil. This passion for the lower pleasures is no excuse, for men should bring their desires to the reason, which winnows the good from the evil, and then by the power of the will they can restrain the baser loves. They permit the reason and the will to slumber, and thus lose the way of happiness and wander into paths of misery. A fearful vision, even of Hell and the awful consequences of sin, is needed to keep back their feet from evil. The method of relief from the thrall of iniquity and the entrance into moral and spiritual joy Dante graphically describes in the story of his own soul's experience. Midway in the journey of life he found himself lost in a dark wood; coming to the foot of a high hill he looked upward and saw its shoulders clothed with light. Then was his fear quieted and he strove to ascend the desert slope. Almost at the beginning of the steep three beasts attack him, a she-leopard, a lion, and a

she-wolf. As he was falling back before them there appeared to him one who "through long silence seemed hoarse,"—hoarse, not merely because he had been dead thirteen hundred years, but because his message of imperialism had been so long neglected. It was Virgil, who conducts him through the deeps of Hell, and up the steep of the Mount of Purgatory, where he leaves him in the Terrestrial Paradise. Here he meets Beatrice, who leads him upward through the Celestial Paradise until he sees God and the Rose of the Redeemed.

Thus Dante would teach us that men often unconsciously go astray and awake to find themselves lost in the tangled mazes of the world. Before them rise the shining shoulders of the Delectable Mountain. This does not appear to be the mountain of salvation as is usually stated. It is a mirage of happiness, which the soul blindly, as yet unguided by Reason, tries to ascend:—

"Of trivial good at first it (the soul) tastes the savour;

Is cheated by it, and runs after it,
If guide or rein turn not aside its love."

(Purg. xvi. 91-93. Longfellow's trans.)

The leopard of incontinence, the lion of violence, the wolf of avarice cannot be overcome. The joy and glory sought in delusive pleasures and in worldly ambitions cannot be attained. Reason, sent by the Divine Grace, leads them into a better way. It shows them the nature of sin and its awful consequences. It next guides up the steep path of purification and freedom until the soul is brought back to the stainlessness enjoyed by the first pair in Eden. Reason and the practice of the moral virtues can do no more. Spiritual life in this world, and the world to come, is the gift of God, made known through Revelation. Therefore, Beatrice, the Divine Wisdom, ushers the soul into the celestial mysteries, lifting it from glory to glory until it touches the height of bliss in a rapturous vision of God.

Is Dante a safe guide? Has he pointed out the way of life? The ultimate goal which all men seek he claimed is happiness. We are accustomed to consider the pursuit of happiness misleading. Well-being, the perfection of character, is the final good; happiness is the consequence of a fully developed life, not an end to be achieved: what is the Supreme Beatitude? Dante unhesitatingly affirms that it is the Vision of God. To know God, to love him perfectly, to be like him in holiness, this is life eternal, and the statement is unsailable. How shall this perfect blessedness be attained? In answering this question modern theology differs radically from Dante both in definition and in point of view. We Protestants assert that we enter upon the way of life by an act of faith. "Faith," says Horace Bushnell, "is a transaction. It is the trusting of one's being to a being, there to be rested, kept, guided, moulded, governed, and possessed forever." Faith is that divine energy by which the soul attaches itself in vital union to God. Because of this union, the life of God enters into the soul, regenerating it, so that man becomes a new creature. This presence of the spirit of truth leads into a perfect knowledge of the truth. "If any man willeth to do his will, he shall know of the teaching." "And when he, the spirit of truth, is come, he shall guide you into all the truth." This diviner spirit perfects love and completes character, for we are transformed by the renewing of our minds.

Thus our modern orthodox view, beginning with faith, emphasizes the redemptive grace of God, and insists that man is saved, not by what he does for himself, but by what God does for him and in him. The thought constantly coming out in our hymns and sermons is that the first step in the way of salvation is the vital union of the soul with God through faith. We measure progress by our deepening consciousness

that our lives are "hid with Christ in God," and out of this sense of intimate relationship grows all Christian joy and peace and hope.

Coming to Dante from the atmosphere of the modern pulpit, we are surprised at the utter absence of this feeling of the union of the soul with God during the process of salvation. The redeemed look continually into his face and are sensibly one with him; but the toiling spirits who climb the Mount of Purification have no sweet sense of the indwelling Christ; no "joy in the Holy Ghost;" they do not "dwell in the secret place of the Most High;" they would apparently not understand what Paul meant when he said, "It is no longer I that live, but Christ that liveth in me." Dante is certainly no mystic. God in his view is the "Emperor of Heaven," who can be contemplated in his works, Christ is the "Light of Heaven," the Holy Spirit kindles the affection of those in Paradise. Undoubtedly he would accept all that the Scriptures teach regarding the personal relation of the soul with God. With St. Thomas Aquinas he believes that by faith, hope, and love we become "partakers of the divine nature" in this world. In the *Convito* he goes so far as to say "our Beatitude, that is, this happiness of which we are speaking, we may first find imperfectly in the active life, and then almost perfectly in the exercise of the intellectual virtues (contemplation), which two operations are unimpeded and most direct ways to lead us to the Supreme Beatitude, that cannot be obtained here." (*Con. iv. 22. 10.*)

But conscious personal union with God was not a luminous truth with him. It did not occupy the place in his thought that it does in modern teachings. A few rare spirits richly dowered with spiritual insight, who could give much time to profound meditation, might attain to a serene consciousness of the nearness and love of God; but the masses that are

struggling in the purgatorial fire of life while they may be submissive to the divine will, and even sing in the flames, have no sustaining realization that their lives are "hid with Christ in God." With Dante the root virtue is obedience to Reason and Revelation. Faith is the acceptance of a body of truth, it is belief in a proposition, not trust in a personal God. By the contemplation of revealed truth love is kindled, and love is the divine energy by which the soul unites itself to God. Would a man be saved? Christ has made the atonement, God has marked out the way, and will give the needed grace; now let man work out his own salvation. It is an arduous task. It is like climbing a precipitous mountain; vicious habits must be overcome by the constant practice of the opposite virtues; bad thoughts must be driven out by good ones; evil dispositions come not out but by prayer and tears and fiery sufferings. Dante lays tremendous stress on the human side of salvation. Goodness must be won; it must be worked out and worked in by heroic effort: this is his philosophy of Purgatory. The Protestant exclaims, "Receive the grace of God into your heart, and right actions and dispositions will grow out of it." Dante would teach that goodness is a toilsome achievement. Let a man be prudent, just, courageous, temperate and he will attain blessedness in this world. If he will believe revealed truth and meditate upon it, it will make him free, and will lead him to everlasting felicity.

Yet, after all, if we except a few minor details, such as the efficacy of baptism and prayers for the dead, his way of salvation differs from what we hear in Protestant pulpits more in point of view and in definition than in reality. With us faith is trust in a person; with him it is belief in a proposition. We consider Paul the greatest of the apostles. Dante did not even meet him in Paradise. We regard revelation as prima-

rily the communication of a new life ; he thought it the declaration of a new truth. We are absorbed in what God does for us ; he assumes the Divine Grace and cries, "Work out your own salvation."

But while the form into which this "Lord of the song preëminent" threw his message is alien to many of our modes of thought, the substance changes not. The materials with which he wrought his monumental work are essentially the same in all ages, and what this vivid man, with his preternatural insight into the heart of things, saw, this is his enduring word to the world. Such stuff as his dream was made of is permanent, and what he saw in his raw material is the real burden of his prophecy. His subject matter, as he himself stated it, is, "Man, subjected, in so far as by the freedom of his will he deserves it, to just reward or punishment." The accountability of man, the supremacy of the moral law, and the certainty of its rewards and punishments, — these truths, profoundly conceived by a master mind, and set forth with extraordinary dramatic power, can be written on no sibyl leaves, easily blown away. They command the attention of all times. Of these eternal verities Dante is the most powerful prophet in the Christian centuries. He differs from nearly all preëminent preachers of righteousness in his starting point. He begins with man, they with God. Among the austere Hebrew prophets Dante most closely resembled Isaiah in majesty of thought and vigor of language, but the theme of the Jewish statesman was the awful holiness of Jehovah. Among modern seers Jonathan Edwards is most nearly related to our poet in subtlety of intellect, intensity of conviction, and in terrific power of imagination. The New Englander saw God, high and lifted up. Before that august vision man shriveled into nothingness. He is a worm of the dust, depraved to the core, and if he is

saved, it is through no merit of his own, but through the elective mercy of the Almighty. God, his glory, his decrees, his compassion ; and man, a sinner "saved by grace," this is most often the message of the conspicuous teachers of Christianity. It seems impossible to have a majestic consciousness of the greatness of God without having man appear a pitiable creature. Dante began with man rather than with God. He riveted his gaze on the sovereign power of the human will instead of on the decrees of the Omnipotent. He stood at the opposite pole of thought to Calvin and Edwards. He could never say with the celebrated French preacher, "God alone is great !" Man is great, too ; he is no mere worm, plucked by a mighty hand from destruction, and changed into celestial beauty by irresistible grace. He is an imposing figure, master of his fate, fighting against principalities and powers, yet strong through divine help to climb the rugged path of purification and achieve blessedness.

Not only was Dante antipodal to many illustrious religious teachers in his starting point, but he differed radically from the great dramatists in his conception of the regal power of the will to conquer all the ills of life. Free will is the greatest of God's gifts, as Beatrice informs the poet. This potential freedom, that in every right life is continually becoming actual, makes man superior to every disaster and hostile force. Dante called his greatest work a Comedy, because it had a happy ending. There is a deep reason why it had a happy ending. It is because man can be a complete victor in life's battle. Our poet leads the spectator through fiercer miseries than does Æschylus or Shakespeare ; but their immortal works are tragedies, ending in death, while his is a comedy, issuing in triumphant life. Two apparently antagonistic elements enter into our lives, — Necessity and Freedom. The supreme tragedies of literature have been built up

upon Necessity. Dante has reared his monumental poem on Freedom. Notice the fundamental conception of Shakespeare in his masterpieces. He is looking at this life only, its happiness, its titles, its successes. He declares that man but half controls his fate. Mightier powers are working upon him in whose hands he is but a plaything. The individual, foolishly dreaming that he is free, is but a shuttlecock, tossed about by other spiritual forces. Hamlet wills with all his soul to kill the king, but he cannot do it. He has a fatal weakness which he is unable to overcome. Macbeth does not wish to commit murder, he is a puppet in the grasp of a stronger, darker spirit. Othello is blindly led on to his own undoing. He enters his hell through no will of his own; a craftier will controls him. The hero of modern tragedy is under the dominion of what happens to be his chief characteristic. Given this nature of his and certain untoward events and his doom is sealed.

The leading Greek dramas are still more impressively constructed on the idea that man is but a grain of wheat between the upper and nether millstones of adverse forces. The characters appear to be free, but if one looks deeper down, he perceives that they are the representatives of vast world powers, while the tragedy is the suffering of the individual as the two malign energies crush against each other. The classic tragedy is commonly constructed on the essential antagonism between the Family and the State. The necessity of such collision is no longer apparent to us, and we have changed the names of the colossal powers that make sport of human life. For family and state we read Heredity and Environment, — task-masters as exacting and irresistible, who allow even less room for the freedom of the individual will. Each one of us had living about three hundred years ago 1016 ancestors. Their blood mingling in us determines by an inexorable law what we are. En-

vironment completes the work heredity began, so that our characters and careers are the inevitable resultants of these two forces. In their clashing life finds its sorrow and perhaps its tragic destruction.

With any such philosophy Dante might have written out of his own bitter experiences one of the world's darkest tragedies rather than its supreme comedy. He had certainly been the sport of hostile forces. Born of knightly blood, possessed of brilliant genius, cherishing pure aims, sensitive to the sweetest affections and noblest ideals, loving righteousness and hating iniquity, an unsullied patriot, by the fickle passions of a turbulent mob he was deprived of city, home, family, position, property, and made a lonely exile, condemned to a horrible death should he return to Florence. If tragedies grow out of the losses of the individual, held in the grasp of relentless and uncontrollable forces, then Dante had in his own life the materials for as black a drama as was ever played on ancient or modern stage.

But the immortal Florentine had no such fatalistic message for the world. Stripped of those very things, the loss of which the supreme poets had held made life a disaster, he turned his thoughts inward, and in his soul won a victory over malignant fate to which he reared an imperishable monument. He planted himself firmly on the Biblical teaching of the inherent greatness of man. He believed with Christ that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth," and with Paul that he could lose all things and still be more than conqueror. "For the free will, which if it endure fatigue in the first battles with the heavens, afterwards, if it be well nurtured, conquers everything." (*Purg.* xvi. 76-78.) His is not only the first great Christian poem, but it is distinctively the Christian poem of the world in its majestic conception of man and his possibilities. Shakespeare's religious instincts were comparatively weak.

He apparently never seized the essence of the Christian ideas, nor did he look at the soul in its relationship to God. He was "world-wide," while Dante was "world-deep" and "world-high." The Englishman held the mirror up to nature, the Italian looked into the face of God, and beheld all things with the light of the eternal world upon them. Tennyson had no such triumphant evangel for sorrowing humanity. He had a message of faith and hope for an age of doubt, but he utters no such stirring notes of victory as Dante. His friend Aubrey de Vere once remarked to him that In Memoriam was analogous to the Divina Commedia. It was the history of a soul contending with a great sorrow. It began all woe, it had its Purgatorio abounding in consolation and peace, why not add a Paradiso of triumph and joy? The poet answered, "I have written what I have felt and known, and I will never write anything else." Dante's poem is an autobiography. He passed beyond "consolation and peace" to a victorious joy. From the heaven of the Fixed Stars he looked back

"and saw this globe

So pitiful of semblance, that perforce
It moved my smiles: and him in truth I hold
For wisest who esteems it least."

(Par. xxii. 130-133. Cary's trans.)

In the insufferable Light he saw his life and knew that the Primal Love had shone through it all. We know that in thought, and believe that to a large degree in experience, he had that *visio Dei* which made him the exultant and confident prophet of man's possible victory. That every life can turn the darkest tragedy into glorious comedy, that the dread foes of man are not beligerent circumstances, but the riotous passions,—the leopard of incontinence, the lion of violence, and the wolf of avarice,—this is the ringing proclamation of this mediæval prophet. No other masterpiece in literature, excepting the

Bible, gives such an impression of the actual and potential greatness of man.

Having dwelt at length upon the tremendous emphasis the prophet-poet places on the sovereignty of the human will, it now remains to consider the correlated truth which gives his message its permanent worth and its austere grandeur. Man is indeed accountable, but to what? The throne of God. The "Emperor of Heaven" rules with sleepless vigilance and with strict justice. Right and wrong are as far apart as the Pit of Hell and the Rose of the Blessed. Having such an august conception of the authority and requitals of the moral law, Dante would startle a frivolous world into a keen realization of how dreadful sin is in its nature and results. This is the purpose of the Inferno. The book is a Vision of Sin. But one cannot set forth the true nature of evil except *sub specie æternitatis*. The scene must necessarily be laid in the next world where iniquity comes to its monstrous growth. If the poet would reveal what sin is, he must describe it when it has conceived and brought forth death. He must go among the "truly dead" for prophetic as well as artistic purposes. One of the most extraordinary characteristics of Dante's genius is his ability to exhibit the inner nature of evil in form and color. With singular penetration he detects the distinctive quality of each particular sin, and then portrays it in action fitted to its character. For example, the delights of carnal and illicit love seem enticing. Dante shows that at heart they are a devastating storm that never rests. The sleek sin of gluttony, so easily yielded to, so satisfying and deadening, in its gruesome nakedness is beastly filth, and is punished in a stenchful region where rain, eternal, cold, accursed, heavy, pours down through the tenebrous air while Cerberus, a personified stomach, tears and flays the spirits that howl like dogs.

What did this grim pilgrim find out

sin to be when in dolorous journey he went to its very depths?

He learned that sin is hopeless. "All hope abandon, ye who enter here," is the dread motto set over the world of sighs. It is significant that no guard is there to keep the lost souls from escape. The Greek tradition placed the monster Cerberus at the gate, but sin leads downward to deeper death, and the soul once given over to evil does not seek to regain the light.

Sin is grotesque. Sin as it appears in the *Paradise Lost* is splendid rebellion. Mephistopheles is an elegant gentleman, but Dante's Lucifer is hideous and loathsome to the last degree. No one can read the *Inferno* and bear away the impression that wrong-doing contains any element of beauty or profit. Everywhere it is shown as ludicrous, foolish, detestable, ending not in fiery agony whose endurance lends to the sinner a touch of heroism, but in foulness and sterility. The lake of bloody ice, and not the lake of fire, is its true symbol.

Sin is selfishness, for the shades on the marge of Acheron blame everybody but themselves for their fate. It is thus a denial of true self-hood, being a repudiation of responsibility and a surrender of freedom.

Sin does not lead to spiritual annihilation. Sins of the flesh may brutalize, and sins of the spirit may demonize, but they do not destroy the power of the will. The fierce Capaneus, stretched naked on the blistering sand with flakes of fire falling like snow upon him, scornfully challenging Jove to weary Vulcan in forging thunderbolts, has suffered no abatement of the strength of his haughty will through sin.

But what is the punishment of sin? It is to be given over to itself. Sin is hell, and hell is the death which sin, when it has conceived, bringeth forth. Hell is to let one's sin have complete dominion over him. The punishment of wrath is to be the slave of wrath. The

judgment of the flatterer is to wallow in the sewer-filth of his own lying words. Moreover, the requital of sin is inevitable. There is no escape. The doer and the deed are forever bound up together. The penalties of evil abide in it. Hell is not something happening to a man; it takes place in him, therefore it cannot be cheated or avoided. Souls are given their own character and conduct as a world to live in. "Wherewithal a man sinneth, with the same also shall he be punished."

The *Inferno* is a Vision of Sin in its essential nature. The *Purgatorio* is a masterly setting forth of the effect of sin on the soul. Pride is an enormous burden, envy is blinding, wrath a stifling smoke. From this defilement the spirit must and can be purged. This is not the work of a moment. Statius was twelve hundred years in *Purgatory*. The process may involve pain so hot that to cool one's self one would fain leap into boiling glass. But whatever the cost the soul must be cleansed. How is the stain of sin washed away? In redemption the divine and human must both put forth effort. God provides for the forgiveness of sins in the atonement wrought on Calvary, and makes a way of escape up the Mount of Purification; man's part is to climb the steep path and yield submissively to the purifying process.

The first step is for the soul to get out of the hopelessness of hell into a new environment, into a land of light and music and hope. The next essential is that the soul yield itself to the purging. To keep the spirit in a docile mood the prayers of those upon earth are efficacious. As Dr. Edward Moore has clearly shown in his recently published *Studies in Dante*, prayers for the souls in *Purgatory* do not directly abridge the sufferings, but, like all intercessory petitions, they lay hold of God's grace to influence the sufferer to be receptive of the divine dispensations, so

that the remedial pains may be more speedily effective. Dante also recognizes the healing power of art, of music, and of light. But given the contented mind that can even sing in the midst of the fire, and all these redemptive forces, the poet teaches with insistent iteration that it is only by strenuous effort that liberty is attained. Evil dispositions must be eradicated. The soul is not saved unless it keeps thinking. Good thoughts drive out the bad. Constant contemplation of virtue creates love for it, and hate for the opposite sin. The new thought and the new love are converted into character by continual practice. Purgatory, banished from Protestant theology, has come back into modern thought through the gates of literature, and the favorite theme of our most powerful novels is to show how the soul comes to purity by staggering under heavy burdens, and by passing through the fierce fires of suffering. Dante's message of what the stain of sin is upon the soul, and of how it is to be removed, is true to our best thought and experience. It is susceptible, however, to this criticism. It is too individualistic. He does not make the soul save its life by losing it. His Purgatory is too much like a gymnasium where activity is mere drill. In the Purgatory of life we cleanse the soul by loving service to others, not by conscious self-redemption.

The noble message which comes jubilantly down through all time in the

Paradiso is that Reason cannot search out the deep things of God; but Revelation, received by faith, will lead the trusting spirit into the heights of celestial felicity. Here the rapt soul learns that God is indeed in the universe, and in the individual, and that every individual is in every other, and all are in God. This is the final vision of truth, and beyond this there is none other. All longing ceases, and the spirit attains perfect bliss when it joins its look unto the Infinite Goodness. There it learns that whatever is dispersed through the universe is included in the Eternal Light, bound with love in one volume. "In that Light one becomes such that it is impossible he should consent to turn himself from it to any other sight; because the Good which is the object of the will is all collected in it, and outside of it that is defective which is perfect there." When the heart is so pure that it can see God as he is, when the mind is so instructed that it perceives all truth in him, when the desires and will are turned by the Primal "Love which moves the sun and other stars," then the Ultimate Beatitude is reached.

"No uninspired hand," says Cardinal Manning, "has ever written thoughts so high in words so resplendent as the last stanza of the *Divina Commedia*. It was said of St. Thomas, '*Post summam Thomæ nihil restat nisi lumen gloriæ!*' It may be said of Dante, '*Post Dantis Paradisum nihil restat nisi visio Dei.*'"

Charles A. Dinsmore.

THE MUNICIPAL VOTERS' LEAGUE OF CHICAGO.

MUNICIPAL reform has been so long a topic of languid discussion and so little an object of practical work among us, efforts to accomplish it have been so spasmodic and their results so transient, that it is too early to predict whether

the present general movement to this end will prove persistent. There are, however, indications of popular interest that give promise of ultimate success.

The need of the hour is to make municipal government representative. It

is now dominated by special interests. It must be made representative of the people. To the extent that we have abandoned the legislature to private interests, and fallen back on the executive and the courts, we have armed special privilege with affirmative authority, and left public interests to be defended by officials exercising powers which are mainly negative. Thus, in lieu of simple and responsible municipal government exercising adequate affirmative powers, we have a hotchpotch of warring officials and boards.

Honesty and capacity are the essential qualifications for public service. A city government manned by officials having these qualifications will be both representative and efficient. How certainly to secure such public officials is the problem of municipal reform. It is prerequisite to the discussion of policies and measures. The aim must be to make municipal government sound to the core. All else will follow.

Some account of the work led by the Municipal Voters' League, and now going on in Chicago, may serve as a contribution to the movement to recover representative government. While the methods of the League may not prove to be generally or permanently applicable, their success thus far is full of promise.

The city government of Chicago touched bottom in 1895, when fifty-eight of its sixty-eight aldermen were organized into a "gang" for the service and blackmail of public service corporations. Within that year six great franchises of enormous value were shamelessly granted away, in utter disregard of general protest and the vetoes of the mayor. Most of the members of the council were without personal standing or character. The others were practically without voice or influence. The people scarcely realized that the council contained an element representative of public interests. The agitation led by

the Civic Federation, the Civil Service Reform Association, and other reform organizations had, however, borne fruit. A wide interest in local administration had been aroused, and a desire for better things was already general. The task seemed all but impossible. Those looked to for leadership despaired of success. The city was in the grasp of strongly entrenched special interests. Certain public service corporations owned the council, and profited by undue influence with other agencies of the city government. Enormous private interests were at stake, and the city seemed to be at their mercy. The political organizations were of the usual character. Their relations with the corporations were not unfriendly. The city carried on its registration lists over three hundred and fifty thousand voters. About three fourths of these were of foreign birth or parentage, and many understood the English language but imperfectly, if at all. Nearly all who composed this vast aggregation of seemingly diverse elements were bent upon their private pursuits. Could they be united to rescue the city from the spoilsmen? Few so believed.

Such was the situation when, in January, 1896, at the call of the Civic Federation, about two hundred men, representing various clubs and reform organizations, met to consider what might be done. The year 1895 had brought the new civil service law, the most thorough yet enacted. This had cleared the way for a wide coöperation of good citizens, regardless of national politics. In the conference it was assumed that something must be done. No one was prepared to say what should be attempted. A sharp discussion arose on an individual proposition to form a "municipal party." The matter was finally referred to a committee of fifteen representative men. They subsequently reported in favor of the organization of a "Municipal Voters' League," to be composed of a hundred men, and have power to act.

The principal objects announced were to secure the election of "aggressively honest men" to the council, and to sustain the civil service law. As the conference could not agree upon a "municipal party," it chose the indefinite term "League." Thus the movement was left free to show by its works whether it was to be a party or something less.

The committee of one hundred met but twice: once to appoint a small executive committee, and again, after the first campaign, to hear its report. It then disbanded, giving the executive committee power to perpetuate itself. After the first campaign the League assumed its present simple form of organization. The executive committee is composed of nine members. The terms of one third of these expire each year. Their successors are elected by those holding over. The committee selects the officers from its own membership. Their duties as officers are administrative, no final action being taken without the vote of the committee. Advisory committees of from one to five members are appointed in the wards. Their duties are to furnish information and advice; especially when called for, and on occasion as directed to start movements for the nomination of independent candidates. Finance and other special committees are also appointed, some of whose members are usually drawn from outside the executive committee. No person, committee, or organization in the wards has authority to use the name of the League or in any way to commit it for or against any candidate. This makes its action definite and authoritative.

The general membership of the League is composed of voters, who sign cards expressing approval of its purposes and methods. No general meetings of the members are held; but circular letters advising those in a given ward of the local situation are frequently mailed during aldermanic campaigns to secure a wide coöperation. At the opening of

its second campaign the League mailed a pamphlet to every registered voter in the city, giving the history for some years of franchise legislation by the council, with a full report on the records of retiring members. Since its work has become thoroughly known, the general publication by the newspapers of the reports and recommendations of the League is very effective. Its facts and conclusions are usually accepted by the press, and no substantial newspaper support can be had for candidates whom it opposes.

The League makes no attempt to keep up the usual pretense of direct representation of its general membership. No claim is made that the action of the executive committee represents any save those who approve it. The facts upon which such action is based are always given. The appeal is directly to the individual voter, by means of specific recommendations supported by the salient facts. In due time before nominations are made a full report of the official records of retiring members of the council is published, with specific judgments as to their respective fitness for defeat or reelection. On the eve of the election a like report on all candidates is published for the information of the voters. It is assumed that the main issue is upon character and capacity. The voters are advised, however, whether a given candidate stands on the "League platform," which is a pledge to exact full compensation for franchises, support the civil service law, and unite with others to secure a non-partisan organization of the council.

The League is entirely non-partisan. The members of its executive committee want nothing for themselves. It strives only for the council. This one thing it does. It makes no fight, as yet, on "the machine" as such. Its fundamental purpose is to inform the voters of the facts about all candidates. There is nothing that the city statesman of the ordinary spoils variety so dislikes as a campaign in which the issue is upon the facts of

his own record. He abhors such an issue as nature abhors a vacuum. He prefers a campaign conducted on broad national issues. He regards discussions of the tariff and the currency as of much greater educational value than the facts of his own modest career. In this he is much mistaken. The League has demonstrated that there is nothing of such interest to the voters, on the eve of a municipal election, as an authoritative statement of these suggestive facts.

The headquarters of the League is the clearing house of the aldermanic campaign. It is thronged with candidates, party representatives, and citizens. They come with facts for the executive committee, or to advise and consult it. The president and secretary and their assistants patiently hear all. More and more they are consulted in advance about nominations. Party managers in many wards in which the League's support has become vital to success submit names of candidates in advance. It often happens that several are rejected before one is suggested who bears the close scrutiny of the League. The confidences of these conferences with party managers are faithfully kept. No claim is ever publicly made that a given nomination has been forced by the committee. The party managers are given full credit for all worthy nominations. The League rarely suggests a candidate in the first instance. It is thus able to deal fairly with all. It often participates directly in the campaign in close wards after the candidates are named.

Such in brief are the methods of the Municipal Voters' League. What are the results? It has now conducted five campaigns, in each of which the election of one half the membership of the council of the city of Chicago was involved. In its first campaign, twenty out of thirty-four wards returned candidates having its indorsement, two of these being independents. Five others, to whom it gave its qualified indorsement as the

choice of evils, were chosen. Each of these last proved unfaithful to public interests. Five others betrayed their pledges. At the expiration of their term, two years later, the League recommended nineteen retiring members for defeat, and fifteen for reelection. Of the first group, but five secured renominations, and but two reelections. Of the second group, three declined renominations in advance; the twelve others were all renominated, and eleven of them reelected. In the same campaign, twenty-five former members of bad record sought to return to the council. The League objected to their nomination, giving their records. Only six were nominated, and three elected. In the campaign of the spring of 1899, the Democratic candidate for mayor carried seventeen wards from which Republican candidates for the council having the support of the League were returned. All but two of the retiring members condemned by the League were defeated for reelection.

The net result of the five campaigns must suffice, in lieu of further details of the several contests. Of the fifty-eight "gang" members of 1895 but four are now in the council. The "honest minority" of ten of 1895 became a two-thirds majority in 1899. The quality of the membership has steadily improved. Each year it is found easier to secure good candidates. To-day the council contains many men of character and force. A considerable number of prominent citizens have become members. The council is organized on a non-partisan basis, the good men of both parties being in charge of all the committees. It is steadily becoming more efficient. No general "boodle ordinance" has passed over the mayor's veto since the first election in which the League participated. Public despair has given place to general confidence in the early redemption of the council. It is no longer a good investment for public service corporations to

expend large sums to secure the reelection of notorious boodlers. It is no longer profitable to pay large amounts to secure membership in a body in which "aldermanic business" has ceased to be good. It is now an honor to be a member of the Chicago council. Any capable member may easily acquire an honorable city reputation in a single term of service.

This change has been wrought in the face of the most powerful opposing influences. The licenses or franchises of the principal street railways of Chicago are soon to expire. For three years, from 1896, the companies sought renewals on terms without regard to the rights of the city. By grossly improper means the so-called Allen bill was secured from the legislature in 1897, permitting extensions of street railway franchises for fifty instead of twenty years, as before. From the passage of this bill certain of the street railway companies brought every possible influence to bear on the members of the Chicago council to secure fifty-year extensions without compensation to the city. It is believed that members of the rank and file could have taken fifty thousand dollars each for their votes. But the council stood firm. A clear majority refused all improper advances. The attempt ended in utter failure. It was finally, late in 1898, abandoned.

The enactment of the Allen bill in 1897 led to a demonstration of the irresistible power of a persistent public opinion. Within two years the succeeding legislature, with but one dissenting vote, repealed the act, and restored the law which it supplanted. The time had come when even vast private interests might not with impunity purchase legislation in Illinois. The deep disgrace to the state in the passage of the Allen bill was not forgotten by the people. The Municipal Voters' League, on the eve of the legislative campaign of 1898, caused to be published throughout the state, for their

information, the detailed records of all members of the legislature on the passage of the Allen bill. The plain facts rendered unavailable for renomination most of those who had betrayed the people by its support. Fully eighty-two per cent of its supporters failed of reelection. A vicious minority scheme of representation alone saved most of the others from political death.

The defeat of street railway legislation in Chicago under the Allen bill, the failure throughout the state of its supporters for reelection, and the restoration by practically unanimous vote of the legislature of the law which it had supplanted, constitute the most notable triumph of public opinion of recent years. The end is not yet; but not soon again will public service corporations openly purchase legislation in Illinois.

The few busy men whose privilege it has been to direct the work of the Municipal Voters' League know full well that only a beginning has been made, that merely the edge of a great problem has been touched. They make no claims for themselves. It has only been their fortune to lead for a little while, in a single city, a growing movement of the people to recover representative government. To the united support of the reputable press, and the splendid coöperation of good citizens of all parties and elements of a mixed population, are due the results attained. Disinterested leadership was alone wanting. This the League has furnished. It has wasted no energy in merely making wheels go round. Its appeal has been directly to the people. It has entered no *ex cathedra* judgments. It has simply relied upon making the facts known. Aside from pledges of support of the civil service law, for a non-partisan organization of the council, and to exact adequate compensation for all municipal grants, it has exacted no pledges from candidates supported. The League has placed the emphasis on character and capacity.

It maintains that a council composed of men having these qualities will faithfully represent the people, treat justly all private interests, and dispose of every question on its merits.

A vision of representative government

regained in the city, as the basis for its recovery in the state and nation, already appears. To realize it, we must renew our faith. Self-government is fundamental; good government is incidental.

Edwin Burritt Smith.

REALISM ON THE GHETTO STAGE.

THE distinctive thing about the intellectual and artistic life of the Russian Jews of the New York Ghetto is the spirit of realism. Among them are men of learning and talent and of consuming energy. The Ghetto is full of socialists and men of expressive mood who in Russia were persecuted for their race, or at least hampered in the free expression of their opinions. Their energy is now let loose in this city, where there are six Yiddish newspapers and several reviews devoted to the discussion of intellectual and political questions. At the cafés on Grand and Canal streets there gather a band of socialists, poets, journalists, actors, and playwrights, — a Yiddish Bohemia, poor and picturesque.

The intellectual impulse of the Ghetto, no matter what its manifestation, is the spirit animating modern Russian literature, the spirit of Turgenev and of Tolstoi, a spirit at once of realism in art and of revolt in political opinion.

This serious representation and criticism of life pervading the intellectual circles of the Ghetto is noticeable even on the popular stage. The most interesting plays are those in which the realistic spirit predominates, and the best among the actors and playwrights are the realists. The realistic element, too, is the latest one in the history of the Yiddish stage. The Jewish theatres in other parts of the world, which compared with the three in New York are unorganized, present only anachronistic

and fantastic historical and Biblical plays, or comic opera with vaudeville specialties attached. These things, to be sure, are given in the Yiddish theatres on the Bowery too, but there are also plays which in part at least portray the customs and problems of the Ghetto community, and are of comparatively recent origin.

There are two men connected with the Ghetto stage who particularly express the distinctive realism of the intellectual east side, — Jacob Adler, one of the two best actors, and Jacob Gordin, the playwright. Adler, a man of great energy, tried for many years to make a theatre which should give only what he called good plays succeed on the Bowery. Gordin's plays, with a few exceptions, were the only dramas on contemporary life which Adler thought worthy of presentation. The attempt to give exclusively realistic art, which is the only art on the Bowery, failed. There, in spite of the widespread feeling for realism, the mass of the people desire to be amused and are bored by anything with the form of art. So now Adler is connected with the People's Theatre, which gives all sorts of shows, from Gordin's plays to ludicrous history, frivolous comic opera, and conventional melodrama. But Adler acts for the most part only in the better sort. He is an actor of unusual power and vividness. Indeed in his case, as in that of some other Bowery actors, it is only the

Yiddish dialect which stands between him and the distinction of a wide reputation.

In almost every play given on the Bowery all the elements are represented. Vaudeville, history, realism, comic opera, are generally mixed together. Even in the plays of Gordin there are clownish and operatic intrusions, inserted as a conscious condition of success. On the other hand, even in the distinctively formless plays, in comic opera and melodrama, there are striking illustrations of the popular feeling for realism, — bits of dialogue, happy strokes of characterization of well-known Ghetto types, sordid scenes faithful to the life of the people.

It is the acting which gives even to the plays having no intrinsic relation to reality a frequent quality of naturalness. The Yiddish players, even the poorer among them, act with remarkable sincerity. Entirely lacking in self-consciousness, they attain almost from the outset to a direct and forcible expressiveness. They, like the audience, rejoice in what they deem the truth. In the general lack of really good plays they yet succeed in introducing the note of realism. To be true to nature is their strongest passion, and even in a conventional melodrama their sincerity, or their characterization in the comic episodes, often redeems the play from utter barrenness.

And the little touches of truth to the life of the people are thoroughly appreciated by the audience, much more generally so than in the case of the better plays to be described later, where there is a more or less strict form and intellectual intention, difficult for the untutored crowd to understand. In the "easy" plays, it is the realistic touches which tell most. The audience laughs at the exact reproduction by the actor of a tattered type which they know well. A scene of perfect sordidness will arouse the sympathetic laughter or tears of the people. "It is so natural," they say to one another, "so true." The word "natural" indeed is the favorite term of praise in

the Ghetto. What hits home to them, to their sense of humor or of sad fact, is sure to move, although sometimes in a manner surprising to a visitor. To what seems to him very sordid and sad they will frequently respond with laughter.

One of the most beloved actors in the Ghetto is Zelig Mogalesco, a comedian of natural talent and of the most felicitous instinct for characterization. Unlike the strenuous Adler, he has no ideas about realism or anything else. He acts in any kind of play, and could not tell the difference between truth and burlesque caricature. And yet he is remarkable for his naturalness, and popular because of it. Adler with his ideas is sometimes too serious for the people, but Mogalesco's naive fidelity to reality always meets with the sympathy of a simple audience loving the homely and unpretentious truth. About Adler, strong actor that he is, there is something of the doctrinaire, and also about the talented Gordin.

But although the best actors of the three Yiddish theatres in the Ghetto are realists by instinct and training, the thoroughly frivolous element in the plays has its prominent interpreters. Joseph Latteiner is the most popular playwright in the Bowery, and Boris Thomashevsky perhaps the most popular actor. Latteiner has written over a hundred plays, no one of which has form or ideas. He calls them *Volksstücke* (plays of the people), and naively admits that he writes directly to the demand. They are mainly mixed melodrama, broad burlesque, and comic opera. His heroes are all intended for Boris Thomashevsky, a young man, fat, with curling black hair, languorous eyes, and a rather effeminate voice, who is thought very beautiful by the girls of the Ghetto. Thomashevsky has a face with no mimic capacity, and a temperament absolutely impervious to mood or feeling. But he picturesquely stands in the middle of the stage and declaims phlegmatically the rôle of

the hero, and satisfies the "romantic" demand of the audience. Nothing could show more clearly how much more genuine the feeling of the Ghetto is for fidelity to life than for romantic fancy. How small a part of the grace and charm of life the Yiddish audiences enjoy may be judged by the fact that the romantic appeal of a Thomashevsky is eminently satisfying to them. Girls and men from the sweatshops, a large part of such an audience, are moved by a very crude attempt at beauty. On the other hand they are so familiar with sordid fact, that the theatrical representation of it must be relatively excellent. Therefore the art of the Ghetto, theatrical and other, is deeply and painfully realistic.

When we turn to Jacob Gordin's plays, to other plays of similar character and to the audiences to which they specifically appeal, we have realism worked out consciously in art, the desire to express life as it is, and at the same time the frequent expression of revolt against the reality of things, and particularly against the actual system of society. Consequently the "problem" play has its representation in the Ghetto. It presents the hideous conditions of life in the Ghetto, — the poverty, the sordid constant reference to money, the immediate sensuality, the jocular callousness, — and underlying the mere statement of the facts an intellectual and passionate revolt.

The thinking element of the Ghetto is largely socialistic, and the socialists flock to the theatre the nights when the Gordin type of play is produced. They discuss the meaning and justice of the play between the acts, and after the performance repair to the Canal Street cafés to continue their serious discourse. The unthinking nihilists are also represented, but not so frequently at the best plays as at productions in which are found crude and screaming condemnation of existing conditions. It is the custom

for various lodges and societies to buy out the theatre for some particular night, and have a fitting play presented as a benefit performance. The anarchistic propaganda, one night last winter, hired the Windsor Theatre for the establishment of a fund to start the *Freie Arbeiter Stimme*, an anarchistic newspaper. The *Beggar of Odessa* was the play selected, — an adaptation of *The Ragpicker of Paris*, a play by Felix Piot, the anarchistic agitator of the French Commune in 1871. The features of the play particularly interesting to the audience were those emphasizing the clashing of social classes. The old ragpicker, played by Jacob Adler, a model man, clever, brilliant, and good, is a philosopher too, and says many things warmly welcomed by the audience. As he picks up his rags he sings about how even the clothing of the great comes but to dust. His adopted daughter is poor, and consequently noble and sweet. The villains are all rich; all the very poor characters are good. Another play recently produced, *Vögele*, is partly a satire of the rich Jew by the poor Jew. "The rich Jews," sang the comedian, "toil not, neither do they spin. They work not, they suffer not, — why then do they live on this earth?" This unthinking revolt is the opposite pole to the unthinking vaudeville and melodrama represented by Latteiner and Thomashevsky. In many of the plays referred to roughly as the Gordin-Adler type, — although they were not all written by Gordin nor played by Adler, — we find a realism more true in feeling and cast in stronger dramatic form. In some of these plays there is no problem element; in few is that element so prominent as essentially to interfere with the character of the play as a presentation of life.

One of the plays most characteristic, as at once presenting the life of the Ghetto and suggesting its problems, is *Minna*, or the Yiddish *Nora*. Although the general idea of Ibsen's *Doll's House*

is taken, the atmosphere and life are original. The first scene represents the house of a poor Jewish laborer on the east side. His wife and daughter are dressing to go to see *A Doll's House* with the boarder, — a young man whom they have been forced to take into the house because of their poverty. He is full of ideas and philosophy, and the two women fall in love with him, and give him all the good things to eat. When the laborer returns from his hard day's work, he finds that there is nothing to eat, and that his wife and daughter are going to the play with the boarder. The women despise the poor man, who is fit only to work, eat, and sleep. The wife philosophizes on the atrocity of marrying a man without intellectual interests, and finally drinks carbolic acid. This Ibsen idea is set in a picture rich with realistic detail, — the dialect, the poverty, the types of character, the humor of Yiddish New York. Jacob Adler plays the husband, and displays a vivid imagination for details calculated to bring out the man's beseeching bestiality, — his filthy manners, his physical ailments, his greed, the quickness of his anger and of resulting pacification. Like most of the realistic plays of the Ghetto, *Minna* is a genuine play of manners. It has a general idea, and presents also the setting and characters of reality.

The *Slaughter*, written by Gordin, and the main masculine character taken by David Kessler, an actor of occasionally great realistic strength, is the story of the symbolic murder of a fragile young girl by her parents, who force her to marry a rich man who has all the vices and whom she hates. The picture of the poor house, the old mother and father, the half-witted stepson with whom the girl is unconsciously in love, is typical in its faithfulness of scenes in many of these plays. It is rich in character and *milieu* drawing. There is another scene of miserable life in the second act. She is married and living with the rich brute. In

the same house is his mistress, curt and cold, and two children by a former wife. The old parents come to see her; she meets them with the joy of starved affection. But the husband enters and changes the scene to one of hate and violence. The old mother tells him, however, of the heir that is to come. Then there is a superb scene of naïve joy in the midst of all the sordid gloom. The rapturous delight of the old people, the turbulent triumph of the husband, the satisfaction of the young wife, — they make a holiday of it. Wine is brought. They all love one another for the time. The scene is representative of the way the poor Jews welcome their offspring. But indescribable violence and abuse follow, and the wife finally kills her husband, in a scene where realism riots into burlesque, as it frequently does on the Yiddish stage.

But for absolute, intense realism Gordin's *Wild Man*, unrelieved by a problem idea, is unrivaled. An idiot boy falls in love with his stepmother without knowing what love is. He is abused by his father and brother, beaten on account of his ineptitudes. His sister and another brother take his side, and the two camps revile each other in unmistakable language. The father marries again, a heartless, faithless woman, and she and the daughter quarrel. After repeated scenes of brutality to the idiot, the daughter is driven out to make her own living. Adler's portraiture of the idiot is a great bit of technical acting. The poor fellow is filled with the mysterious wonderings of an incapable mind. His shadow terrifies and interests him. He philosophizes about life and death. He is puzzled and worried by everything; the slightest sound preys on him. Physically alert, his senses serve only to trouble and terrify the mind which cannot interpret what they present. The burlesque which Mr. Adler puts into the part was inserted to please the crowd, but increases the horror of it, as when

Lear went mad; for the Elizabethan audiences laughed, and had their souls wrung at the same time. The idiot ludicrously describes his growing love. In pantomime he tells a long story. It is evident, even without words, that he is constructing a complicated symbolism to express what he does not know. He falls into epilepsy and joins stiffly in the riotous dance. The play ends so fearfully that it shades into mere burlesque.

This horrible element in so many of these plays marks the point where realism passes into fantastic sensationalism. The facts of life in the Ghetto are in themselves unpleasant, and consequently it is natural that a dramatic exaggeration of them results in something poignantly disagreeable. The intense seriousness of the Russian Jew, which accounts for what is excellent in these plays, explains also

the rasping falseness of the extreme situations.

Some of the more striking of the realistic plays on the Ghetto stage have been partly described, but realism in the details of character and setting appears in all of them, even in comic opera and melodrama. In many the element of revolt, if not a conscious idea, is expressed in occasional dialogues. Burlesque runs through them all, but burlesque, after all, is a comment on the facts of life. And all these points are emphasized and driven home by sincere and forcible acting.

Crude in form as these plays are, and unpleasant as they often are in subject and in the life portrayed, they are yet refreshing to persons who have been bored by the empty farce and inane cheerfulness of the uptown theatres.

Hutchins Hapgood.

BERNARD QUARITCH.

BERNARD QUARITCH, who died in London in December last, was widely known as the great bookseller of his day; but comparatively few know the remarkable qualities and the intelligent and unremitting labor without which he never could have attained this high position. Mr. Quaritch was a rare union of the merchant, the scholar, and the bibliophile, with the added and indescribable literary quality which made him the delight of all who knew him. He was not a man of "blandishments;" on the contrary, his demeanor was rather forbidding to strangers. He was impatient of differences of opinion, especially on matters connected with books; he was frank, sometimes unpleasantly so, in the expression of his views, and the openness of his egotism was amusing to some, and the reverse to others.

My acquaintance with Mr. Quaritch

began twenty years since at his shop, 15 Piccadilly, where I looked about, unquestioned, for some time, and finally seeing a book I wanted, asked the price of it from an elderly man who seemed connected with the establishment. It was so much higher than I expected that I made some remark indicating my opinion, whereupon I was told that the price was low, and that I shared with many of my countrymen their objection to paying a fair amount for a good book. Somewhat nettled by this charge I said, "You must be Mr. Quaritch, for my friend Judge —, of Portland, told me you combined great knowledge of books with great rudeness." The mention of the name of Judge — appeared Mr. Quaritch at once. He intimated that though he did not admire Americans collectively, he had the highest opinion of many individuals among them, and

wound up by showing me a lot of his treasures, asking me to come again, which I did often during a stay of two months in London, laying the foundations of a friendship to which Mr. Quaritch contributed, up to his death, unnumbered kindnesses.

In 1880 Mr. Quaritch printed privately a pamphlet called *Bernard Quaritch's Letter to General Starring*, Special Agent of the U. S. Treasury in London. The object of this letter was to set himself right with General Starring regarding a charge which had been made or inspired by a bookseller in New York, that he had made fraudulent entries at the New York Custom House of certain books which were dutiable by reason of their having been printed inside of twenty years. The pamphlet is thoroughly in keeping with Mr. Quaritch's manly, straightforward nature, and a chapter of it is entitled *History of my Life as a Bookseller and Publisher*. He came to London from Prussia, his native country, in 1842, when twenty-three years of age, having had an apprenticeship of five years in the bookselling and publishing business in Nordhausen and Berlin. In London he found employment with Mr. Bohn, the well-known publisher and bookseller, with whom he remained four years, an intervening year being passed with a bookseller in Paris. In his earlier days with Mr. Bohn, when employed as general utility man and porter at 24s. a week, his confidence in the future was so great that he once said to his employer, "Oh, Mr. Bohn, you are the first bookseller in England, but I mean to become the first bookseller in Europe."

In 1847 Mr. Quaritch started in business for himself, settling at 16 Castle Street, Leicester Square, with a capital of £10. He says: "My exceptional industry, coupled with exceptional business aptitude, not to mention the enjoyment of an iron constitution (nowise impaired by an abstemious and frugal private life devoted to study), produced correspond-

ing but unexpected results. My progress was marvelous, and surprised everybody. I worked day and night, and soon developed from a stallkeeper, selling penny books, into one of the leading second-hand booksellers of London." It will be seen from this paragraph that Mr. Quaritch did not hesitate to mention his own virtues, but it is none the less true that he never claimed any which he could not justly claim. Thirteen years of hard work in Castle Street enabled him to remove in 1860 to 15 Piccadilly, where the rest of his laborious and useful life was spent. The first opusculum of *The Sette of Odd Volumes*, an association of which I shall speak later, was printed in 1880, with the title, *B. Q. A Biographical and Bibliographical Fragment*. From this sketch came much of my information about Mr. Quaritch's career as a bookseller and book lover. From the time he began business for himself he made a specialty of collecting linguistic and philological works, Oriental and European. He published Turkish, Arabic, and Persian grammars and dictionaries, formed great collections of Oriental manuscripts, and indeed up to his last days did not abate his interest in Oriental literature and publication. His knowledge of books, especially those of the scarcer and older classes (for these had his choicest affections), was simply amazing, and the result of natural ability, a memory which appeared absolutely perfect, great love of the work, and an appetite for it which made everything else in life secondary. Holidays with him were opportunities afforded for catching up on work a little behindhand, were generally, I think, if not always, thus employed by him, and his attitude toward idlers — as he considered all who were not constantly employed — was that of more or less open disapproval. He once wrote of a near relative: " — is just now traveling for the benefit of my health (*he is very well*) in Ireland. I am as usual at my post." In spite of his

incessant labors at his desk in the back and dimly lighted part of his shop, where his shining bald head could be discovered from near the outer door, he was always ready to drop his work for a time to converse, on book topics, with any one he knew and thought worthy. A friend from this country once walked into 15 Piccadilly, having just come from the shop of Jamrach, the famous animal dealer, where he had been looking at the hippopotami, boa constrictors, and other wonders of nature. "Where have you been this morning?" said Mr. Quaritch. "At Jamrach's, looking at his curiosities," was the reply. "Who in the world is Jamrach?" "Curiously enough, that is just what he said about you when I told him I was coming here." Another once telling him how fortunate he had been in leaving Germany and starting his career in England was answered in perfect seriousness, "Well, if I had stayed in Prussia I might have been a von Moltke."

The great monument left by Mr. Quaritch is in his wonderful catalogues, the first complete indexed one having been issued in 1860, and including about 7000 entries. This was followed by a larger one in 1862, and in 1868 one of 15,000 titles. In 1870 another of 1194 pages appeared, the last section of which was entitled Catalogue of Manuscripts, both Blocks and Productions of the Printing Press. This contained sixteen Greek manuscripts, a manuscript Evangelistarium executed in 1040, a manuscript German Bible with a large *engraved* initial 1445, two Caxton's Gutenberg's Catholicon, and three copies of Eliot's Indian Bible. The Bibliotheca, Xylographica Typographica and Palæographica came three years later, and is a work of great and increasing value, wherein about 1300 examples from the early presses of various countries are accurately described in chronological sequence from actual inspection. In the preface to another great catalogue in

1874, Mr. Quaritch says: "No such catalogue of valuable books and manuscripts has ever been issued, and it is unlikely that it can ever be done again, owing to the increasing rarity of good old books, and the fact that, financially considered, the capital to acquire it realizes less than the percentage of profit readily secured by ordinary investment. Whether, further, any bookseller will be blessed with such uniform good health, such universality of range in all branches of literature, and, I may add, such a devotion to his trade, time alone will tell. Anyhow, this catalogue has been the greatest effort in my career as a bookseller. . . . I trust that my house will remain, as it has been, useful to scholars and collectors from all countries. I will cheerfully devote the remainder of my life to gratify their wishes."

Mr. Quaritch meant every word he said in the above quotation. He knew he was the greatest living bookseller, and mentioned the fact as something patent and irrefutable. He was also perfectly sincere in stating his willingness to devote his life to gratifying the wishes of scholars and collectors, and he did it. He would take as much trouble in searching out some obscure, cheap book for which he might get 10s. as for one worth £100, and his customers could rely on his most unselfish efforts in either case. In 1880 Mr. Quaritch produced his greatest catalogue, which contains the descriptions of over 28,000 books, in 2395 pages. This enormous work, by reason of the rarity and extraordinary value of the books and manuscripts it describes, and its copious index, is a veritable monument of bibliography, bibliophily, and typography, which will be regarded with wonder and veneration so long as the love and use of books exist. Mr. Quaritch, in the interesting preface to the catalogue, says: "People who are ignorant of the real value of books, and who probably confound expensive articles with dear ones, exclaim

against the heavy prices to be found in my catalogues. It is as though they were incapable of seeing that the choicest copies of the best editions must necessarily command a far higher appraisalment than ordinary copies of other issues. . . . In fact, a first copy of any edition of a book is, and ought to be, more than twice as costly as any other."

These catalogues and the numerous subsequent ones issued by Mr. Quaritch have the greatest value for collectors and book lovers, not only by reason of the enormous quantity of rare and valuable books mentioned, but for the full and exact bibliographical notes they contain, a large proportion of which are the original work of Mr. Quaritch, and the assistants whom he had educated and trained and inspired with his own love and appreciation of letters. Many of these catalogues — I think all those Mr. Quaritch considered important ones — have prefaces or introductions from his own hand which are really essays on books, that his peculiar individuality of style make as interesting as they are valuable. These catalogues are frequently, perhaps generally, confined to books on one or a few kindred subjects, and I know of none which do not include many items of great importance. One before me, dated 1890, is entitled *A Catalogue of Mediæval Literature*, especially of the *Romances of Chivalry and Books relating to the Customs, Costumes, Art, and Pageantry of the Middle Ages*. There are 461 titles, most of the books being rare, and many manuscripts of great value, the most precious one, priced at £850, being the illuminated manuscript of the *Roman de la Rose* of the fifteenth century. The introduction is a compendious and most interesting history of the literature of chivalry, and it is doubtful if there exists anything on the subject in which so much information is packed in a dozen pages. Another is *A Catalogue of Bibles, Liturgies, Church History, and Theology*. Of the 1000 titles (*circa*) 441

are Bibles, the two most valuable priced at £500 and £420 respectively. Then come collections of missal books, hagiology, and church history, all not in manuscript being from early presses, and about 200 titles of books on "the Church in the British Isles," mostly of the seventeenth century and earlier. It is doubtful if this catalogue, as well as many others from the same source, could have been made outside of Mr. Quaritch's establishment, as neither the material nor the skill in arranging and describing them existed elsewhere.

In 1890 Mr. Quaritch sent to New York, in charge of his son, what he called in his catalogue "a peerless collection of books and manuscripts exhibited to the Bibliophiles of America," and on the reverse of the title-page was this legend: "*Hos artium et litterarum flores speciosos rarissimosque Populo Americano sapientiae veterum haeredi capiti scientiae novorum legendos, eligendos, diligendos commendat. B. Q.*" The interesting "foreword" begins: "There is, I believe, neither exaggeration nor brag in the statement I venture to make, that so many book rarities as are described in the present list can nowhere in America be found united in a single assemblage. A similar assertion applied to European libraries other than public collections would be no less true."

I will not attempt to specify the treasures of press and binding in this rare lot of books and manuscripts, and fortunately a large proportion of the whole remains in this country.

The constant and unfailing supply of desiderata that Mr. Quaritch always had on hand was due to his prodigious knowledge of books, which led him to judge with almost unerring certainty what was best worth buying from any of the large collections coming to the auction block, and his courage in purchasing at the great sales and elsewhere the best that was offered. He was truly the autocrat of the auction room, and

nothing, apparently, stopped him when something came up that he wanted or fancied. As long ago as 1873 his purchases at the Perkins sale of books and manuscripts amounted to £11,000, which was a small sum as compared with the cost of many of his later acquisitions, those from the Ashburnham sale reaching nearly £40,000.

In a letter from Mr. Quaritch in 1896 he concludes some remarks on a notorious scene which had lately taken place in the House of Commons with these words: "Physical force is the 'ultima ratio' of government, and I am an advocate of it even in private life. In my fights — at sale rooms — I give and take no quarter." When the great Spencer library was sold, in 1892, to Mrs. Rylands, who gave it to the city of Manchester, Mr. Quaritch, who was authorized too late to treat for its purchase by a gentleman of New York, wrote, "My collection of books is more valuable and useful than the Spencer library, and may be had for £120,000. This is about one half paid for the Spencer library." He afterward told me that the collection he spoke of could be selected from his stock then on hand on the lines of the Spencer collection, and would be equal in most respects, and superior in a good many.

Mr. Quaritch never hesitated to express his opinion, favorable or unfavorable, on any subject; and when it came to a question of the genuineness of some rare manuscript or early printed book, he was likely to give his views in strong language. The famous Columbus letter was a case in point. A letter purporting to be such was owned by a New York collector, and sold at his sale, I think in 1891. Of this letter Mr. Quaritch says: "The owner deliberately bought in preference a forgery, when he could have had from Maisonneuve in Paris the genuine first Spanish Columbus letter. I hear the — letter fetched \$4300. Surely no sane person would have bought it." Mr. Quaritch bought the Maisonneuve

letter, which he afterward sold to the Lenox Library in New York. He wrote of it in 1892: "So long as my Spanish Columbus letter remains in my hands, the Chicago show is imperfect."

In the remarkable catalogue issued in February, 1895, entitled *Bibliotheca Hispana*, containing about 2400 titles of books in Castilian, Catalan, and Portuguese, Mr. Quaritch has a preface from which I quote the following: "I am desirous of becoming recognized as their London agent by all men outside of England who want books. The need of such an agent is frequently felt abroad by the heads of literary institutions, libraries, and book lovers generally. They shrink from giving trouble to a bookseller in matters which require more attention and effort than the mere furnishing of some specific article in his stock, and they must often wish it were possible to have the services of a man of experience and ability at their constant command. Such services I freely offer to any one who chooses to employ them. No fee is required to obtain them, and not a fraction is added to the cost of the supplies. . . . I ask for nothing but the pleasure of attending to the wants of those who are as yet without an agent in London. Whether the books to be procured through my intervention be rare or common, single items or groups, the gems of literature and art or the popular books of the day, I shall be happy to work in every way for book lovers of every degree."

This was the proclamation of a man who loved books and all who loved books, and many in this country can bear witness to the fervor and industry with which he carried out his offer in letter and spirit. His great wisdom and the accumulations of over half a century of book lore were at the service of anybody, high or low, who would take the trouble to ask of him. Outside of his kindness and generosity, so universally extended, as a matter of business he was content

with fair profits on his bargains, and one could always feel, in buying high-priced books from Mr. Quaritch, that no defect would be unmentioned by the seller, and that the buyer was not paying more than the value of the article.

Mr. Quaritch was incomparably the best informed, most munificent, and most liberal bookseller of this or any age, and it is very doubtful if the man lives who has the combination of knowledge, industry, enthusiasm, and high principles necessary to fill his place. In the Letter to General Starring before mentioned, he says: "My conduct ever since I was a man has been such as to win the respect and confidence of most people. Though I am what is called in England only a tradesman, the standard of my honor is as high as that of the best in the land. The character of the Chevalier Bayard — *sans peur et sans reproche* — has been my ideal through life." This and other quotations I have made from what Mr. Quaritch has written might be taken to indicate an egotism that is sometimes, if not often, the mark of boastfulness rather than performance; but this conclusion would be far from correct in Mr. Quaritch's case. He was a man of absolute truthfulness, and his knowledge of books and of his own strong, masterful character was so profound and accurate that what would be extravagance of statement in ordinary men was generally within the facts when said by him.

The principal if not the only recreation of the latter years of Mr. Quaritch's laborious life came from his connection with the famous club known as The Sette of Odd Volumes. This association was the outgrowth of frequent meetings of Mr. Quaritch and a few friends which lasted for several years, and in 1878 they resolved themselves into a permanent club called "Odd Volumes, — united once a month to form a perfect Sette," the odd volumes being the different members. While the object of the

club was stated, in the rules formulated by Mr. Quaritch, to be "conviviality and mutual admiration," the real idea was to make it an intellectual aristocracy, to which only representative men of their various vocations should be eligible. Mr. Quaritch was thrice made president, in 1878, 1879, and 1882, and his addresses on these and on other occasions before the Sette are most interesting, being full of learning, information, and humor. These are preserved in the Year Books of the "Sette," which also has had "issued" to it about seventy privately printed "opuseula" and "miscellanies." Of these Mr. Quaritch contributed A Short Sketch on Liturgical History and Literature, and an Account of the Great Learned Societies and Associations and of the Chief Printing Clubs of Great Britain and Ireland; also, not included in the opuscula, Palæography, Notes upon the History of Writing and the Mediæval Art of Illumination. This beautiful and important work, with its magnificent illustrations, was extended from a lecture delivered before the Sette of Odd Volumes by Mr. Quaritch, who privately printed 199 copies for his personal friends. The monthly dinners of the club, held of late years at Limmers Hotel, to which a member has apparently the privilege of inviting any number of guests, will always be considered, by those fortunate enough to have attended, as the most interesting gatherings in London; and there amongst his old friends, all distinguished in some way in letters, science, or arts, Mr. Quaritch appeared at his best. The Sette of Odd Volumes shared with his books his choicest affections, and it will mourn, with the happily fast increasing body of book lovers, the loss of that wise and wonderful man who, on the foundation of integrity, ability, and untiring industry, built up a name and fame which shall last as long as the flowers of literature are admired and cherished.

Dean Sage.

POEMS ON POETRY.

POET AND POTENTATE.

A POET at my portal? Ho!
Summon our household, knight and knave.
Let trumpets from the towers blow,
Strew rushes, make the chamber brave.

What say you, hath he garb of green
Silken and ample, folding down
Straightway from off a lordly mien;
Are laurels woven for his crown?

Are gems set deep upon the hand
That idles with the strings divine,
Do straining leopards lead his band,
Are bearers bent with skins of wine?

Go forth and greet him! Ho, my staff,
Mine ermines. Bid my queen attend!
A Poet? We shall love and laugh
And lift the cup till lamplight end.

Spread napery, trim the banquet wicks,
Make ready fruits and eates of price,
Let flow the vats, and straightway mix
A costly vintage rich with spice.

Lo, he has journeyed; make him ease
Of scented waters, linen sweet;
Forget no maiden ministries;
With unbound fillets dry his feet.

Music! Bring viols of tender tone,
Low-breathing horns, the silvery harp
No clamor, no bassoon to moan,
No hautboy shuddering high and sharp.

He enters, say you? Truth, but where
The Ethiops that should lift his train,
The rhythmic dancers ankle-bare,
The glow, the scent, the sapphic strain?

Alone, in simple tunic gray!
No harp, nor any leaf of green —
'Tis but a whim, an antic play,
A masque to mock us of our spleen.

Bid him ascend beside us here.
Greeting, Sir Poet, joy and health.
But an you come to dwell a year
This realm were barren of its wealth.

Full many a moon we droop and die;
A very winter chills our wit;
Laughter we crave, the twinkling eye
And fond romance in passion writ.

God save us, thou hast come from far!
Ay, traveled many leagues, my Lord.
And much have seen? Ay, stream and star,
And mid-wood green and shadowed sward.

Then sit and tell us — eye and hand
And voice a triple music. — Yea,
My steps have measured many a land
Where beauty waits beside the way.

But what of dogging ballads sung,
And roses reddening every road,
And wreaths from castle casements flung,
And ribboned towns that flocked abroad?

Nay, these I knew not, save you, Sire;
I kept the byways sweet and still,
My feet were friendly with the mire,
My house is but a roofless hill.

My dance is when the tiptoe sun
Makes merry through an oaken wood,
My roses round the thatches run,
The brier berries are my food;

For music, just the nightingale —
Nay, 't is a jest. Ho, summon up
His people. Ere we hear the tale
Let's eat and empty out the cup!

Nay, Sire, my people are but such
As fluted once on sylvan reeds:
Seers who felt the finger-touch
Of Pan and played of mythic deeds;

Or such as walk the moving air
With rumor of the might of old,
Of wisdom that was once despair,
Of love a thousand lutes foretold.

Marry, his wit is passing rare —
A merry fellow! — Nay, the quip
Hath lost its savor. Sire, I fare
Alone, what faithfuller fellowship?

For Nature loves no go-between
To listen at her cloister-latch;
Alone I trode the listening green
And slept below the forest thatch.

Alone I won the silences,
The summits of the sovereign mind,
And backward, like ascending seas
I saw the moving millions blind —

Save you, Sir Bard, 't is song we crave,
No sermon. Ere the banquet chill
Get down and dine, defy the grave
Pour wine within, the flagon fill!

Ho, draw the silks, the tapers touch;
Poet, behold, the lackeys bow —
Nay, Sire, I tarry overmuch,
A simple crust were sweeter now.

Harrison S. Morris.

WHEN, MUSE?

WHEN, Muse, when shall the wondrous time revive,
That sees the withered sword of Hippocrene
With recreating dew of song grow green,
And the dry thorns Pierian blush alive, —
Break forth in bloom that draws the murmuring hive?
When, when shall youthful acolytes be seen
Urging some poet-peer of silvery mien
To sing for them — enchained in sportive gyve?

For now, with pipes untuned are we content,
With soulless themes diurnal that discard
The long-descended priesthood of the bard;
So rarely now, a trembling ear is lent
Unto the sires of song, whose brows are starred,
Whose alien music dieth heavenward.

Edith M. Thomas.

APOLLO'S SONG.

NOT on the earth he stood, but lifted up
 High on a changeful cloud, now tinted with dawn,
 Now gray as starless night on dreaming snows,
 And if the cloud turned, or the god alone
 Turned in his song, I know not; but methought
 All the world-throng beheld him face to face.

Low breathed the deep beginning. None might say
 Where Silence dipped her coasts in Song's sweet seas,
 Nor when we launched thereon; at once afloat
 We found us, and to float on that strange tide
 Was ecstasy. Nay, if Elysium lay
 Beyond such seas, the great souls thither bound
 Would loiter like schoolboys along the way.
 All senses now were swallowed up in one,
 All thought, all feeling, aye, the Soul itself
 Sat in the ear; as when some city's throng
 Stall, hall, and home, and market-place forsake
 And crowd the minster gates to crown their king,
 Crowned in their hearts already. If the spell
 Lay on us for an hour, or hour of years,
 None knew; but all too soon the tuneful flood
 Caressed us homeward, and our spirits touched
 Once more the gray coasts of Reality.

Thus the god sang and ceased — or would have ceased,
 But for a passionate cry, born of a heart
 Insatiate.

“Lo, thy songs” (so rang the cry),
 “Be all of heaven. Sing us, O God, the songs
 Of Men!”

An instant then Apollo paused,
 Laid down his lyre, his lissome fingers clasped
 Behind him, and, a simple-hearted youth
 Supreme in beauty, lifted up his voice
 Again.

He sang of Youth and June; green fields
 And dancing feet and velvet orchard floors
 Pink with perfumed snows; of bees and birds
 And the shy tinkle of too happy brooks
 Wimpling among the roses. Then young Love
 Moved through the music, and with him first came
 The troubled note that, like the sombre lines
 In imaged light, runs through all mortal joy.
 Not this the sounding chant Olympus knew,
 Nor a god singing; earthly bliss and grief

Mixed in these chords, an aching bliss, a grief
 Dearer than half our joys. All human life
 Flowed through the melody, and evermore
 Echoing sighs; until at last the god,
 Leaving the palpable, in haunting strains
 Too keen, too thrilling sweet for homesick hearts
 To exile doomed, 'gan breathe of voiceless hopes
 And deep unutterable dreams that are
 The soul's blind fumbling at the breast of Fate
 Here in Time's darkness. Then with sound of tears,
 Like the night rain in desolate autumn woods,
 A broken cry went up, "Forbear, O God,
 Forbear, lest thou shouldst slay us with thy song!"

William Hervey Woods.

THE NORTHERN MUSE.

THE Northern Muse looked up
 Into the ancient tree,
 Where hang the seven apples
 And twine the roses three.

I heard, like the eternal
 Susurrus of the sea,
 Her "*Scire quod sciendum*
Da mihi, Domine!"

Bliss Carman.

THE POET'S LAY.

HE that has sipped from the honey-cell,
 O listen him, and wish him well!
 His are the thoughts that live with roses,
 With cloud-shapes where the sun-gate closes;
 The glintings through green summer leaves
 Are in the measures that he weaves;
 There all the secrets murmured, purled
 By brooks, or in the rosebud curled,
 Or in the winds o' the nesting-tree,
 Not sleep can keep from melody.
 Light fancy has he, frail and fair,
 Like the orchid, rooted in the air;
 And yet so searching is his art,
 Gray Earth grows happy at her heart,
 And wonders he, the while he sings,
 At strangest bright, eternal things.
 The accent is not all his own,
 Betimes the god sings on alone.

John Vance Cheney.

TO SONG.

Now, who shall sing thine august, old desire ?
For fury of the song,
And not for any hire ?
What leagues of south, what vast of yearning north,
Unto the empty throng,
Like to a storm in spring shall drive him forth ?

Dawn is his cup ; his vintage is the night ;
He seeks of sky and clod ;
He houses with the height ;
With Laughter wise, and yet hot with all Tears,
His word leaps up to God,
The searching, broken song of all the years.

The song of Sorrow gathering her sheaves ;
The song of them that sow
Under the village eaves ;
Of lovers musing in a land afar ;
The song of great and low,
The rose, the worm, the tempest, and the star.

The song of Singers marching in their might
To viol and to horn,
Up to the gates of light ;
Sooth as with honey, sharp as though with spears ;
Men hail the rousing morn ;
Archangels listen, bending low for tears.

He mixes with the folk upon the quay ;
Churl is he and the sage ;
He knows the desert's way ;
Want is his kin, and Doubt his foe to fight ;
Stark hunger all his wage ;
The stars lean down and scoff him in the night.

Now drive him forth like to a storm in spring ;
This is the hour of song,
And we would hear him sing ;
For some shall heed, and hold it unforgot,
And, by that memory strong,
Grasp at the wheeling suns and perish not.

Lizette Woodworth Reese.

THE POET'S PRAYER.

ONE deathless song though singing it be death!
 O God, one song in the full-throated prime,
 One song — delicious cadences, soft rhyme,
 To mingle in men's souls as breath in breath,
 There linger as the sea voice lingereth
 Forever in the sounding shell; to chime
 With saddened thoughts and merry in their time,
 Music immortal, beauty's shibboleth,
 Breeding sweet thought, begetting sweeter deed,
 Stirring fine souls to finer enterprise
 In every land and unto every age —
 Who would not barter life for such a meed,
 Content to live in heavenly harmonies
 Spirit of an imperishable page?

Eustace Cullinan.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

It would be entirely wrong, in this
 A Plea for soft spoken age, to advocate
 Satire. a thing so disquieting as the
 revival of satire, were the writer in-
 spired by any but the loftiest motives.
 Sure of my position, however, I under-
 take the task with due humility and gen-
 tleness. Of course the kind of satire I
 have in mind is not that old-fashioned,
 indiscriminating product of biliousness
 and ferocity that justified the text, "The
 tongue is a little member . . . and it is
 set on fire of hell." My plea is solely
 for a well-bred and decorous truculence
 that shall delight while it destroys.

We have plenty of entertainers, but
 no satirists. This dearth, however, is
 not due to any lack of properly equipped
 writers, but to the shrewdness of our
 great publishers. They realize how
 dangerous to their prosperity it would
 be to have an old-fashioned mocker at
 large, a Lone Wolf or Outlier, who
 would kill or spare as pleased him with-
 out regard to the wishes of the Pack.

The blessings of free education are such
 that the army of readers has increased
 beyond computation during the past
 century, and the publishing industry has
 profited accordingly. It is also fortune
 that those who appreciate the qual-
 ity of what they read have either be-
 come extinct, or grown too slothfully
 gentle to tell the truth. Time was when
 the satirist could neither be silenced nor
 forced to moderate his strictures by
 either the prison or the pillory. It also
 availed nothing to put him to death, for
 his gibes were immortal; but see how
 much better we manage things to-day!
 As soon as a writer shows evidence of
 satiric power he is taken up and pam-
 pered so that he may be gentle. He is
 kept tame by some shrewd publisher
 who knows that people like to laugh
 when the laugh is not on themselves.
 So the sleek satirist devotes himself to
 putting up men of straw and battering
 them, though there is abundant material
 for his most caustic attention.

At the present time the world is full of people who know the wrong side of every question so accurately that there is no arguing with them, and satire is in reality the last resource of logic. To my thinking the work of the logician is only half finished when he has proved that his position is the right one. He should also prove that every other position is wrong, and with irresistible laughter convince his opponents that they must give up their folly. That it is not going too far to do this may be shown to some extent by consulting the writings of Euclid, the coldest of reasoners, whose excellent works have been recommended gravely as a manual of good manners. Although his arguments are notably free from personalities, he does not hesitate to end some of his subtlest disquisitions with the remark, "Which is absurd." Now if logical reasoning shows that everything except the truth or fact in question is absurd, to make the absurdity universally evident is simply to make complete the work of logic. Many a curious error has been perpetuated in the face of much fine reasoning simply because our teachers are too tender of the fat-witted to make their reasoning vital with satire.

It only remains to show what satire is, and how to produce it. As all the world knows, satire is something that provokes laughter at the expense of some person or object. Its usual expression is in the form of a spoken or written jest; for the practical form of satire that makes a man ridiculous by pulling the chair from under him when he is about to sit down is generally recognized as belonging to a more primitive stage of development than the one we now enjoy. Of course the principle underlying both forms of satire is the same, a deviation from some law, either man made or eternal, and a sudden exposure of the deviation. Analyze any joke you will from the good old one about a door not being a door when it is ajar, to the one

that caused inextinguishable laughter among the gods, and you will find that this rule holds true. It will readily be seen that the only equipment needed by the would be satirist is a complete knowledge of all truth, both man made and eternal, and the ability to recognize them and all deviations from them at a glance. He who has that equipment can be satirical whenever he wishes.

It may be asked why I do not make a bid for satiric laurels myself by applying the laws I have discovered, but my reply is simple. I am no better than my fellow men, and I am a lover of peace and ease. Far be it from me to get into trouble by putting bent pins on the seat of the mighty. Rather would I point out the goal to those who are filled with a sense of duty, and cheer on the great but bilious thinkers who consider it their part to look after the world when God is neglectful.

But as the outbreak of satire will probably take a literary form, I wish with all possible earnestness to warn would be satirists that they must not under any circumstances level their shafts at literature. The ideal literary conditions now exist, and they must not be mocked at or made merry with. Until the present age the lot of literary men was always pathetic. Even the most consummate geniuses could not get their work recognized, but now matters have progressed so favorably that men of no ability at all have their writings clamored for. In other days poets, dramatists, and philosophers starved while bringing forth their great works, but it is different now. Literature has gained commercial importance, and is no longer a diversion of the learned. The manufacturing of books is a trade that shows a reasonable profit, and in order that books may be printed and published books must be written. If books were not written constantly, many presses would stand idle, and scores of union printers would be thrown out of work.

The stoppage of the presses would lessen the demand for white paper, and that branch of trade would suffer. The pulp mills of Maine would be obliged to shut down part of the time, and there would be suffering in more directions than any one not gifted with imagination can predict. Therefore nothing must be done to discourage the great industry of authorship. Writers must be coddled and puffed so that they will continue to turn out work that will keep union laboring men employed. Many now do this, and are syndicated into immortality by their grateful employers.

For the benefit of men who have not yet taken to authorship it may be kind to explain that the best way to begin at the trade is to write a novel. If the trained advertisers make a man's novel succeed his future is made. He can go on writing novels until his invention flags, and then he can write magazine articles telling how each one of them was written. Then he can take to writing reminiscences, and after that anecdotes about his early contemporaries. Besides, he can at any stage of his career deliver profitable lectures, and give readings from his own works. It is seldom that a man once started fails in literature now that it has become a department of commerce. Every important publishing house has its own literary review in which its own books are exploited. Corps of stall-fed critics low gently over their mangers, and write "Appreciations." Shades of Jeffries and Brougham and Macaulay and every one else that ever was scornful! Appreciations! How dignified and cloying is the word. The reviewer wades through the book that has been submitted to him, and instead of pillorying its faults he carefully collates and applauds the things that please him. He feeds the author most delicious poison that kills his soul but increases his productivity, and in that way the presses are kept going, and the union workmen employed and happy.

I THINK one of the earliest lessons I ever learned was that the French are the most polite of nations. Unless I am much mistaken this was an assertion in some of our schoolbooks half a century ago. "French manners" certainly still expresses to me, as it always has, a suave ceremoniousness never looked for in my own countrymen. We all, I think, recognize instinctively the vastness of the difference between French manners and American manners. Probably with the great majority of us our initial impression upon hearing the former mentioned is of a profoundly bowing monsieur with chapeau describing a curve that no mere mister on earth ever attempts. Also it seems to me that a large proportion of the Frenchmen introduced to us in picture books are bowing supremely, while portraiture at the salon oftenest represents monsieur hat in hand ready for the magnificent *coup de chapeau* so distinctive of his race and country.

I have just been studying a *Petit Guide de Savoir Vivre*, published in Paris in 1898, to find that I have not been mistaken during all these fifty odd years. In spite of the democratic leveling of classes and the ill mannerliness of the republic of which its enemies say so much, the importance of the salutation or bow is as much insisted upon as ever I supposed it was. Moreover, it really is even more a matter of subtle endeavor, of superfine accomplishment and sublime display, than I had thought it to be. I had ignorantly imagined it an instinctive and spontaneous manifestation, whereas it is the result of such study as commands one's wonder, if not one's awe. According to the *Petit Guide*, when monsieur meets a lady he must not only "raise his hat above his head with arms half extended without stiffness, awkwardness, or affectation," but he must even have his calculating wits about him to "make the gesture more or less deliberate according to the qual-

ity of the lady." I wonder what happens when Madame Moyenne counts the seconds of the chapeau's elevation and of its periphery, to find them to lack some seconds of the *coup* just bestowed upon Madame Mieux. May I not guess that, as great oaks from little acorns grow, much of the bubble and squeak of ever-seething Paris may be traced to feminine jealousies and the coups of French chapeaux?

Yet with even this nicety of monsieur's calculation as to the lady's "quality" he has a much easier part to play than madame herself, be she Moyenne or Mieux. Listen to the Petit Guide. "For the lady it is not so simple. It is impossible to describe the thousand delicate shades of grace and dignity which form the value of a lady's salutation. It must, however, always combine a sentiment of reserve mingled with one of allurements."

I read on with hope that the Little Guide may make the next ceremony, that which it names the "shake-hand," more comprehensible to one, who, born outside the pale of French manners, has so little capacity for a combination of a thousand shades of grace and dignity with one of reserve and allurements. Alas! Says the Petit Guide: "At present the fashion of the shake-hand is the subject of much study, particularly for ladies. This ceremony comprises three movements although executed in one time: (1.) Separate the right elbow entirely from the body. (2.) Bend the forearm sufficiently to raise the hand to the level of the elbow. (3.) At the moment that the hands touch, slightly elevate the right shoulder, accompanying the movement by a delicate undulation of the body, — the least hint of a shadow of a suspicion of a reverence." This "reverence," so delicately suggested, is a work of art in itself. It also has three movements in one time: "(1.) Put the left foot a step behind the right, bending the knee and slightly stooping. (2.)

Draw the right foot in line with the other, and slightly incline the body. (3.) Straighten one's self gracefully from the backward position."

The pretty woman whose *poignée de main* includes this subtle allusion to the courtly grace of courtly centuries has thus six movements to practice in one time (or shake-hand). We New England children, fifty or sixty years ago taught our already somewhat old-fashioned little manners, would have been made miserable indeed had those familiar three movements been complicated into six. In this country no freeborn American has ever been compelled to combine the hand-shake and the curtsy. These six movements (shake-hand and curtsy), says the Petit Guide, "when executed by a pretty woman and crowned by a smiling expression, have the value of a delicious poem." Surely. What else than the value of a poem, a poem of the profoundest, most inscrutable, most incomprehensible kind, could even hint at a shadow of a suspicion of a reverence during a French shake-hand, without an expression of agony or of idiocy?

It seems a sad pity that monsieur who shares this poetic ceremony cannot give his poetic soul to the enjoyment of its deliciousness. *Mais non*. "Monsieur must execute the first two movements in unison with madame. Then he must take her extended hand and press it, raising it a little above the level of the elbow, the finger nails beneath, not forgetting to bend the knees with an expression of deferential timidity."

Other directions are for the dinner table. Both madame and monsieur must hold themselves a little distant from the table "to avoid stains." "The shoulders must fall naturally, the elbows somewhat detached from the body and held high rather than low." Monsieur must not thrust his napkin under his *faux-col* or knot it round his neck, although no such prohibition extends to

madame who is only forbidden to put her gloves in her glass. Both must eat slowly, "harmoniously," and neither must cut his bread, "for only Germans use a knife for this purpose." With shoulders and elbows in position, napkin and gloves properly placed, the guest harmoniously eating, it is permissible in conversation with the mistress of the house *not* to inquire for the health of her husband "whom often the guest does not know." Somehow that last rule seems not altogether new to us. We all remember Madame Geoffrin's guest who asked what had become of the silent old gentleman who formerly sat at the end of the table. "He was my husband," answered the hostess. "He is dead."

Some years ago I returned to my native country from a long residence abroad. I went directly from my steamer to the rougher part of a middle state. The total absence of bows and "salutations," of deferential timidity and alluring reserve, even of smiling expressions, made me acutely realize our utter lack of manners. Indeed, the change from European politeness almost frightened me. At one station where I was to alight I hesitated before struggling with my large satchel, preferring to wait the exit of rather unkempt fellow passengers. Suddenly, without a bow, a smile, a "by your leave" or "pardon," a clumsy hand reached over my shoulder, grabbed my impedimenta, and the owner strode widely on before me. Breathless, anxious, I rushed after the possible thief till I saw him enter the waiting room, pile all my traps in one seat, then with the terse remark, "There you be, mum," disappear from view. As I sat down to recover I remembered that in a fifteen years' residence in France not once had I ever been helped with a parcel or satchel, though I had received there some of the most magnificent coups possible to the French chapeau.

DISRAELI said cleverly, that only two things were worth living for, ^{Americans} and ^{and Climate.} — "climate, and the pursuit of the affections."

When shall we Americans learn that most of us live in a climate so different from that of England that it is little short of ridiculous to carry on our business and our pleasure at English times and seasons? Our fashions were set by the early colonists, and they have persisted, with very few modifications, up to the present time. Most Americans rise, summer and winter, about seven o'clock in the morning, breakfast at eight, hurry to business at nine, eat a hearty luncheon in the middle of the day, slave at their work for the rest of the daylight hours, and dine or sup late.

This is a programme suited to the damp and non-stimulating climate of England, or to a country like Holland, but it is preposterous to carry it out to the letter in Boston, in New York, in Washington, in Chicago, in Galveston, in San Francisco, as we do. In the first place our country has so great a variety of climates that no one programme is suited to its whole extent; and in the second place the English programme is not suited to any single region of our continent. The geographies tell us that we are living in the temperate zone, or, as Ptolemy would have said, "in the fifth climate," — but it only takes a little intelligence to see that our winters are almost arctic, our summers nearly tropical. We ought to take Stockholm and Sicily as our exemplars, rather than London. Our average summer is not very unlike that of Spain; and Spanish customs, once introduced, would make American life a new thing.

To be definite, let us think of a season spent in Washington by some one in the government service. In the winter season the English hours just named serve very well, but how about the long summer from early May to late September? In June the sun rises about half

past four, and the mornings are simply delightful until eight or nine o'clock, and not very oppressive till ten or even eleven. At noon the heat is intense, at three o'clock it is terrific, at five there is a relief, and for the rest of the day life can go on without too much discomfort. It would be intelligent to breakfast on coffee, bread, and fruit at sunrise, work at the office from half past five to half past ten (five hours), to return home for a *siesta* and for a lounge in very light clothing till five, and to finish the day by three hours' more work.

How differently our government official divides his time, following, as he does, the traditions of England. He is at his desk at nine, having made no use of the enchanting hours of the early day. He slaves at his work steadily, as steadily as he can, until five, and goes home utterly worn out, having wasted his strength and spirits uselessly. The summer temperatures in Wall Street and in a Spanish city are about the same. Wall Street at two o'clock in the afternoon is crowded with people fighting for money and for a breath of air. The Spanish city at that hour is as quiet as the grave. The shops are closed, a few beggars are asleep in the shadiest places of the plaza, and the rest of the world is resting in the cool interiors of houses built with massive walls. As a matter of fact there are more things accomplished in Wall Street than in all Spain; but it is not because the men of New York make the best use of their time and energy. Their business is done in spite of the temperature. More business could be done, and it could be done better, if the climate were taken into account.

It is noteworthy that Americans in foreign countries quickly learn to adapt themselves to the customs of the country. It is just possible that Cuba, Puerto-Rico, and the Philippines may teach a lesson to our whole country in this respect. If we learn it we shall obtain an increase of material comfort

which would be cheaply bought at the whole cost of the Spanish-American war.

In two different senses I live on the **A Parable of seashore, with such advantage as appertain to one whose Shipwreck.** dwelling overlooks the "road of the bold." Night and day, the sound of rhythmic waters never wholly dies away, however oblivious the land breeze blows, however serene the heavens above. Constantly comes the murmur of the sea, — like a Greek chorus to all other vocalities in nature. I do not myself adventure upon the sea, but it memorializes me, with its never silent voice, of those going down, thereto, in ships. In like manner, though I live sufficiently remote from the stirring activities of the world (which is as the sea to the shore of a quiet life), there, nevertheless, from time to time, come thrilling monitions from that outer ocean where triumph, hope, defeat, and despair, meet in counter currents, and where both sturdy and fragile craft drive onward before their fates. Listening attentively to the voices of wind and wave from off the great deep of human action and motive, I sometimes gather vague rumors of sea-going disaster, as in the following Parable of Shipwreck: —

There were shipmasters three, whom tempest drove;
They needs must lighten freight and treasure-trove:
So, each the Ocean's deity appeased,
Who from impending doom the vessel seized.

Of these shipmasters three, whate'er one gave,
As *flotsam*, lightly fled upon the wave;
And, blent with sea foam, it was tossed ashore,
To be some wrecked or exiled mortal's store.

Of these shipmasters three, the second cast
Such heavy treasure forth, it straightway passed,
As *jetsam*, down a rift in Ocean's floor, —
Forgotten and unsought forevermore!

The third shipmaster to his treasure tied
A weight beneath; above, a floating guide:
As *titan*, safe his call it shall await —
Or if he early come, or tarry late!

